SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

BALDWIN'S READERS

SIXTH AND SEVENTH YEARS COMBINED

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SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

SIXTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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SCH. READ. SIXTH YEAR.
W. P. 34

PREFACE.

THE pupil who is in his sixth year at school should be able to read quite well. He should be able to pronounce at sight and without hesitation all new or unusual words; and when reading aloud, his tones should be so clear, his enunciation so faultless, and his manner so agreeable that his hearers shall listen with pleasure and shall have a ready understanding of whatever is being read. He is now prepared to devote more and more attention to literary criticism — that is, to the study of the peculiarities of style which distinguish any selection, the passages which are remarkable for their beauty, their truth, or their adaptation to the particular purpose for which they were written. The habit should be cultivated of looking for and enjoying the admirable qualities of any literary production, and particularly of such productions as are generally recognized as the classics of our language. While learning to distinguish between good literature and that sort of writing which, properly speaking, is not literature at all, the pupil's acquaintance with books is enlarged and extended. He learns to know what are the best books and why they are so considered; and he acquires some knowledge of the lives of the best authors and of the circumstances under which certain of their works were produced.

The present volume is designed to aid the learner in the acquisition of all these ends. The selections are of a highly interesting character, and illustrate almost every variety of English composition. To assist in their comprehension, many of the selections are introduced or followed by brief historical or bibliographical notes. Hints also are given as to collateral or supplementary readings on a variety of subjects. To assist the pupil still further to enlarge his acquaintance with books and authors, additional notes, literary and biographical, are given in the appendix; here also may be found several pages of brief notes explanatory of difficult passages, unusual expressions, and historical references, such as might otherwise be stumbling stones in the way of the learner. The numerous portraits of authors is another important feature designed to add to the interest and beauty of the book, and to assist the pupil to a more intimate acquaintance with the makers of our literature. Most of the full-page pictures are reproductions of famous paintings, and these, while serving as illustrations of the text which they accompany, are designed to introduce the learner to some of the masters of art also, and perform the more important office of cultivating and enlarging his æsthetic tastes and sympathies.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
Two Ways of Telling a Story	*Jean Ingelow*	7
The Death of the Flowers	*William Cullen Bryant*	18
The Great Volcanic Eruption	*J. T. Van Gestel*	20
The Return of Columbus	*Washington Irving*	25
What the Sunbeams do	*Arabella B. Buckley*	29
Horatius at the Bridge	*Thomas Babington Macaulay*	32
How Sir Francis Drake sailed round the World	*James A. Froude*	44
A Brave Rescue and a Rough Ride	*Richard D. Blackmore*	51
The Glory of God	*From the Psalms of David*	65
The Battle of Bannockburn	*Sir Walter Scott*	66
The Soldier's Dream	*Thomas Campbell*	75
Lord Ullin's Daughter	*Thomas Campbell*	76
Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata		78
The Story of Tempe Wicke	*Frank R. Stockton*	83
Life in Norman England	*W. F. Collier*	89
The Romance of the Swan's Nest	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	98
A Patriarch of the Olden Time	*From the "Book of Job"*	102
How Cortés entered the City of Mexico	*William H. Prescott*	104
The Skylark	*James Hogg*	112
The Mystery of the Tadpole	*George Henry Lewes*	113
The Glove and the Lions	*Leigh Hunt*	119
True Growth	*Ben Jonson*	120
The Shipwreck	*Charles Dickens*	121
The Happy Valley	*Dr. Samuel Johnson*	135
The Pass of Killiecrankie	*W. E. Aytoun*	138
Summer Rain	*Henry Ward Beecher*	143
Life in the Backwoods	*William Dean Howells*	146
How they besieged the Town	*Charles Reade*	153

		PAGE
Lochinvar	*Sir Walter Scott*	163
On a Tropical River	*Charles Kingsley*	165
The Flag of Our Country	*Robert C. Winthrop*	173
The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571	*Jean Ingelow*	175
The Story of Thomas Becket.		
I. His Life	*Anonymous*	181
II. His Death	*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*	185
The Pilgrims (1620)	*Edward Everett*	192
The Landing of the Pilgrims	*Felicia Hemans*	195
Patriotism	*William Cowper*	196
The Robin	*Charles Conrad Abbott*	197
Motions of Birds	*Gilbert White*	200
Origin of Rivers	*John Tyndall*	202
Address at the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery	*Abraham Lincoln*	205
The American Flag	*Joseph Rodman Drake*	206
The Last Fight in the Coliseum, A.D. 404	*Charlotte M. Yonge*	208
The Passing of Arthur	*Alfred Tennyson*	216
THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING		225
AUTHORS AND BOOKS		228
PROPER NAMES AND WORDS OF UNCOMMON OCCURRENCE		235

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	ARTIST	PAGE
Columbus at Barcelona	*R. Balaca*	24
The Defense of the Bridge	*A. I. Keller*	37
Ruins of a Norman Castle	*From a photograph*	90
The Lions	*Rosa Bonheur*	118
The Shipwreck	*A. Marlon*	129
Canterbury Cathedral	*From a photograph*	187
The Departure of the Mayflower	*A. W. Bayes*	194
The Last Prayer — Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum	*J. L. Gerome*	212

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
Washington Irving	Title-page
Thomas Babington Macaulay	32
James Anthony Froude	50
Thomas Campbell	76
Frank R. Stockton	83
Elizabeth Barrett Browning	98
William H. Prescott	104
George Henry Lewes	113
Leigh Hunt	119
Charles Dickens	121
Dr. Samuel Johnson	135
Henry Ward Beecher	143
William Dean Howells	146
Charles Reade	153
Charles Kingsley	165
Jean Ingelow	175
Arthur Penrhyn Stanley	190
Edward Everett	192
John Tyndall	202
Abraham Lincoln	205
Joseph Rodman Drake	206
Charlotte M. Yonge	208

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SCHOOL READING.

SIXTH YEAR.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

I.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money.

He is waiting for the coach: it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and looks about him.

They soon leave the chimney pots behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedgerow, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he can not forbear to whoop and halloo, though he can not chase it to its nest.

The other passengers are delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee; and they encourage him to talk to them about the sea and ships, especially Her Majesty's ship "The Asp," wherein he has the honor to sail. In the

jargon of the sea, he describes her many perfections, and enlarges on her peculiar advantages; he then confides to them how a certain middy, having been ordered to the masthead as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the topmast crosstrees, something uncommonly like the sea serpent — but, finding this hint received with incredulous smiles, he begins to tell them how he hopes that, some day, he shall be promoted to have charge of the poop. The passengers hope he will have that honor; they have no doubt he deserves it. His cheeks flush with pleasure to hear them say so, and he little thinks that they have no notion in what "that honor" may happen to consist.

The coach stops: the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money, and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks careworn, and well she may, for, in the spring, her husband went up to the city to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when alas! a fellow-workman wrote her word how he had met with an accident, how he was very ill and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two young children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks that perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him.

She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes him a courtesy, and he withdraws his hand and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband.

The midshipman knows nothing about that; and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking — the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going; but there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has seen the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than before.

He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with the pockets full of money will be no match for him. The midshipman has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——; the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down too, and go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

No. There seems indeed little chance of escape; the half-fledged bird just fluttering down from its nest has no more chance against the keen-eyed hawk, than the little light-hearted sailor boy will have against him — at least so thinks the man as he makes his plans.

II.

The coach reaches the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "good evening," and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has got down also, and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman stops by the door, looks in, and listens. The clergyman has just risen, and is giving out his text. Thirteen months have past since the boy was within a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure and awe induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows [he hears] sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of a calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is now filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said, of the care of our heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which

he supposes he shall be some day — he hopes, that then the providence of God will watch over him, and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy club ; he suffers the boy to go on before, and then he comes out and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness and too near the entrance of the wood, but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear, for he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race ; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks ; "he can not keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he startles a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it ; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again ; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted ; he knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left ; if only he runs a little faster, he shall be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes ; the path takes a bend, and he is just out

of sight when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he finds another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. He has lost his way — but he keeps bearing to the left; and, though it is now dark, he thinks that he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O, little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death, for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. O, that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles, and falls. Two minutes more and he will roll into the black water.

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have

cared for rolling down if it hadn't been for this bush. The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which had arrested his progress, when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snowdrift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

III.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will pass the cottage in the wood directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty that he thinks he must ask the people if they will sell him a cup of tea.

He enters without ceremony. "Tea?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no tea; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in, and shuts the door;

and, while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the club in his hand, and is angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Fast and fast the man runs on, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is plowing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyish whoop — not before, but behind him. He stops and listens breathlessly. Yes, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his club to strike when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up, driving a little gig.

"Halloa?" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Davis?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood."

The man draws farther back among the shrubs.

"Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way. The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lonely place to be in this time o' night."

"Lonely!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his club into the hedge, and goes back. His evil purposes have all been frustrated — the thoughtless boy, without knowing anything about it, has baffled him at every turn.

IV.

And now the little midshipman is at home — the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and measured his height on the window frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa. "Why, mother, I wrote you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day — at least nothing particular."

"Did you come by the coach we told you of?" asks his father.

"Oh, yes, papa; and when we had got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar, while we changed horses, and I threw down, as I thought, a shilling, but, as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, it's a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"Very true, my boy," his mother answers; "but you should not be careless with your money.

"I suppose you got down at the crossroads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and went through the wood. I should have been here sooner if I hadn't lost my way there."

"Lost your way!" says his mother, alarmed. "My dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, mother," says the little midshipman, with a smile, "you're always thinking we're in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across

the main topmast crosstrees, you *would* be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and to make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to chase a little owl, mother; but I didn't catch her after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the path, and stopped at the cottage for some milk. What a time the woman kept me, to be sure! But very soon Mr. Davis drove up in his gig, and he brought me on to the gate."

"And so this story being brought to a close," his father says, "we find that you had no adventures at all!"

"No, papa, nothing happened; nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular! If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main topmast crosstrees." But they did not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater portion, "our eyes are held that we can not see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground!" and when we have had escapes that the angels have wondered at, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened; at least nothing particular."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

In 1883 the most destructive volcanic eruption ever known occurred in the Straits of Sunda and the neighboring islands. The trouble began on Sunday morning, the 13th of May. Java, Sumatra, and Borneo were convulsed by earthquakes. The surface of the earth rocked, houses tumbled down, and big trees were shaken to the ground. Earthquakes are no rarity in those islands, but this earthquake showed no signs of ceasing. The earth quivered constantly, and from its depths there seemed to rise strange sounds and hollow explosions.

On Thursday there came a telegram from Anjer, ninety miles away, on the northwest coast of Java, intimating that a volcano had broken out at Krakatao island, about thirty miles west of Anjer, in Sunda Strait. I was requested by the Dutch government to go to the scene of action and take scientific observations, and by four o'clock that afternoon I started with a party on board a special steamer from Batavia.

As we rounded the northern extremity of Java, we saw ascending from Krakatao, still fifty miles away, an immense column of smoke. Its appearance changed as we approached. First it looked like flame, then it appeared to be steam, and finally it had the appearance of a pillar of fire inside one of white fleecy wool. The diameter of this pillar of fire and smoke was, I should think, at least one and a half miles. All the while we heard that sullen, thunderous roar which had been a feature of this disturbance ever since Sunday, and was now becoming louder.

We remained on deck all night and watched. The din increased till we could with difficulty hear one another's voices. Dawn approached, and when the rays of the sun fell on the shores of Krakatao, we saw them reflected from what we thought was a river, and we resolved to steam into its mouth and disembark.

When we came to within three quarters of a mile of the shore, we discovered that what we supposed to be a river was a torrent of molten sulphur. The smell almost overpowered us. We steamed away to the windward, and made for the other side of the island.

This island, though volcanic, had up till now been quiet for at least a century. It was eight or ten miles long and four wide, and was covered with forests of fine mahogany and rosewood trees. It was inhabited by a few fishermen, but we found no signs of these people. The land, down to the water's edge, was covered with powdered pumice stone, which rained down from the clouds around the great column of fire. Everything with life had already disappeared from the landscape, which was covered with a steaming mass of stones and ashes.

Several of us landed and began walking towards the volcano. We sank deep in the soft pumice, which blistered our feet with its heat. I climbed painfully upwards toward the crater, in order to measure it with my sextant ; but in a short time the heat melted the mercury off the mirror of the instrument. I was then half a mile from the crater.

As I was returning to the shore, I saw the bottom of each footstep I had made on my way up glowing red

with the heat from beneath. We photographed the scene from the deck of the steamer, where the fire hose was kept playing constantly, wetting the rigging and everything about the ship to prevent her from taking fire.

The steamer then returned to Batavia, and I went to reside at Anjer. From my villa on the hillside a mile inland, I could see Krakatao, thirty miles away, belching out its never-ending eruption. We supposed that it would go on till it burned itself out, and that then it would become quiet again. But in this we were mistaken.

On Sunday morning, the 12th of August, nearly three months later, I was sitting on the veranda of my house taking my morning cup of tea. I saw the fishing boats lying at anchor in the bay, the fishermen themselves being on shore at rest. As my gaze rested on the boats, I suddenly became aware that they were all beginning to move rapidly in one direction. Then in an instant, to my intense surprise, they all disappeared.

I ran farther up the hillside to get a better view, and looked far out to sea. Instantly a great glare of fire right in the midst of the sea caught my eye. All the way across the bay and the strait, in a line of flame reaching to Krakatao itself, the bottom of the sea seemed to have cracked open so that the subterraneous fires were belching forth. On either side the waters were pouring into this gulf with a tremendous noise, but the fire was not extinguished.

The hissing roar brought out the people of Anjer in excited crowds. My eyes were turned away for a mo-

ment as I beckoned to some one, and during that moment came a terrible, deafening explosion. It stunned me; and when I was able again to turn my eyes toward the bay, I could see nothing. The whole scene was shrouded in darkness, from amid which came cries and groans, the creaking of breaking beams in the houses, and, above all, the roar of the breakers on the shore. The city of Anjer, with its sixty thousand people, had been engulfed!

I afterwards found that the water was one hundred feet deep where the city of Anjer had been, and that the coast line had moved one and a half miles inland. A big island in the strait had been split in two, with a wide passage between its parts. An island to the northwest of Krakatao had wholly disappeared. The air was filled with minute particles of dust, which after some weeks spread even to Europe and America. What the causes of such a tremendous convulsion may have been, it is quite impossible accurately to say.

The foregoing narrative was written by J. T. Van Gessel, who was at the time residing in the island of Java. Compare his description of this event with those of the eruption of Vesuvius and the destruction of Pompeii, given in "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year." Read also the younger Pliny's description of the eruption of Vesuvius. It may be found in Church and Brodribb's translation of selections from Pliny's Letters. Other interesting readings about volcanoes may be found in "Volcanoes, Past and Present," by Edward Hull, and in "Volcanoes and Earthquakes," by Dr. George Hartwig.

From the Painting by R. Balaca.

Columbus at Barcelona.

Engraved by Robert Varley.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

The fame of the discovery made by Columbus had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accus-

tomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold; after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside

them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he offered to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere

harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up as it were the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, "so that" says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event; offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

This description of the reception of the great discoverer after his return from his first voyage, is from Washington Irving's famous book entitled "The Life and Voyages of Columbus." Other readings on the same subject are to be found in Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," Kingston's "Notable Voyagers," Mrs. Bolton's "Famous Voyagers," Saunders' "Story of the Discovery of the New World," and McMaster's "School History of the United States."

WHAT THE SUNBEAMS DO.

What work do the sunbeams do for us? They do two things, — they give us light and heat. It is by means of them alone that we see anything.

When the room was dark you could not distinguish the table, the chairs, or even the walls of the room. Why? Because they had no light waves to send to your eye. But as the sunbeams began to pour in at the window, the waves played upon the things in the room; and when they hit them they bounded off them back to your eye, as a wave of the sea bounds back from a rock, and strikes against a passing boat. Then, when they fell upon your eye, they entered it, and excited the retina and the nerves; and the image of the chair or the table was carried to your brain.

Some substances send back hardly any waves of light, but let them all pass through them. A pane of clear glass, for instance, lets nearly all the light waves pass through it; and therefore you often can not see the glass, because no light messengers come back to you from it. Thus people have sometimes walked up against a glass door, and broken it, not seeing it was there.

Those substances are transparent, which, for some reason unknown to us, allow the ether waves to pass through them. In clear glass, all the light waves pass through; while in a white wall the larger part of the rays are reflected back to the eye. Into polished shining metal the waves hardly enter at all, but are thrown back from the surface; and so a steel knife or a silver spoon is

very bright, and is clearly seen. Quicksilver is put at the back of looking-glasses because it reflects so many waves.

The reflected light waves not only make us see things, but they make us see them in different colors. Imagine a sunbeam playing on a leaf: part of its waves bound straight back from it to our eye, and make us see the surface of the leaf; but the rest go right into the leaf itself, and there some of them are used up and kept prisoners. The red, orange, yellow, blue, indigo, and violet waves are all useful to the leaf, and it does not let them go again. But it can not absorb the green waves, and so it throws them back; and they travel to your eye, and make you see a green color. So, when you say a leaf is green, you mean that the leaf does not want the green waves of the sunbeam, but sends them back to you. In the same way the scarlet geranium rejects the red waves; a white tablecloth sends back nearly the whole of the waves, and a black coat scarcely any.

Is it not strange that there is really no such thing as color in the leaf, the table, the coat, or the geranium; that we see them of different colors because they send back only certain-colored waves to our eye?

So far we have spoken only of light; but hold your hand in the sun, and feel the heat of the sunbeams, and then consider if the waves of heat do not do work also. There are many waves in a sunbeam which move too slowly to make us see light when they hit our eye; but we can feel them as heat, though we cannot see them as light.

The simplest way of feeling heat waves is to hold a warm flatiron near your face. You know that no light comes from it, yet you can feel the heat waves beating violently against your face.

Now, there are many of these dark heat rays in a sunbeam, and it is they that do most of the work in the world. It is the heat waves that make the air hot and light, and so cause it to rise, and make winds and air currents; and these again give rise to ocean currents. It is these dark rays, again, that strike upon the land, and give it the warmth which enables plants to grow. It is they also that keep up the warmth in our own bodies, both by coming to us directly from the sun, and also in a very roundabout way through plants.

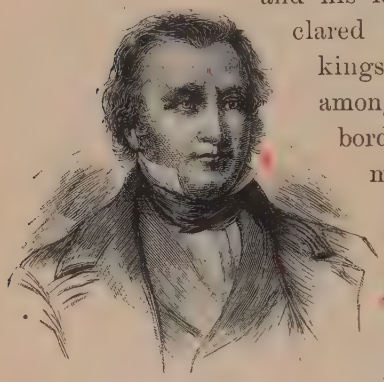
Coal is made of plants, and the heat it gives out is the heat these plants once took in. Think how much work is done by burning coal. Not only are our houses warmed by coal fires and lighted by coal gas, but our steam engines work entirely by water which has been turned into steam by the heat of coal fires; and our steamboats travel all over the world by means of the same power.

In the same way the oil of our lamps comes either from olives, which grow on trees, or from coal and the remains of plants in the earth. Even our tallow candles are made of mutton fat, and sheep eat grass; and so, turn which way we will, we find that the light and heat on our earth, whether it comes from fires, or candles, or lamps, or gas, is equally the work of those waves of ether coming from the sun, which make what we call a sunbeam.

— *From "The Fairy Land of Science," by Arabella B. Buckley.*

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

Tarquin the Proud was the seventh and last king of Rome. Such were his acts of tyranny, and such the crimes of his son, "the false Sextus," that the people rose in rebellion, and, in the year 509 B.C., drove him and his family away from Rome and declared that they would have no more kings. The Tarquins took refuge among the Etruscans, whose country bordered Rome on the north. They made a treaty of friendship with Porsena, the king of Clusium, and induced him to raise a large army for the purpose of forcing the Romans to allow them to return to power. A battle was fought, and the Romans being defeated were obliged to flee across the wooden bridge which spanned the Tiber at Rome. To prevent Porsena from entering the city, the Roman Consul ordered that the bridge should be destroyed.



Thomas Babington Macaulay.

The story of the manner in which this was done is told by Lord Macaulay in his "Lays of Ancient Rome," a collection of heroic ballads relating to the times of the kings and the early consuls. The author speaks, not in his own person, but in the person of an ancient minstrel who is supposed to have lived about one hundred years after the event, and who therefore knew only what a Roman citizen of that time could have known.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this Earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

Annus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Annus
Into the stream beneath:
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

And now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

Drawn by A. I. Keller

The Defense of the Bridge.

Engraved by Robert Varley.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head!

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

Then all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair,
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud:
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! Back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow-foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now, yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the tower of Rome:

"O, Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank:
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"—
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscians home.

And mothers pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

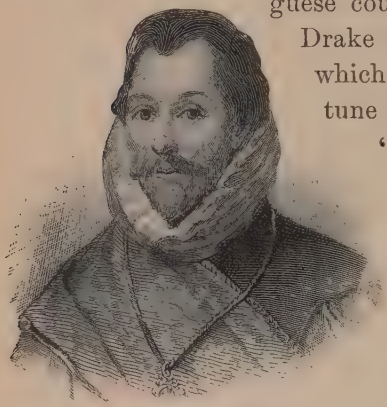
And in the nights of winter
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

HOW SIR FRANCIS DRAKE SAILED ROUND THE WORLD.

The ships which the Spaniards used on the Pacific were usually built on the spot. But Magellan was known to have gone by the Horn, and where a Portuguese could go an Englishman could go. Drake proposed to try. The vessels in which he was preparing to tempt fortune seem preposterously small. The "Pelican," or "Golden Hind," which belonged to Drake himself, was but 120 tons, at best no larger than a modern racing yawl, though perhaps no racing yawl was ever better equipped for the work which she had to do. The next, the "Elizabeth" of London, was said to be eighty tons; a small pinnace of twelve tons, in which we should hardly risk a summer cruise round the Land's End, with two sloops or frigates of fifty and thirty tons, made the rest. The "Elizabeth" was commanded by Captain Winter, a queen's officer, and perhaps a son of the old admiral.



Sir Francis Drake.

We may credit Drake with knowing what he was about. He and his comrades were carrying their lives in their hands. If they were taken they would be inevitably hanged. Their safety depended on speed of sailing, and specially on the power of working fast to

windward, which the heavy square-rigged ships could not do. The crews all told were one hundred and sixty men and boys.

On November 15th, 1577, the "Pelican" and her consorts sailed out of Plymouth Sound. The elements frowned on their start. On the second day they were caught in a winter gale. The "Pelican" sprung her mainmast, and they put back to refit and repair. Before the middle of December all was again in order. The weather mended, and with a fair wind and smooth water they made a fast run down the coast to the Cape de Verde Islands. There taking up the northeast Trades, they struck across the Atlantic. They passed the mouth of the Plate River, finding to their astonishment fresh water at the ship's side in fifty-four fathoms. On June 20th they reached Port St. Julian on the coast of Patagonia.

It was now midwinter, the stormiest season of the year, and they remained for six weeks in Port St. Julian. They burnt the twelve-ton pinnace, as too small for the work they had now before them, and there remained only the "Pelican," the "Elizabeth," and the "Marigold." In cold, wild weather they weighed at last, and on August 20th made the opening of Magellan's Straits. The passage is seventy miles long, tortuous and dangerous. They had no charts. Icy mountains overhung them on either side; heavy snow fell below. They brought up occasionally at an island to rest the men, and let them kill a few seals and penguins to give them fresh food. Everything they saw was new, wild, and wonderful.

Having to feel their way, they were three weeks in

getting through. They had counted on reaching the Pacific that the worst of their work was over, and that they could run north at once into warmer and calmer latitudes. The peaceful ocean, when they entered it, proved the stormiest they had ever sailed on. A fierce westerly gale drove them six hundred miles to the south-east outside the Horn. The "Marigold" went down in the tremendous encounter. Captain Winter in the "Elizabeth" made his way back into Magellan's Straits. There he lay for three weeks, lighting fires nightly to show Drake where he was; but no Drake appeared. They had agreed, if separated, to meet on the coast in the latitude of Valparaiso; but Winter was chicken-hearted, and sore, we are told, "against the mariners' will," when the three weeks were out, he sailed away for England, where he reported that all the ships were lost but the "Pelican," and that the "Pelican" was probably lost too.

Drake had believed better of Winter, and had not expected to be so deserted. He had himself taken refuge among the islands which form the Cape, waiting for the spring and milder weather. He used the time in making surveys, and observing the habits of the native Patagonians. The days lengthened, and the sea smoothed at last. He then sailed for Valparaiso, hoping to meet Winter there, as he had arranged. At Valparaiso there was no Winter, but there was in the port instead a great galleon just come in from Peru. The galleon's crew took him for a Spaniard, hoisted their colors, and beat their drums. The "Pelican" shot alongside. The English sailors in high spirits leaped on board. No life was taken;

Drake never hurt man if he could help it. The crew jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The prize was examined. Four hundred pounds' weight of gold was found in her, besides other plunder.

Drake went on next to Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes mines was shipped for Panama. At Tarapaca there was the same unconsciousness of danger. The silver bars lay piled on the quay, the muleteers who had brought them were sleeping peacefully in the sunshine at their side. The muleteers were left to their slumbers. The bars were lifted into the English boats. A train of mules or llamas came in at that moment with a second load as rich as the first. This, too, went into the "Pelican's" hold. The bullion taken at Tarapaca was worth nearly half a million ducats.

Still there was no news of Winter. Drake began to realize that he was now entirely alone, and had only himself and his own crew to depend on. There was nothing to do but to go through with it, danger adding to the interest. Arica was the next point visited. Half a hundred blocks of silver were picked up at Arica. After Arica came Lima, the chief depot of all, where the grandest haul was looked for. At Lima, alas! they were just too late. Twelve great hulks lay anchored there. The sails were unbent, the men were ashore. They contained nothing but some chests of reels and a few bales of silk and linen. But a thirteenth, called the "Cacafuego," had sailed a few days before for the Isthmus with the whole produce of the Lima mines for the season. Her ballast was silver, her cargo gold and emeralds and rubies.

Drake deliberately cut the cables of the ships in the roads, that they might drive ashore and be unable to follow him. The "Pelican" spread her wings, and sped away in pursuit. He would know the "Cacafuego," so he learned at Lima, by the peculiar cut of her sails. The first man who caught sight of her was promised a gold chain for his reward. A sail was seen on the second day. It was not the chase, but it was worth stopping for. Eighty pounds' weight of gold was found, and a great gold crucifix, set with emeralds said to be as large as pigeons' eggs.

We learn from the Spanish accounts that the Viceroy of Lima, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, dispatched ships in pursuit. They came up with the last plundered vessel, heard terrible tales of the rovers' strength, and went back for a larger force. The "Pelican" meanwhile went along upon her course for eight hundred miles. At length, off Quito, and close under the shore, the "Cacafuego's" peculiar sails were sighted, and the gold chain was claimed. There she was, going lazily along a few miles ahead. Care was needed in approaching her. If she guessed the "Pelican's" character she would run in upon the land, and they would lose her. It was afternoon. The sun was still above the horizon, and Drake meant to wait till night, when the breeze would be off the shore, as in the tropics it always is.

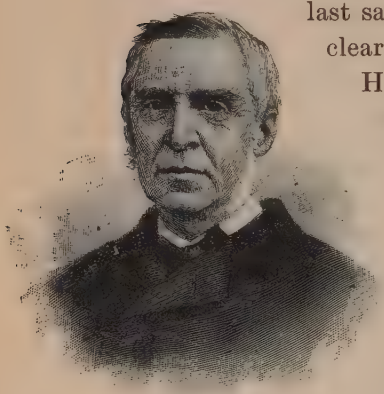
The "Pelican" sailed two feet to the "Cacafuego's" one. Drake filled his empty wine skins with water and trailed them astern to stop his way. The chase supposed that she was followed by some heavily-loaded trader, and,

wishing for company on a lonely voyage, she slackened sail, and waited for him to come up. At length the sun went down into the ocean, the rosy light faded from off the snows of the Andes; and when both ships had become invisible from the shore, the skins were hauled in, the night wind rose, and the water began to ripple under the "Pelican's" bows. The "Cacafuego" was swifty overtaken, and when within a cable's length a voice hailed her to put her head into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding so strange an order, held on his course. A broadside brought down his mainyard, and a flight of arrows rattled on his deck. He was himself wounded. In a few minutes he was a prisoner, and the ship and her precious freight were in the corsair's power. The wreck was cut away; the ship was cleared; a prize crew was put on board. Both vessels turned their heads to the sea. At daybreak no land was to be seen, and the examination of the prize began. The full value was never acknowledged. The invoice, if there was one, was destroyed. The accurate figures were known only to Drake and Queen Elizabeth. A published schedule acknowledged to twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coins, and a hundredweight of gold, but there were gold nuggets beside in indefinite quantity, and "a great store" of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds.

Drake, we are told, was greatly satisfied. He thought it prudent to stay in the neighborhood no longer than necessary. He went north with all sail set, taking his prize along with him. The master, San Juan de Anton, was removed on board the "Pelican," to have his wound at-

tended to. He remained as Drake's guest for a week, and sent in a report of what he observed to the Spanish government. One at least of Drake's party spoke excellent Spanish. This person took San Juan over the ship. She showed signs, San Juan said, of rough service, but was still in fine condition, with ample arms, spare rope, mattocks, carpenters' tools of all descriptions. There were eighty-five men on board all told, fifty of them men of war, the rest young fellows, ship boys, and the like. Drake himself was treated with great reverence ; a sentinel stood always at his cabin door. He dined alone with music.

The "Pelican" met with many other adventures, and at last sailed for home. Sweeping in fine clear weather round the Cape of Good Hope, she touched once for water at Sierra Leone, and finally sailed in triumph into Plymouth Harbor.



James Anthony Froude.

English sympathy with an extraordinary exploit is always irresistible. Shouts of applause rang through the country ; and Elizabeth, every bit of her an English-woman, felt with her subjects. She sent for Drake to London, made him tell his story over and over again, and was never weary of listening to him.

— From "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," by James Anthony Froude.

A BRAVE RESCUE AND A ROUGH RIDE.

It happened upon a November evening (when I was about fifteen years old, and outgrowing my strength very rapidly, my sister Annie being turned thirteen, and a deal of rain having fallen, and all the troughs in the yard being flooded, and the bark from the wood ricks washed down the gutter, and even our watershoot growing brown) that the ducks in the barnyard made a terrible quacking, instead of marching off to their pen, one behind another. Thereupon Annie and I ran out to see what might be the sense of it. There were thirteen ducks, and ten lily-white (as the fashion of ducks then was), not, I mean, twenty-three in all, but ten white and three brown-striped ones; and without being nice about their color, they all quacked very movingly. They pushed their gold-colored bills here and there (yet dirty, as gold is apt to be), and they jumped on the triangles of their feet, and sounded out of their nostrils; and some of the over-excited ones ran along low on the ground, quacking grievously, with their bills snapping and bending, and the roof of their mouths exhibited.

Annie began to cry "dilly, dilly, einy, einy, ducksey," according to the burden of a tune they seem to have accepted as the national ducks' anthem; but instead of being soothed by it, they only quacked three times as hard, and ran round till we were giddy. And then they shook their tails all together, and looked grave, and went round and round again.

Now, I am uncommonly fond of ducks, whether royster-

ing, roosting, or roasted; and it is a fine sight to behold them walk, paddling one after another, with their toes out, like soldiers drilling, and their little eyes cocked all ways at once, and the way that they dib with their bills, and dabble, and throw up their heads and enjoy something, and then tell the others about it. Therefore, I knew at once, by the way they were carrying on, that there must be something or other gone wholly amiss in the duck world. Sister Annie perceived it, too, but with a greater quickness; for she counted them like a good duck wife, and could only tell thirteen of them, when she knew there ought to be fourteen.

And so we began to search about, and the ducks ran to lead us aright, having come that far to fetch us; and when we got down to the foot of the courtyard where the two great ash trees stand by the side of the little water, we found good reason for the urgence and melancholy of the duck birds. Lo! the old white drake, the father of all, a bird of high manners and chivalry, always the last to help himself from the pan of barley meal, and the first to show fight to a dog or cock intruding upon his family, this fine fellow, and a pillar of the state, was now in a sad predicament, yet quacking very stoutly.

For the brook, wherewith he had been familiar from his callow childhood, and wherein he was wont to quest for water newts, and tadpoles, and caddice worms, and other game, this brook, which afforded him very often scanty space to dabble in, and sometimes starved the cresses, was now coming down in a great brown flood, as if the banks never belonged to it. The foaming of it, and the noise,

and the cresting of the corners, and the up and down, like the wave of the sea, were enough to frighten any duck, though bred upon stormy waters, which our ducks never had been.

There is always a hurdle six feet long and four and a half in depth, swung by a chain at either end from an oak laid across the channel. And the use of this hurdle is to keep our kine at milking time from straying away there drinking (for in truth they are very dainty) and to fence strange cattle, or Farmer Snowe's horses, from coming along the bed of the brook unknown, to steal our substance.

But now this hurdle, which hung in the summer a foot above the trickle, would have been dipped more than two feet deep but for the power against it. For the torrent came down so vehemently that the chains in full stretch were creaking, and the hurdle buffeted almost flat, and thatched (so to say), with the drift stuff, was going see-saw with a sulky splash on the dirty red comb of the waters.

But saddest to see was between two bars, where a fog was of rushes, and flood wood, and wild celery, and dead crow's-foot. For there was our venerable mallard jammed in by the joint of his shoulder, speaking aloud as he rose and fell, with his topknot full of water, unable to comprehend it, with his tail washed far away from him, but often compelled to be silent, being ducked very harshly against his will by the choking fall to of the hurdle.

For a moment I could not help laughing; because, being borne high up and dry by a tumult of the torrent, he gave

me a look from his one little eye (having lost one in fight with a turkey cock), a gaze of appealing sorrow, and then a loud quack to second it. But the quack came out of time, I suppose, for his throat got filled with water, as the hurdle carried him back again. And then there was scarcely the screw of his tail to be seen until he swung up again, and left small doubt, by the way he spluttered, and failed to quack, and hung down his poor crest, but what he must drown in another minute, and frogs triumph over his body.

Annie was crying and wringing her hands, and I was about to rush into the water, although I liked not the look of it, but hoped to hold on by the hurdle, when a man on horseback came suddenly round the corner of the great ash hedge on the other side of the stream, and his horse's feet were in the water.

"Ho, there," he cried, "get thee back, boy! The flood will carry thee down like a straw. I will do it for thee, and no trouble."

With that he leaned forward, and spoke to his mare — she was just of the tint of a strawberry, a young thing, very beautiful — and she arched up her neck, as misliking the job; yet, trusting him, would attempt it. She entered the flood, with her dainty fore legs sloped further and further in front of her, and her delicate ears pricked forward, and the size of her great eyes increasing; but he kept her straight in the turbid rush, by the pressure of his knee on her.

Then she looked back, and wondered at him, as the force of the torrent grew stronger, but he bade her go on; and

on she went, and it foamed up over her shoulders; and she tossed up her lip and scorned it, for now her courage was waking.

Then, as the rush of it swept her away, and she struck with her forefeet down the stream, he leaned from his saddle in a manner which I never could have thought possible, and caught up old Tom with his left hand, and set him between his holsters, and smiled at his faint quack of gratitude. In a moment all three were carried down stream, and the rider lay flat on his horse, and tossed the hurdle clear from him, and made for the bend of smooth water.

They landed some thirty or forty yards lower, in the midst of our kitchen garden, where the winter cabbage was; but though Annie and I crept in through the hedge, and were full of our thanks and admiring him, he would answer us never a word until he had spoken in full to the mare, as if explaining the whole to her.

"Sweetheart, I know thou couldst have leaped it," he said, as he patted her cheek, being on the ground by this time, and she was nudging up to him, with the water pattering off from her; "but I had good reason, Winnie dear, for making thee go through it."

She answered him kindly with her soft eyes, and sniffed at him very lovingly, and they understood one another. Then he took from his waistcoat two peppercorns, and made the old drake swallow them, and tried him softly on his legs, where the leading gap in the hedge was.

Old Tom stood up quite bravely, and clapped his wings, and shook off the wet from his tail feathers; and then away

into the courtyard, and his family gathered around him, and they all made a noise in their throats, and stood up, and put their bills together, to thank God for his great deliverance.

Having taken all this trouble, and watched the end of that adventure, the gentleman turned round to us with a pleasant smile on his face, as if he were lightly amused with himself; and we came up and looked at him. He was rather short, about John Fry's height, or maybe a little taller, but very strongly built and springy, as his gait at every step showed plainly, although his legs were bowed with much riding, and he looked as if he lived on horseback.

To a boy like me he seemed very old, being over twenty, and well found in beard; but he was not more than four and twenty, fresh and ruddy looking, with a short nose and keen blue eyes, and a merry, waggish jerk about him, as if the world were not in earnest. Yet he had a sharp, stern way, like the crack of a pistol, if anything misliked him; and we knew (for children see such things) that it was safer to tickle than buffet him.

"Well, young ones, what be gaping at?" He gave pretty Annie a chuck on the chin, and took me all in without winking.

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me have a ride on her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her! Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried, with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take those leathers off of her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and so grinned that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her. And he laughed, and approved her for doing so. And the worst of all was — he said nothing.

"Get away, Annie. Do you think I'm a fool, good sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not override her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is liker to override thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy mother's cousin, boy, and I'm going up to the house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood mare, the strawberry. Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's, and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery, but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me; especially as there were rumors abroad that she was not a mare, after all, but a witch.

However, she looked like a filly all over, and wonderfully beautiful with her supple stride, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water, and prominent eyes full of docile fire. Whether this came from her Eastern blood of the Arabs newly imported, and whether the cream color, mixed with our bay, led to that bright strawberry tint, is certainly more than I can decide, being chiefly acquaint with farm horses. And these are of any color and form; you never can count what they will be, and are lucky to get four legs to them.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked demurely after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life, yet dropping her soul to a higher one, and led by love to anything, as the manner is of such creatures, when they know what is the best for them. Then Winnie trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft muck under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie so that she might enter into it. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the fun lay.

"Good tumble off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know the substance of their skulls."

"Let me get up," said I, waxing wroth, for reasons I

can not tell you, because they are too manifold; "take off your saddlebag things. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle at this proud speech of mine, and John Fry was running up all the while, and Bill Dadds, and half a dozen others. Tom Faggus gave one glance around, and then dropped all regard for me. The high repute of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duello, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as herring.

Something of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and breathed to his breath, and did all she could to answer him.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him gently down on the mixen. That will be quite enough." Then he turned the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. She began at first so easily, and pricked her ears so lovingly, and minced about as if pleased to find so light a weight upon her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Gee wugg, Polly!" cried I, for all the men were now looking on, being then at the leaving-off time; "gee wugg, Polly, and show what thou be'est made of." With that I plugged my heels into her, and Billy Dadds flung his hat up.

Nevertheless, she outraged not, though her eyes were

frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro with her strong forearms rising like springs ingathered, waiting and quivering grievously, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill, clear whistle, when her ears were bent toward him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright in the air, and struck me full on the nose with her comb, till I bled worse than Robin Snell made me; and then down with her fore feet deep in the straw, and with her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her still like wax, for my mettle was up as hers was, away she flew with me swifter than ever I went before, or since, I trow.

She drove full head at the cob wall — "Oh, Jack, slip off!" screamed Annie — then she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against it. "Dear me!" I cried, for my breeches were broken, and short words went the farthest — "if you kill me, you shall die with me." Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, knocking my words between my teeth, and then right over a quickset hedge, as if the sky were a breath to her; and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck like a child and wished I had never been born.

Straight away, all in the front of the wind, and scattering clouds around her, all I know of the speed we made was the frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rush-

ing away, and the air left far behind us, and my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late of it.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briers got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish, till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us, and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and though she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the soft mud.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground, somewhat tottering, and miry, and crest-fallen, but otherwise none the worse (having fallen upon my head, which is of uncommon substance); "not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long —"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery —"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha! ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me, and better than any of them be. It would have gone to my heart if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

"Foul shame to thee, then, Tom Faggus," cried mother, coming up suddenly, and speaking so that all were amazed, having never seen her wrathful, "to put my boy, my boy, across her, as if his life were no more than thine! A man would have taken thy mad horse and thee, and flung them both into a horse pond — ay, and what's more, I'll have it done now, if a hair of his head is injured. Oh, my boy, my boy! Put up the other arm, Johnny." All the time mother was scolding so, she was feeling me and wiping me; while Faggus tried to look greatly ashamed, having sense of the ways of women.

"Only look at his jacket, mother!" cried Annie; "and a shilling's worth gone from his smallclothes!"

"What care I for his clothes, thou goose? Take that, and heed thine own a bit." And mother gave Annie a slap which sent her swinging up against Mr. Faggus, and he caught her, and kissed and protected her; and she looked at him very nicely, with great tears in her soft blue eyes.

"Oh, fie upon thee, fie upon thee," cried mother (being yet more vexed with him, because she had beaten Annie); "after all we have done for thee, and saved thy worthless neck — and to try to kill my son for me! Never more

shall horse of thine enter stable here, since these be thy returns to me. Small thanks to you, John Fry, I say; much you care for your master's son!"

"Well, missus, what could us do?" began John; "Jan wudd goo, now wudd't her, Jem? And how was us—"

"Jan, indeed! Master John, if you please, to a lad of his years and stature. And now, Tom Faggus, be off, if you please, and think yourself lucky to go so."

Everybody looked at mother; to hear her talk like that, knowing how quiet she was day by day, and how pleasant to be cheated. And the men began to shoulder their shovels, both so as to be away from her, and to go and tell their wives of it. Winnie, too, was looking at her, being pointed at so much, and wondering if she had done amiss. And then she came to me, and trembled, and stooped her head, and asked my pardon, if she had been too proud with me.

"Winnie shall stop here to-night," said I, for Tom Faggus still said never a word all the while, but began to buckle his things on. "Mother, I tell you Winnie shall stop; else I will go away with her. I never knew what it was, till now, to ride a horse worth riding."

"Young man," said Tom Faggus, still preparing sternly to depart, "you know more about a horse than any man on Exmoor. Your mother may well be proud of you, but she need have had no fear. As if I, Tom Faggus, your father's cousin — and the only thing I am proud of — would ever have let you mount my mare, which dukes and princes have vainly sought, except for the courage in your eyes, and the look of your father about you. I

knew you could ride when I saw you, and rarely you have conquered. But women don't understand us."

With that he fetched a heavy sigh, and feebly got upon Winnie's back, and she came to say farewell to me. He lifted his hat to my mother with a glance of sorrow, but never a word, and to me he said: "Open the gate, Cousin John, if you please. You have beaten her so, that she cannot leap it, poor thing."

But, before he was truly gone out of our yard, my mother came softly after him, with her afternoon apron across her eyes, and one hand ready to offer him. Nevertheless, he made as if he had not seen her, though he let his horse go slowly. "Stop, Cousin Tom," my mother said, "a word with you before you go."

"Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore, from which this extract is taken, is justly regarded as one of the few really great romances written in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It is a story of the times of Charles II., and culminates about the time of the rebellion of Monmouth in 1685. The narrative is supposed to be related by a sturdy farmer of Exmoor, named John Ridd, who is the hero of the tale. The main part of the action centers round the deeds of a band of outlaws called the Doones, who had established themselves in a narrow valley of Exmoor, from whence they levied tribute upon their neighbors and bade defiance to the officers of the law. The quaint and homely style in which the story is written wins the admiration of all readers, and gives to the work an indefinable charm.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge,
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it:
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.
The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple;
The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes;
The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever;
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.
More to be desired are they than gold; yea than much fine gold;
Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned;
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins;
Let them not have dominion over me:
Then shall I be upright, and I shall be
Innocent from the great transgression.
Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart,
Be acceptable in thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

— *From the Psalms of David.*

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

The Battle of Bannockburn, in Scotland, was one of the most famous in history. It was fought June 24th, 1314, between Robert Bruce of Scotland and Edward II. of England. The army of Bruce consisted of 30,000 men; that of Edward of 100,000, of whom 52,000 were archers. The story of the battle is thus described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather":

Now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King, that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame

to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France, — many Irish, many Welsh, — and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English,

both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water courses, while the Scots occupied hard dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the

victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last, should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen, — that the whole country seemed covered with men at arms on horse and foot, — that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds) made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English army was approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who,

with a chosen body of eight hundred horse had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I can not break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish — I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a short battle ax made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle ax so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed

himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle ax."

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down — they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us — these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. But Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men at arms well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground, which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defense, and unable to rise,

from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to horse, and calling out his war cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the

chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English King was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy followed King Edward as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance.

Such is the story that is told by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grandfather." It will be interesting now to read Burns's poem beginning, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," which we can easily imagine to be Bruce's address to his men at the beginning of the great fight. Read also Sir Walter Scott's metrical description of the battle, in the long poem entitled "The Lord of the Isles."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered —
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

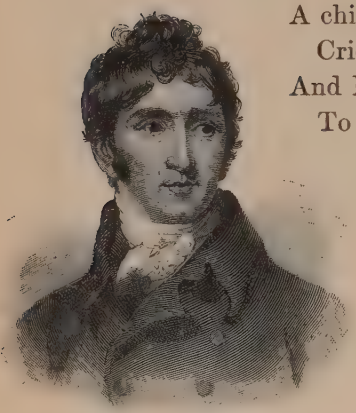
I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! — rest; thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

— *Thomas Campbell.*

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.



Thomas Campbell.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride:
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight:
"I'll go, my chief: I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste," the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh, too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing.
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:
His wrath was changed to wailing;

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain! The loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

— *Thomas Campbell.*

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

Among the great musical composers of modern times there have been few who rank with Ludwig van Beethoven. This famous man was born in Bonn, Germany, in 1770; he died at Vienna in 1827. It may be truthfully said that the works of Beethoven created a new epoch in the history and development of music, and his compositions lose none of their popularity as the years go by.

Beethoven's life was a sad one. He was alone in the world, deaf, and the object of unkind treatment by those who should have been his friends. How nobly he rose above all petty annoyances, we can readily understand when we listen to the grand and solemn strains of his immortal

music. The following story illustrates the kindliness of his nature and shows how some of his works seemed to be almost the result of inspiration.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven; for I wished him to take a walk, and afterwards sup with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said, "what sound is that? It is from my Sonata in F. Hark! how well it is played!"

Ludwig van Beethoven.

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break; then the voice of sobbing. "I cannot play any more. It is so beautiful; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah! my sister," said her companion; "why create regrets when there is no remedy? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What can we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling — genius — understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened, and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I — I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the young lady — " He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I — I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there, I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to

play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant that his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more — only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a Sonata to the Moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time — a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift agitato finale — a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door — "farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

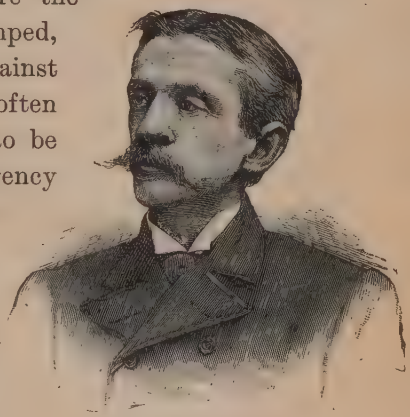
Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that Sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past day dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

THE STORY OF TEMPE WICK.

There are so many curious and unexpected things which may happen in time of war, especially to people who live in parts of a country where the enemy may be expected to come, or where the friendly army is already encamped, that it is impossible to guard against unpleasant occurrences; and it often happens that the only thing to be depended upon when an emergency arises, is presence of mind, and quickness of wit.



Frank R. Stockton.

In these qualities, New Jersey girls have never shown themselves behind their sisters of other parts of the country, and a very good proof of this is shown by an incident which took place near Morristown during the time that the American army was quartered in that neighborhood.

Not far from the town was a farm then known as Wick's farm, situated in a beautiful wooded country. The daughter of Mr. Wick, named Tempe (probably short for Temperance), was the owner of a very fine horse, and on this beautiful animal it was her delight to ride over the roads and through the woods of the surrounding country. She had been accustomed to horses since she was a child, and was not afraid to ride anywhere by herself.

When she first began to canter over these hills and dales, it had been in times of peace, when there was nothing in this quiet country of which any one might be afraid; and now, although these were days of war, she felt no fear. There were soldiers not far away, but these she looked upon as her friends and protectors; for Washington and his army had encamped in that region to defend the country against the approach of the enemy. If any straggling Redcoats should feel a desire to come along the hills, they would be very apt to restrain their inclinations so long as they knew that that brave American army was encamped near by.

So Miss Tempe Wick, fearing nothing, rode far and wide, as she had been in the habit of doing, and every day she and her good steed became better and better acquainted with each other.

One fine afternoon, as Tempe was slowly riding homeward, within a mile of her house, she met half a dozen soldiers in Continental uniform, and two of them, stepping in front of her, called upon her to stop. When she had done so, one of them seized her bridle. She did not know the men; but still, as they belonged to Washington's army, who were her countrymen and friends, she saw no reason to be afraid, and asked them what they wanted.

At first she received no answer, for they were very busily occupied in looking at her horse and expressing their satisfaction at the fine points of the animal. Tempe had had her horse praised before; but these men were looking at him, and talking about him, very much as if

he were for sale and they were thinking of buying. Presently one of the men said to her that this was a very excellent horse that she was riding, and they wanted it. To this Tempe exclaimed, in great amazement, that it was her own horse, that she wanted him herself, and had no wish to dispose of him. Some of the soldiers laughed, and one of them told her that the troops were about to move, and that good horses were greatly needed, and that they had orders to levy upon the surrounding country and take horses wherever they could find them.

Now was Tempe astonished beyond measure. If half a dozen British soldiers had surrounded her, and had declared that they intended to rob her of her horse, she would not have wondered at it, for they would have taken it as the property of an enemy. But that the soldiers of her own country, the men on whom she and all her friends and neighbors depended for protection and safety, should turn on her and rob her, as if they had been a set of marauding Hessians, was something she could scarcely comprehend. But it did not take her long to understand, that no matter who they were or what they were, — whether they thought they had a right to do what they threatened, or whether they had no regard for right and justice, — they were in earnest, and intended to take her horse. When this conviction flashed into the mind of Tempe Wick, there also flashed into it a determination to show these men that a Jersey girl had a will of her own, and that if they wanted her property, they would have to do a great deal more than simply to come to her and ask her to hand it over to them.

After a little parley, during which the man who held her bridle let go of it, supposing she was about to dismount, she suddenly gave her spirited horse a sharp cut with the whip, dashed between two of the soldiers, and before they could comprehend what had happened she was off and away.

As fast as they could run, the soldiers followed her, one or two of them firing their guns in the air, thinking to frighten her and make her stop; but, as though she had been a deer and her pursuers ordinary hunters, she swiftly sped away from them.

But they did not give up the chase. Some of them knew where this girl lived, and were confident that when they reached her house, they would have the horse. If they had known it was such a fine animal, they would have come after it before. According to their belief, good horses should go into the army, and people who staid at home, and expected other people to fight for them, ought to be willing to do what they could to help in the good cause, and at least give their horses to the army.

As Tempe sat upon her bounding steed, she knew very well that the soldiers could never catch her; but her heart sank within her as she thought of what would happen when they came to the farm and demanded her horse. Running away from them was only postponing her trouble for a little while, for there was no one about the place who could prevent those men from going to the barn and taking away the animal.

It would be of no use to pass her house and ride on and

on. Where should she go? She must come back sometime, and all the soldiers would have to do would be to halt at the farm, and wait until she returned. And even if she should take her horse into the wood and tie him to a tree, they would know by her coming back on foot that she had left him at no great distance, and they would be sure to follow his tracks and find him.

As Tempe rode swiftly on, her thoughts galloped as fast as her horse, and before she reached the house she had come to a conclusion as to the best thing to be done. She did not ride toward the barn, but dashed through the gateway of the large yard, and sprang from her steed. As she turned in, she looked down the road; but the men were not in sight. What she was going to do was something which people never did, but it was the only thing she could think of, and she was a girl whose actions were as quick as her ideas were original. Without stopping an instant, she took her horse to the back door, and led him boldly into the house.

This was not the sort of stable to which Tempe's horse or any other American horse was accustomed; but this animal knew his mistress, and where she led, he was willing to follow. If one of the farm hands had attempted to take the creature into the house, there would probably have been some rearing and plunging; but nothing of this kind happened as our Jersey girl, with her hand on her horse's bridle, led him quickly inside and closed the door behind him. As the story goes, she took him through the kitchen, and then into the parlor, without the slightest regard to the injury his shoes might do to

the well-kept floor; and from the parlor she led him into a bedroom on the lower floor, which was usually used as a guest chamber, but which never before had such a guest as this.

This room had but a single window, the shutters of which were kept closed when it was not in use, and there was no entrance to it except through the door which opened from the parlor. The door was quickly closed, and Tempe stood with her horse in the darkness.

When the soldiers reached the farm they went to the barn. They examined the outhouses, visited the pasture fields, and made a thorough search, high and low, near and far; but no sign of a horse could they find. Of course, the notion that the animal was concealed in the house did not enter their minds, and the only way in which they could account for the total disappearance of the horse was, that Tempe had ridden off with him — where they knew not. We do not know how long they waited for the sight of a hungry horse coming home to his supper, but we do know that while there was the slightest danger of her dear horse being taken away from her, that animal remained a carefully attended guest in the spare room of the Wick house; and the tradition is, that he staid there three weeks. There Tempe waited on him as if he had been a visitor of high degree; and if she was afraid to go to the barn to bring him hay and oats, she doubtless gave him biscuit and soft bread, — dainties of which a horse is very fond, especially when they are brought to him by such a kind mistress as Tempe.

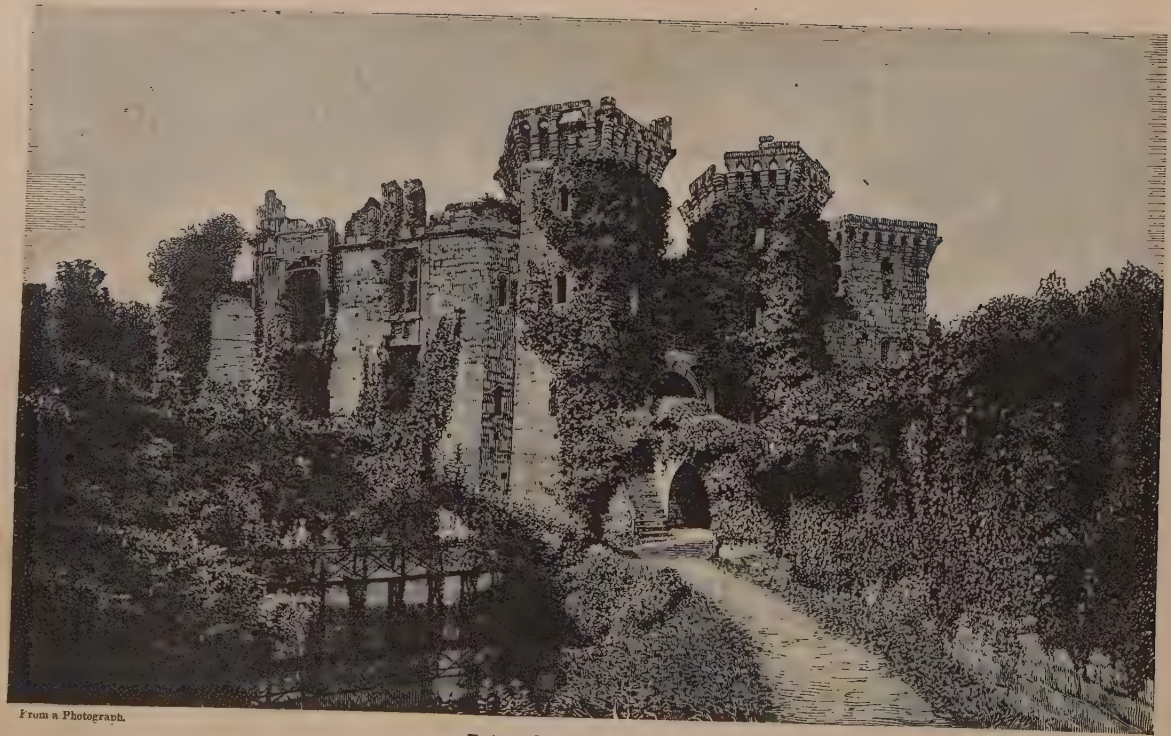
When the cavalry moved away from their camp near Morristown, no one of them rode on that fine horse on which they had seen a girl gayly cantering, and which, when they had been about to put their hands upon it, had flown away, like a butterfly from under the straw hat of a schoolboy. When the troops were gone, the horse came out of the guest chamber and went back to his stall in the stable; and that room in which he passed so many quiet days, and the door through which the horse timidly stepped under the shadow of that hospitable roof, are still to be seen at the old Wick house, which stands now, as it stood then, with its shaded yard and the great willow tree behind it, on the pleasant country road by which we may drive from Morristown to Mendham by the way of Washington Corner.

— *From "Stories of New Jersey," by Frank R. Stockton.*

LIFE IN NORMAN ENGLAND.

The tall frowning keep and solid walls of the great stone castles, in which the Norman barons lived, betokened an age of violence and suspicion. Beauty gave way to the needs of safety. Girdled with its green and slimy ditch, round the inner edge of which ran a parapeted wall pierced along the top with shot holes, stood the buildings, spreading often over many acres.

If an enemy managed to cross the moat and force the gateway, in spite of a portcullis crashing from above, and



From a Photograph.

Ruins of a Norman Castle.

Engraved by John Evans.

melted lead pouring in burning streams from the perforated top of the rounded arch, but little of his work was yet done; for the keep lifted its huge angular block of masonry within the inner bailey or courtyard, and from the narrow chinks in its ten-foot wall rained a sharp incessant shower of arrows, sweeping all approaches to the high and narrow stair, by which alone access could be had to its interior.

These loopholes were the only windows, except in the topmost story, where the chieftain, like a vulture in his rocky nest, watched all the surrounding country. The day of splendid oriels had not yet come in castle architecture.

Thus a baron in his keep could defy, and often did defy, the king upon his throne. Under his roof, eating daily at his board, lived a throng of armed retainers; and around his castle lay farms tilled by martial franklins, who at his call laid aside their implements of husbandry, took up the sword and spear, which they could wield with equal skill, and marched beneath his banner to the war.

With robe ungirt and head uncovered each tenant had done homage and sworn an oath of fealty, placing his joined hands between those of the sitting baron, and humbly saying as he knelt, "I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb and of earthly worship; and unto you I shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king." A kiss from the baron completed the ceremony.

The furniture of a Norman keep was not unlike that of an English house. There was richer ornament — more elaborate carving. A *faldestol*, the original of our arm-chair, spread its drapery and cushions for the chieftain in his lounging moods. His bed now boasted curtains and a roof, although, like the English lord, he still lay only upon straw. Chimneys tunneled the thick walls, and the cupboards glittered with glass and silver. Horn lanterns and the old spiked candlesticks lit up his evening hours, when the chessboard arrayed its clumsy men, carved out of walrus tusk, then commonly called whale's-bone. But the baron had an unpleasant trick of breaking the chessboard on his opponent's head, when he found himself checkmated; which somewhat marred said opponent's enjoyment of the game. Dice of horn and bone emptied many a purse in Norman England.

Horn Lantern.

Dances and music whiled away the long winter nights; and on summer evenings the castle courtyards resounded with the noise of football, *kayles* (a sort of ninepins), wrestling, boxing, leaping, and the fierce joys of the bull bait. But out of doors, when no fighting was on hand, the hound, the hawk, and the lance attracted the best energies and skill of the Norman gentleman.

Rousing the forest game with dogs, they shot at it with barbed and feathered arrows. A field of ripening corn never turned the chase aside: it was one privilege of a feudal baron to ride as he pleased over his tenants'

crops, and another to quarter his insolent hunting train in the farmhouses which pleased him best! The elaborate details of *wòodcraft* became an important part of a noble boy's education; for the numerous bugle calls and scientific dissection of a dead stag took many seasons to learn.

After the Conquest, to kill a deer or own a hawk came more than ever to be regarded as the special privilege of the aristocracy. The hawk, daintily dressed, as befitted the companion of nobility, with his head wrapped in an embroidered hood, and a peal of silver bells tinkling from his rough legs, sat in state, bound with leathern jesses to the wrist, which was protected by a thick glove. The ladies and the clergy loved him. By many a mere the abbots ambled on their ponies over the swampy soil, and sweet shrill voices cheered the long-winged hawk, as he darted off in pursuit of the soaring quarry.

The Hawk.

The author of "Ivanhoe" has made the tournament a picture familiar to all readers of romance. It therefore needs no long description here. It was held in honor of some great event — a coronation, wedding, or victory. Having practiced well during squirehood at the *quintain*, the knight, clad in full armor, with visor barred and the colors of his lady on crest and scarf, rode into the lists, for which some level green was chosen and surrounded with a palisade.

For days before, his shield had been hanging in a neighboring church, as a sign of his intention to compete in this great game of chivalry. If any stain lay on his

knighthood, a lady, by touching the suspended shield with a wand, could debar him from a share in the jousting. And if, when he had entered the lists he was rude to a lady, or broke in any way the etiquette of the tilt yard, he was beaten from the lists with the ashwood lances of the knights.

The Knight.

The simple joust was the shock of two knights, who galloped with leveled spears at each other, aiming at breast or head, with the object either of unhorsing the antagonist, or, if he sat his charger well, of splintering the lance upon his helmet or his shield. The mellay hurled together, at the dropping of the prince's baton, two parties of knights, who hacked away at each other with ax and mace and sword, often gashing limbs and breaking bones in the wild excitement of the fray. Bright eyes glanced from the surrounding galleries upon the brutal sport; and when the victor, with broken plume, and battered armor, dragged his weary limbs to the footstool of the beauty who presided as queen over the festival, her white hands decorated him with the meed of his achievements.

The Normans probably dined at nine in the morning. When they rose they took a light meal; and ate something also after their day's work, immediately before going

to bed. Goose and garlic formed a favorite dish. Their cookery was more elaborate, and, in comparison, more delicate, than the preparations for an English feed; but the character for temperance, which they brought with them from the Continent, soon vanished.

The poorer classes hardly ever ate flesh, living principally on bread, butter, and cheese, — a social fact which seems to underlie that usage of our tongue by which the living animals in field or stall bore English names — ox, sheep, calf, pig, deer; while their flesh, promoted to Norman dishes, rejoiced in names of French origin — beef, mutton, veal, pork, venison. Round cakes, piously marked with a cross, piled the tables, on which pastry of various kinds also appeared. In good houses cups of glass held the wine, which was borne from the cellar below in jugs.

Squatted around the door or on the stair leading to the Norman dining hall, was a crowd of beggars or lickers, who grew so insolent in the days of Rufus, that ushers, armed with rods, were posted outside to beat back the noisy throng, who thought little of snatching the dishes as the cooks carried them to table!

The juggler, who under the Normans filled the place of the English gleeman, tumbled, sang, and balanced knives in the hall; or out in the bailey of an afternoon displayed the acquirements of his trained monkey or bear. The fool, too, clad in colored patchwork, cracked his ribald jokes and shook his cap and bells at the elbow of roaring barons, when the board was spread and the circles of the wine began.

While knights hunted in the greenwood or tilted in the lists, and jugglers tumbled in the noisy hall, the monk in the quiet scriptorium compiled chronicles of passing events, copied valuable manuscripts, and painted rich borders and brilliant initials on every page. These illuminations form a valuable set of materials for our pictures of life in the Middle Ages.

Monasteries served many useful purposes at the time of which I write. Besides their manifest value as centers of study and literary work, they gave alms to the poor, a supper and a bed to travelers; their tenants were better off and better treated than the tenants of the nobles; the monks could store grain, grow apples, and cultivate their flower beds with little risk of injury from war, because they had spiritual thunders at their call, which awed even the most reckless of the soldiery into a respect for sacred property.

Splendid structures those monasteries generally were, since that vivid taste for architecture which the Norman possessed in a high degree, and which could not find room for its display in the naked strength of the solid keep, lavished its entire energy and grace upon buildings lying in the safe shadow of the Cross. Nor was architectural taste the only reason for their magnificence. Since they were nearly all erected as offerings to Heaven, the religion of the age impelled the pious builders to spare no cost in decorating the exterior with fretwork and sculpture of Caen stone, the interior with gilded cornices and windows of painted glass.

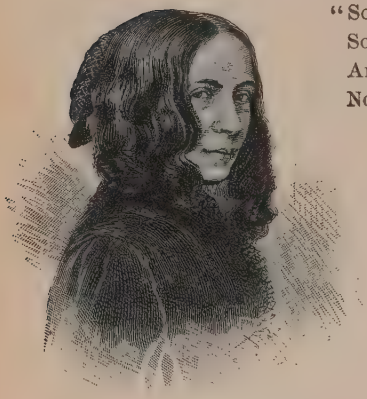
As schools, too, the monasteries did no trifling service

to society in the Middle Ages. In addition to their influence as great centers of learning, English law had enjoined every mass priest to keep a school in his parish church, where all the young committed to his care might be instructed. This custom continued long after the Norman Conquest. In the Trinity College Psalter we have a picture of a Norman school, where the pupils sit in a circular row around the master as he lectures to them from a long roll of manuscript. Two writers sit by the desk, busy with copies resembling that which the teacher holds.

The youth of the middle classes, destined for the cloister or the merchant's stall, chiefly thronged these schools. The aristocracy cared little for book-learning. Very few indeed of the barons could read or write. But all could ride, fence, tilt, play, and carve extremely well; for to these accomplishments many years of pagehood and squirehood were given.

The foregoing description of manners and customs during the age of feudalism has been adapted from a popular "History of England," by W. F. Collier. A much fuller description may be found in Knight's "History of England," and in Green's "Short History of the English People." The period described was in many respects the most romantic in the history of the world, and many delightful and instructive books have been written concerning it. Read Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman." Reference may also be had to Pauli's "Pictures of Old England," and Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages."

THE ROMANCE OF THE SWAN'S NEST.



Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"So the dreams depart,
So the fading phantoms flee,
And the sharp reality
Now must act its part."
—*Westwood's "Beads from a Rosary."*

I.

Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream side on the grass,
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

II.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow;
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro.

III.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly uses
Fills the silence like a speech,

While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooses
For her future within reach.

IV.

Little Ellie in her smile
Chooses, "I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds:
He shall love me without guile,
And to *him* I will discover
The swan's nest among the reeds.

V.

"And the steed shall be red roan,
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

VI.

"And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed in azure;
And the mane shall swim the wind;
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward, and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

VII.

"But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in,
When he gazes in my face.

He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in,
And I kneel here for thy grace!'

VIII.

"Then, aye, then he shall kneel low,
With the red-roan steed anear him,
Which shall seem to understand,
Till I answer, 'Rise and go!
For the world must love and fear him
Whom I gift with heart and hand.'

IX.

"Then he will arise so pale,
I shall feel my own lips tremble
With a *yes* I must not say:
Nathless maiden brave, 'Farewell,'
I will utter, and dissemble —
'Light to-morrow with to-day!'

X.

"Then he'll ride among the hills
To the wide world past the river,
There to put away all wrong,
To make straight distorted wills,
And to empty the broad quiver
Which the wicked bear along.

XI.

"Three times shall a young foot page
Swim the stream, and climb the mountain,
And kneel down beside my feet:

'Lo! my master sends this gage,
Lady, for thy pity's counting.
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

XII.

"And the first time I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon —
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time — I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

XIII.

"Then the young foot page will run —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'" . . .

XIV.

Little Ellie, with her smile
Not yet ended, rose up gayly,
Tied the bonnet, donned the shoe,
And went homeward, round a mile,
Just to see, as she did daily,
What more eggs were with the two.

XV.

Pushing through the elm-tree copse,
Winding up the stream, light-hearted,
Where the osier pathway leads,

Past the boughs she stoops, and stops.
Lo, the wild swan had deserted,
And a rat had gnawed the reeds!

XVI.

Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not; but I know
She could never show him — never,
That swan's nest among the reeds.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A PATRIARCH OF THE OLDEN TIME

Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil.

When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet

was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not, I searched out.

Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man servant or of my maid servant, when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me make him also?

If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him (neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveler). If my land cry against me, or the furrows likewise thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life: let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.

— *From the "Book of Job."*

HOW CORTÉS ENTERED THE CITY OF MEXICO.

William H. Prescott.

Mexico, when first discovered by Europeans, was inhabited by a civilized race called Aztecs. The conquest of that country and the subjugation of its people by the Spaniards under Hernando Cortés, in 1518–21, was one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of the Western Continent. William H. Prescott, our American historian, in his "Conquest of Mexico," has told the story of that event in a manner so delightful that the whole narrative reads like a romance. His description of the entry of the Spaniards into the capital city of the Aztecs is as follows: —

It was the eighth of November, 1519, a conspicuous day in history, as that on which the Europeans first set foot in the capital of the Western World.

Cortés with his little body of horse formed a sort of advanced guard to the army. Then came the Spanish infantry, who in a summer's campaign had acquired the discipline and the weather-beaten aspect of veterans. The baggage occupied the center; and the rear was closed by the dark files of Tlascalan warriors. The

whole number must have fallen short of seven thousand; of which fewer than four hundred were Spaniards.

Everywhere the conquerors beheld the evidence of a crowded and thriving population, exceeding all they had yet seen. The temples and principal buildings of the cities were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the level beams of the morning. The margin of the lake was thickly gemmed with towns and hamlets. The water was darkened by swarms of canoes filled with Indians, who clambered up the sides of the causeway and gazed with curious astonishment on the strangers. And here, also, they beheld those fairy islands of flowers, overshadowed occasionally by trees of considerable size, rising and falling with the gentle undulation of the billows.

At the distance of half a league from the capital, they encountered a solid work, or curtain of stone, which traversed the dike. It was twelve feet high, was strengthened by towers at the extremities, and in the center was a battlemented gateway, which opened a passage to the troops.

Here they were met by several hundred Aztec chiefs, who came out to announce the approach of Montezuma and to welcome the Spaniards to his capital. They were dressed in the fanciful gala costume of the country, with the *maxlatl*, or cotton sash, around their loins, and a broad mantle of the same material, or of the brilliant feather embroidery, flowing gracefully down their shoulders. On their necks and arms they displayed collars and bracelets of turquoise mosaic, with which delicate plumage

was curiously mingled, while their ears and underlips, and occasionally their noses, were garnished with pendants formed of precious stones, or crescents of fine gold.

As each cacique made the usual formal salutation of the country separately to the general, the tedious ceremony delayed the march more than an hour. After this the army experienced no further interruption till it reached a bridge near the gates of the city. It was built of wood, and was thrown across an opening of the dike, which furnished an outlet to the waters when agitated by the winds or swollen by a sudden influx in the rainy season. It was a drawbridge; and the Spaniards, as they crossed it, felt how truly they were committing themselves to the mercy of Montezuma, who, by thus cutting off their communications with the country, might hold them prisoners in his capital.

In the midst of these unpleasant reflections, they beheld the glittering retinue of the emperor emerging from the great street which led then, as it still does, through the heart of the city. Amidst a crowd of Indian nobles, preceded by three officers of state bearing golden wands, they saw the royal palanquin blazing with burnished gold. It was borne on the shoulders of nobles, and over it a canopy of gaudy feather work, powdered with jewels and fringed with silver, was supported by four attendants of the same rank. They were barefooted, and walked with a slow, measured pace, and with eyes bent on the ground.

When the train had come within a convenient distance, it halted, and Montezuma, descending from his litter,

came forward, leaning on the arms of the lords of Tezcuco and Iztapalapan, his nephew and brother, both of whom had already been made known to the Spaniards. As the monarch advanced under the canopy, the obsequious attendants strewed the ground with cotton tapestry, that his imperial feet might not be contaminated by the rude soil. His subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent forward with their eyes fastened on the ground as he passed, and some of the humbler class prostrated themselves before him.

Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak, *tilmatli*, of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald, and another green stone of high estimation among the Aztecs, were conspicuous. On his head he wore no other ornament than a *panache* of plumes of the royal green, which floated down his back, the badge of military, rather than of regal, rank.

He was at this time about forty years of age. His person was tall and thin, but not ill made. His hair, which was black and straight, was not very long; to wear it short was considered unbecoming to persons of rank. His beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than is often found in his dusky, or rather copper-colored, race. His features, though serious in their expression, did not wear the look of melancholy, indeed of dejection, which

characterizes his portrait, and which may well have settled on them at a later period. He moved with dignity, and his whole demeanor, tempered by an expression of benignity not to have been anticipated from the reports circulated of his character, was worthy of a great prince.

The army halted as he drew near. Cortés, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and supported by a few of the principal cavaliers, advanced to meet him. The interview must have been one of uncommon interest to both. In Montezuma, Cortés beheld the lord of the broad realms he had traversed, whose magnificence and power had been the burden of every tongue. In the Spaniard, on the other hand, the Aztec prince saw the strange being whose history seemed to be so mysteriously connected with his own; the predicted one of his oracles, whose achievements proclaimed him something more than human.

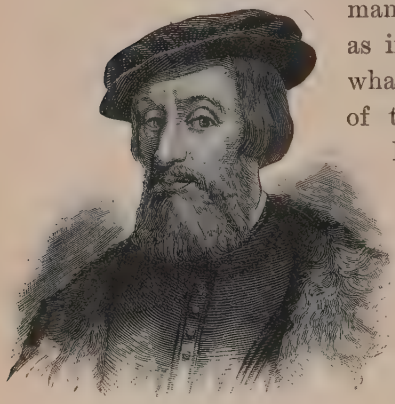
But whatever may have been the monarch's feelings, he so far suppressed them as to receive his guest with princely courtesy, and to express his satisfaction at personally seeing him in his capital. Cortés responded by the most profound expressions of respect, while he made ample acknowledgments for the substantial proofs which the emperor had given the Spaniards of his munificence. He then hung round Montezuma's neck a sparkling chain of colored crystal, accompanying this with a movement as if to embrace him, when he was restrained by the two Aztec lords, shocked at the menaced profanation of the sacred person of their master. After the interchange of these civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother to con-

duct the Spaniards to their residence in the capital, and, again entering his litter, was borne off amidst prostrate crowds in the same state in which he had come. The Spaniards quickly followed, and, with colors flying and music playing, soon made their entrance into the southern quarter of Tenochtitlan.

Here, again, they found fresh cause for admiration in the grandeur of the city and the superior style of its architecture. The dwellings of the poorer class were, indeed, chiefly of reeds and mud. But the great avenue through which they were now marching was lined with the houses of the nobles, who were encouraged by the emperor to make the capital their residence. They were built of a red porous stone drawn from quarries in the neighborhood, and, though they rarely rose to a second story, often covered a large space of ground. The flat roofs, *azoteas*, were protected by stone parapets, so that every house was a fortress. Sometimes these roofs resembled parterres of flowers, so thickly were they covered with them, but more frequently these were cultivated in broad terraced gardens, laid out between the edifices. Occasionally a great square or market place intervened, surrounded by its porticoes of stone and stucco; or a pyramidal temple reared its colossal bulk, crowned with its tapering sanctuaries, and altars blazing with inextinguishable fires. The great street facing the southern causeway, unlike most others in the place, was wide, and extended some miles in nearly a straight line, as before noticed, through the center of the city. A spectator standing at one end of it, as his eye ranged along the deep

vista of temples, terraces, and gardens, might clearly discern the other, with the blue mountains in the distance, which, in the transparent atmosphere of the table-land, seemed almost in contact with the buildings.

But what most impressed the Spaniards was the throngs of people who swarmed through the streets and on the canals, filling every doorway and window and clustering on the roofs of the buildings. "I well remember the spectacle," exclaims Bernal Diaz; "it seems now, after so many years, as present to my mind as if it were but yesterday." But what must have been the sensations of the Aztecs themselves, as they looked on the portentous pageant! as they heard, now for the first time, the well-cemented pavement ring under the iron tramp of the horses, — the strange animals which fear had clothed in such supernatural terrors: as they gazed on the children of the East, revealing their celestial origin in their fair complexions; saw the bright falchions and bonnets of steel, a metal to them unknown, glancing like meteors in the sun, while sounds of unearthly music — at least, such as their rude instruments had never wakened — floated in the air?



Hernando Cortés.

As they passed down the spacious street, the troops repeatedly traversed bridges suspended above canals, along which they saw the Indian barks gliding swiftly

with their little cargoes of fruits and vegetables for the markets of Tenochtitlan. At length they halted before a broad area near the center of the city, where rose the huge pyramidal pile dedicated to the patron war god of the Aztecs, second only, in size as well as sanctity, to the temple of Cholula, and covering the same ground now in part occupied by the great cathedral of Mexico.

Facing the western gate of the inclosure of the temple, stood a low range of stone buildings, spreading over a wide extent of ground, the palace of Axayacatl, Montezuma's father, built by that monarch about fifty years before. It was appropriated as the barracks of the Spaniards. The emperor himself was in the courtyard, waiting to receive them. Approaching Cortés, he took from a vase of flowers, borne by one of his slaves, a massy collar, in which the shell of a species of crawfish, much prized by the Indians, was set in gold and connected by heavy links of the same metal. From this chain depended eight ornaments, also of gold, made in resemblance of the same shellfish, a span in length each, and of delicate workmanship; for the Aztec goldsmiths were confessed to have shown skill in their craft not inferior to their brethren of Europe. Montezuma, as he hung the gorgeous collar round the general's neck, said, "This palace belongs to you, Malinche" (the epithet by which he always addressed him), "and your brethren. Rest after your fatigues, for you have much need to do so, and in a little while I will visit you again." So saying, he withdrew with his attendants, evincing in this act a delicate consideration not to have been expected in a barbarian.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud:
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place:
Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

—*James Hogg.*

THE MYSTERY OF THE TADPOLE.

A blade of grass is a mystery, if men would but distill it out. When my learned friend Dr. Syntax, glancing round my workroom, observed a vase full of tadpoles, he asked me in a tone of sniffling superiority: "Do you really mean to say you find any interest in those little beasts?"

George Henry Lewes.

"As much as you find in books," I answered, with some energy.

"H'm," grunted Syntax.

Very absurd isn't it? But we all have our hobbies. I can pass a bookstall on which I perceive that the ignorance of the bookseller permits him to exhibit now and then rare editions of valuable books at almost no price at all. The sight gives me no thrill — it does not even cause me to slacken my pace. But I can't so easily pass a pond in which I see a shoal of tadpoles swimming about, as ignorant of their own value as the bookseller is of his books. I may walk on, but the sight has sent a slight electric shock through me.

"Why, sir," I said to my learned friend, "there is more to me in the *tail* of one of those tadpoles than in all the musty old volumes you so much delight to pick up. But I won't thrash your dog unless you thrash mine."

"Why, what on earth can you do with the tail?"

"Do with it? Study it, experiment on it, put it under the microscope, and day by day watch the growth of its various parts. At first it is little more than a mass of cells. Then I notice that these cells begin to take a definite shape, and blood vessels appear in them. Then the muscles begin to appear."

Tadpoles in different Stages of Development.

"Very interesting, I dare say."

"You don't seem to think so, by your tone. But look in this vase: here are several tadpoles with the most apologetic of tails—mere stumps, in fact. I cut them off nine days ago."

"Will they grow again?"

"Perfectly; for, although the frog dispenses with a tail almost as soon as he reaches the frog form, the tadpole needs his tail to swim with; and when by any accident he loses it, Nature kindly supplies him with another."

"Yes, yes," added Syntax, glad to feel himself once more among things of which he knew something; "just like the lobster or the crab, you know. They tear off their legs and arms in a most reckless way, and yet they always grow new ones again."

"Would you like to know what has become of the tails which I cut off from these fellows?"

"Aren't they dead?"

"Not at all. Alive and kicking."

"Alive after nine days? Oh! oh!"

"Here they are, in this glass. It is exactly nine days since they were cut off, and I have been watching them daily under the microscope. I assure you that I have seen them *grow*, not *larger*, indeed, but develop more and more, muscle fibers appearing each day where before there were none at all."

"Come, now, you are trying to see what a fool you can make of me."

"I am perfectly serious. The discovery is none of mine. It was made by M. Vulpian in Paris. He says that the tails live many days — as many as eighteen in one instance; but I have never kept mine alive more than eleven. He says, moreover, that they not only grow, as I have said, but that they seem to possess feeling, for they twist about with a rapid swimming movement when irritated."

"Well, but I say, how *could* they live when separated from the body? Our arms or legs don't live; the lobster's legs don't live."

"Quite true. But in those cases we have limbs of a complex organization, which require a complex apparatus in order to sustain their life. They must have blood, the blood must circulate."

"Stop, stop! I don't want to understand why our arms can't live apart from our bodies. They *don't*. The fact is enough for me. I want to know why the tail of a tadpole can live apart from the body."

"It *can*. Is not the fact enough for you in that case also? Well, I was going to tell you the reason. The tail

will live apart from the body only so long as it retains its early immature form. If you cut it off from a tadpole which is old enough to have lost its external gills a week or more, the tail will *not* live more than three or four days. And every tail will die as soon as it reaches the point in its development which requires the circulation of the blood as a necessary condition."

"But where does it get food?"

"That is more than I can say. I don't know that it wants food. You know that reptiles can live without food a wonderful length of time."

"Really, I begin to think there is more in these little beasts than I ever dreamed of. But it must take a great deal of study to get at these facts."

"Not more than to get at any of the other open secrets of Nature. But, since you are interested, look at these tails as the tadpoles come bobbing against the side of the glass. Do you see how they are covered with little white spots?"

"No."

"Look closer. All over the tail there are tiny, cotton-like spots. Take a lens, if your eye isn't sharp enough. There, now you see them."

"Yes; I see a sort of *fluff* scattered about."

"That fluff is an immense colony of parasites. Let us place the tadpole under the microscope, and you will see each spot turn out to be a multitude of elegant and active animals, having bodies not unlike a crystal goblet supported on an extremely long and flexible stem, and having round their rim or mouth a range of long, deli-

cate hairs, the motion of which gives a wheel-like aspect, and makes an eddy in the water which brings food to the animal."

"This is really interesting! How active they are! How they shrink up, and then, unwinding their twisted stems, expand again! What's the name of this thing?"

"*Vorticella.* It may be found growing on water fleas, plants, decayed wood, or these tadpoles. People who study the animalcules are very fond of this Vorticella."

"Well, I never could have believed such a patch of fluff could turn out a sight like this: I could watch it for an hour. But what are those small yellowish things sticking on the side of these parasites?"

"Those, my dear Syntax, are also parasites."

"What, parasites living on parasites?"

"Why not? Nature is economical. Don't you live on beef, and mutton, and fish? Don't these beeves, muttons, and fishes live on vegetables and animals? Don't the vegetables and animals live on other organic matters? Eat and be eaten, is one law: live and let live, is another."

The Tadpole's last Stage.

The learned Doctor remained thoughtful; then he screwed up one side of his face into the most frightful wrinkles, while with the eye of the other he resumed his examination of the Vorticella.

— *George Henry Lewes.*

From the Painting by Rosa Bonheur

Engraved by Horace Baker.

The Lions.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge,
with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see
that crowning show,—
Valor and love, and a king above,
and the royal beasts below.

Leigh Hunt.

Ramped and roared the lions, with
horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows
like beams, a wind went with
their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled
roar, they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous
smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here
than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,

He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine."

She dropped her glove, to prove his love; then looked at him, and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he soon regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"In faith," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like that."

— *Leigh Hunt.*

TRUE GROWTH.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing like an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

— *Ben Jonson.*

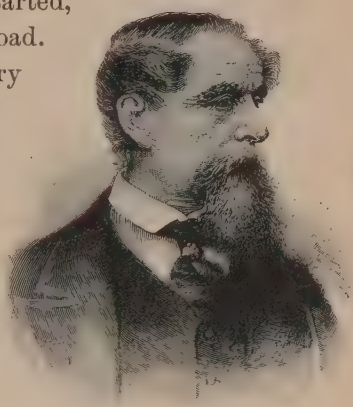
THE SHIPWRECK.

I.

Having made up my mind to go down to Yarmouth, I went round to the coach office and took the box seat on the mail. In the evening I started, by that conveyance, down the road.

"Don't you think that a very remarkable sky?" I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London. "I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I — not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir; there'll be mischief done at sea, I expect before long."



Charles Dickens.

It was a murky confusion — here and there blotted with a color like the color of the smoke from damp fuel — of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew harder.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short) the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in apprehension that the coach would be blown over.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich — very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the innyard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which the mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every

sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find suffi-

cient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a storm bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding my old friend, Ham, among the people whom this memorable wind — for it is still remembered down there as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast — had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went by back ways and by-lanes to the yard where he worked. I learned there that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship repair-

ing in which his skill was required; but that he would be back to-morrow morning in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter, coming to stir it as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying in great distress to keep off shore. "Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors," said he, "if we had another night like the last!"

I was very much depressed in spirits, very solitary, and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events, and my exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened, and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that possibly he would attempt to return from Lowestoft by sea, and be lost. This grew so strong with

me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely. If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard gate. He quite laughed when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

I went back to the inn. The howl and róar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast in anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with thundering sea, the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness either of the uproar out of doors or of the

place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new undefinable horror; and when I awoke — or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair — my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises; looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but on my lying down all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining now that I heard shrieks out at sea, now that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns, and now the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times and looked out, but could see nothing except the reflection in the window panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went downstairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought

near the door. A pretty girl who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier crews who had gone down were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say two hours. There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell off a tower and down a precipice into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

II.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion, and awoke. It was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked what wreck?

From the Painting by A. Marion | Carbon by Braun, Clement & Co. | Engraved by Walter Aikman.

The Shipwreck.

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! Its thought she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before us, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless attempts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman standing next me pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze

of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat, — which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable, — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure, with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment: the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach: four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam ends towards the shore, now nothing but her

Abc

keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way, that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

Another cry arose from the shore; and, looking towards the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination

as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have intreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined, but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trowsers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope, which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a

moment was buffeting with the water — rising with the hills, falling with valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free, or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone, as before.

And now he made for the wreck — rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly.

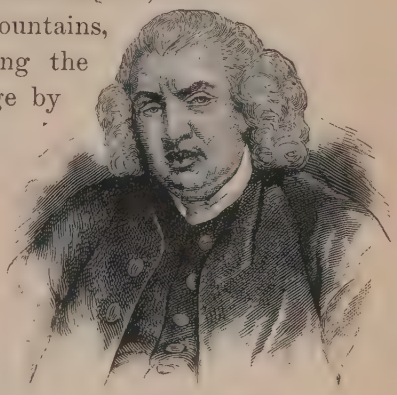
At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, — when a high, green, vast hillside of water, moving on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

— *From "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.*

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry.



Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell, with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them.

On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of the time.

Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight and new competitors for imprisonment.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," from which this selection is taken, was first published in 1759. "The late Mr. Strahan, the printer, told me," says Boswell, "that Johnson wrote it, so that with the profits he might defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and pay some little debts which she had left. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed it in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and had never since read it over. None of his writings have been so extensively diffused over Europe, for it has been translated into most, if not all, of the modern languages. This tale, with all the charms of oriental imagery, and all the force and beauty of which the English language is capable, leads us through the most important scenes of human life, and shows us that this stage of our being is full of 'vanity and vexation of spirit.'"

The peculiarities of style which distinguish all of Johnson's writings are well illustrated in this story. Notice the stately flow of high-sounding words; the dignified formality of many of the descriptive passages; and the richness and perfection which characterize the production as a whole.

THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

John Græme of Claverhouse, whose title of Viscount Dundee had been given him in reward for his cruelties to the Western Covenanters, was the instigator and leader of a revolt of the Highland clans against the government of William III. in Scotland. General Mackay, with his loyal Scotch regiments, was sent out to suppress the uprising. But as they climbed the pass of Killiecrankie, on the 27th of July, 1689, Dundee charged them at the head of three thousand clansmen, and swept them in headlong rout down the glen. His death in the moment of victory broke, however, the only bond which held the Highlanders together, and in a few weeks the host which had spread terror through the Lowlands melted helplessly away.

The Græmes, or Grahams, were among the most noted of Scottish families, and included some of the most distinguished men of the country. Among them were Sir John the Græme, the faithful aid of Sir William Wallace, who fell in the battle of Falkirk, 1298, and the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, who died in 1650, and whose exploits are immortalized in Scott's "Legend of Montrose."

In the following stirring verses from "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by W. E. Aytoun, the fight at Killiecrankie is described, presumably, by one of the adherents of Dundee. The title of the poem in its complete form is "The Burial March of Dundee." Our selection includes only so much as relates to the conflict in the pass.

On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay :
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way ;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true ;
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die !
Then our leader rode before us
On his war horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight ! —
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose ;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose,
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers ! I have sworn a vow :
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes

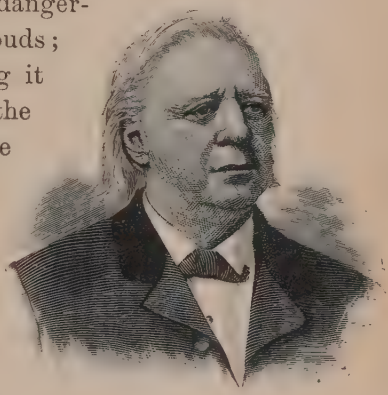
Shall have died in battle harness
For his country and King James!
Think upon the Royal Martyr —
Think of what his race endure —
Think of him whom butchers murdered
On the field of Magus Muir: —
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruined hearth and shrine —
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine —
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honor
Is not to be bought or sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"
Loudly then the hills reëchoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.

For the lands of wide Breadalbane
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath ;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge trumpet
Sounding in the pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe :
Down we crouched amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum ;
Through the scattered wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gained the field beneath ;
Then we bounded from our covert. —
Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armèd men !
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,

Rose the slogan of Macdonald, —
  Flashed the broadsword of Lochiell!
Vainly sped the withering volley
  'Mongst the foremost of our band —
On we poured until we met them,
  Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like driftwood
  When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
  In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us —
  Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
  When that stubborn fight was done!
And the evening star was shining
  On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
  And returned to count the dead.
There we found him gashed and gory,
  Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
  In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
  For within his dying ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph,
  And the clansmen's clamorous cheer:
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
  Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
  Passed the spirit of the Græme!

SUMMER RAIN.

It is a long time since much rain fell. The ground is a little dry, the road is a good deal dusty. The garden bakes. Transplanted trees are thirsty. Wheels are shrinking and tires are looking dangerous. Men speculate on the clouds; they begin to calculate how long it will be, if no rain falls, before the potatoes will suffer; the oats, the grass, the corn — everything! To be sure, nothing is yet suffering; but then —



Henry Ward Beecher.

Rain, rain, rain! All day, all night, steady raining. Will it never stop? The hay is out and spoiling. The rain washes the garden. All things have drunk their fill. The springs revive, the meadows are wet; the rivers run discolored with soil from every hill.

Smoking cattle reek under the sheds. Hens, and fowl in general, shelter and plume. The sky is leaden. The clouds are full yet. The long fleece covers the mountains. The hills are capped in white. The air is full of moisture.

The wind roars down the chimney. The birds are silent. No insects chirp. Closets smell moldy. The barometer is clogged. We thump it, but it will not get up. It seems to have an understanding with the weather.

The trees drip, shoes are muddy, carriage and wagon are splashed with dirt. Paths are soft.

So it is. When it is clear we want rain, and when it rains we wish it would shine. But after all, how lucky for grumblers that they are not allowed to meddle with the weather, and that it is put above their reach. What a scrambling, selfish, mischief-making time we should have, if men undertook to parcel out the seasons and the weather according to their several humors or interests!

If one will but look for enjoyment, how much there is in every change of weather. The formation of clouds — the various signs and signals, the uncertain wheeling and marching of the fleecy cohorts, the shades of light and gray in the broken heavens — all have their pleasure to an observant eye. Then come the wind gust, the distant dark cloud, the occasional fiery streak shot down through it, the run and hurry of men whose work may suffer!

Indeed, sir, your humble servant, even, was stirred up on the day after Fourth of July. The grass in the old orchard was not my best. Indeed, we grumbled at it considerably while it was yet standing. But being cut and the rain threatening it, one would have thought it gold by the nimble way in which we tried to save it!

Blessed be horse rakes! Once, half a dozen men with half a dozen rakes would have gone whisking up and down, thrusting out and pulling in the long-handled rakes with slow and laborious progress. But no more of that. See friend Turner, mounted on the wheeled horse rake, riding about as if for pleasure. It is easy times when *men* ride and *horses* rake.

Meanwhile, the clouds come bowling noiselessly through the air, and spit here and there a drop preliminary. Well, if one thing suffers, another gains! See how the leaves are washed; the grass drinks, even drinks; the garden drinks; everything drinks.

It is our opinion that everything except man is laughing and rejoicing. Trees shake their leaves with a softer sound. Rocks look moist and soft, at least where the moss grows. Even the solitary old pine tree chords his harp, and sings soft and low melodies with plaintive undulations!

A good summer storm is a rain of riches. If gold and silver rattled down from the clouds, they could hardly enrich the land so much as soft, long rains. Every drop is silver going to the mint. The roots are machinery, and, catching the willing drops, they array them, refine them, roll them, stamp them, and turn them out coined berries, apples, grains, and grasses!

When the heavens send clouds and they bank up the horizon, be sure they have hidden gold in them. All the mountains of California are not so rich as are the soft mines of heaven, that send down treasures upon man without tasking him, and pour riches upon his field without spade or pickax — without his search or notice.

Well, let it rain, then! No matter if the journey is delayed, the picnic spoiled, the visit adjourned. Blessed be rain — and rain in summer. And blessed be he who watereth the earth and enricheth it for man and beast.

— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.

It would not be easy to say where or when the first log cabin was built, but it is safe to say that it was somewhere in the English colonies of North America, and it is certain that it became the type of the settler's house throughout the whole middle west. It may be called the American house, the Western house, the Ohio house. Hardly any other house was built for a hundred years by the men who were clearing the land for the stately mansions of our day. As long as the primeval forests stood, the log cabin remained the woodsman's home; and not fifty years ago, I saw log cabins newly built in one of the richest and most prosperous regions of Ohio. They were, to be sure, log cabins of a finer pattern than the first settler reared. They were of logs handsomely shaped with the broadax; the joints between the logs were plastered with mortar; the chimney at the end was of stone; the roof was shingled, the windows were of glass, and the door was solid and well hung. But throughout that region there were many log cabins, mostly sunk to the uses of stables and corn cribs, of the kind that the borderers built in the times of the Indian War, from 1750 to 1800. They were framed of the round logs untouched by the ax except

William Dean Howells.

for the notches at the ends where they were fitted into one another; the chimney was of small sticks stuck together with mud, and was as frail as a barn swallow's nest; the walls were stuffed with moss, plastered with clay; the floor was of rough boards called puncheons, riven from the block with a heavy knife; the roof was of clapboards laid loosely on the rafters, and held in place with logs fastened athwart them.

There is a delightful account of such a log cabin by John S. Williams, whose father settled in the woods of Belmont County in 1800. "Our cabin," he says, "had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas day. There had not been a stick cut except in building the cabin, which was so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any animal less in size than a cow could enter without even a squeeze. . . . The green ash puncheons had shrunk so as to leave cracks in the floor and doors from one to two inches wide. At both the doors we had high, unsteady, and sometimes icy steps, made by piling the logs cut out of the walls, for the doors and the window, if it could be called a window, when perhaps it was the largest spot in the top, bottom, or sides of the cabin where the wind could *not* enter. It was made by sawing

Log Cabin.

out a log, and placing sticks across and then by pasting an old newspaper over the hole, and applying hog's lard, we had a kind of glazing which shed a most beautiful and mellow light across the cabin when the sun shone on it. All other light entered at the doors, cracks, and chimneys. Our cabin was twenty-four by eighteen. The west end was occupied by two beds, the center of each side by a door. . . . On the opposite side of the window, made of clapboards, supported on pins driven into the walls, were our shelves. On these shelves my sister displayed in simple order, a host of pewter plates, and dishes and spoons, scoured and bright. . . . Our chimney occupied most of the east end; with pots and kettles opposite the window, under the shelves, a gun on hooks over the north door, four split-bottomed chairs, three three-legged stools, and a small eight by ten looking-glass sloped from the wall over a large towel and comb case. . . . We got a roof laid over head as soon as possible, but it was laid of loose clapboards split from a red-oak, and a cat might have shaken every board in our ceiling. . . . We made two kinds of furniture. One kind was of hickory bark, with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all around the tree, the size of which would determine the caliber of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark or puncheon, cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on end the same as when on the tree. . . . A much finer article was made of slippery-elm bark, shaved smooth, with the inside out, bent round and sewed together, where the end of the hoop or main bark lapped over. . . . This was the finest furniture in a lady's dress-

ing room," and such a cabin and its appointments were splendor and luxury beside those of the very earliest pioneers, and many of the latest. The Williamses were Quakers, and the mother was recently from England; they were of far gentler breeding and finer tastes than most of their neighbors, who had been backwoodsmen for generations.

When the first settlers broke the silence of the woods with the stroke of their axes, and hewed out a space for their cabins and their fields, they inclosed their homes with a high stockade of logs, for defense against the Indians; or if they built their cabins outside the wooden walls of their stronghold, they always expected to flee to it at the first alarm, and to stand siege within it.

The Indians had no cannon, and the logs of the stockade were proof against their rifles; if a breach was made, there was still the blockhouse left, the citadel of every little fort. This was heavily built, and pierced with loopholes for the riflemen within, whose wives ran bullets for them at its mighty hearth, and who kept the savage foe from its sides by firing down upon them through the projecting timbers of its upper story. But in many a fearful siege the Indians set the roof ablaze with arrows wrapped in burning tow, and then the fight became desperate indeed. After the Indian war ended, the stockade was no longer needed, and the settlers had only the wild beasts to contend with, and those constant enemies of the poor in all ages and conditions, — hunger and cold.

Winter after winter, the Williamses heard the wolves howling round them in the woods, and this music was

familiar to the ears of all the Ohio pioneers, who trusted their rifles for both the safety and support of their families. They deadened the trees around them by girdling them with the ax, and planted the spaces between the leafless trunks with corn and beans and pumpkins. These were their necessaries, but they had an occasional luxury in the wild honey from the hollow of a bee tree when the bears had not got at it.

In its season, there was an abundance of wild fruit, plums and cherries, haws and grapes, berries, and nuts of every kind, and the maples yielded all the sugar they chose to make from them. But it was long before they had, at any time, the profusion which our modern arts enable us to enjoy the whole year round, and in the hard beginnings the orchard and the garden were forgotten for the fields.

When once the settler was housed against the weather, he had the conditions of a certain rude comfort indoors. If his cabin was not proof against the wind and rain or snow, its vast fireplace formed the means of heating, while the forest was an inexhaustible store of fuel. At first he dressed in the skins and pelts of the deer and fox and wolf, and his costume could have varied little from that of the red savage about him, for we often read how he mistook Indians for white men at first sight, and how the Indians in their turn mistook white men for their own people.

The whole family went barefoot in the summer, but in winter the pioneer wore moccasins of buckskin, and buckskin leggins or trousers; his coat was a hunting

shirt belted at the waist and fringed where it fell to his knees. It was of homespun, a mixture of wool and flax called linsey-woolsey, and out of this the dresses of his wife and daughters were made; the wool was shorn from the sheep which were so scarce that they were never killed for their flesh, except by the wolves, which were very fond of mutton, but had no use for wool.

For a wedding dress a cotton check was thought superb, and it really cost a dollar a yard; silks, satins, laces, were unknown. A man never left his house without his rifle; the gun was a part of his dress, and in his belt he carried a hunting knife and a hatchet; on his head he wore a cap of squirrel skin, often with the plume-like tail dangling from it.

The furniture of the cabins was, like the clothing of the pioneers, homemade. A bedstead was contrived by stretching poles from forked sticks driven into the ground, and laying clapboards across them; the bedclothes were bearskins. Stools, benches, and tables were roughed out with auger and broadax; the puncheon floor was left bare, and if the earth formed the floor, no rug ever replaced the grass which was its first carpet. The cabin had but one room where the whole of life went on by day; the father and mother slept there at night, and the children mounted to their chamber in the loft by means of a ladder.

The food was what has been already named. The meat was venison, bear, raccoon, wild turkey, wild duck, and pheasant; the drink was water, or rye coffee, or whisky which the little stills everywhere supplied only too abundantly. Wheat bread was long unknown, and corn cakes

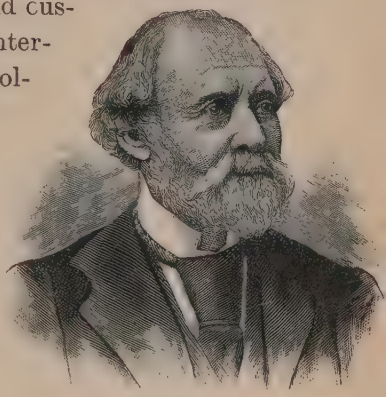
of various makings and bakings supplied its place. The most delicious morsel of all was corn grated while still in the milk and fashioned into round cakes eaten hot from the clapboard before the fire, or from the mysterious depths of the Dutch oven, buried in coals and ashes on the hearth. There was soon a great flow of milk from the kine that multiplied in the woods and pastures, and there was sweetening enough from the maple tree and the bee tree, but salt was very scarce and very dear, and long journeys were made through the perilous woods to and from the licks, or salt springs, which the deer had discovered before the white man or red man knew them.

The bees which hived their honey in the hollow trees were tame bees gone wild, and with the coming of the settlers, some of the wild things increased so much that they became a pest. Such were the crows which literally blackened the fields after the settlers plowed, and which the whole family had to fight from the corn when it was planted. Such were the rabbits, and such, above all, were the squirrels which overran the farms, and devoured every green thing till the people combined in great squirrel hunts and destroyed them by tens of thousands. The larger game had meanwhile disappeared. The buffalo and the elk went first; the deer followed, and the bear, and even the useless wolf. But long after these the poisonous reptiles lingered, the rattlesnake, the moccasin, and the yet deadlier copperhead; and it was only when the whole country was cleared that they ceased to be a very common danger.

— *From "Stories of Ohio," by William Dean Howells.*

HOW THEY BESIEGED THE TOWN.

Charles Reade, in his great romance entitled "The Cloister and the Hearth," has not only presented us with a story of absorbing interest, but has given us a vivid and accurate view of manners and customs during one of the most interesting periods of history. The following extract is particularly interesting because of its vivid portrayal of the methods of warfare in vogue at that time. There was a rebellion in Flanders. More than one knight had broken his oath of fealty to the Duke of Burgundy, who was the ruler of that country, and some of the strongest castles were fortified by rebels. To subdue these dissatisfied spirits and to reduce the country again to subjection, Counts Anthony and Baldwyn of Burgundy had entered Flanders at the head of a considerable army and were carrying fire and sword among the enemies of the Duke. One of their exploits at this time is thus narrated by the novelist: —



Charles Reade.

One afternoon they came in sight of a strongly fortified town; and a whisper went through the little army that this was a disaffected place. But upon coming nearer they saw that the great gate stood open, and the towers

that flanked it on each side were manned with a single sentinel apiece. So the advancing force somewhat broke their array and marched carelessly.

When they were within a furlong, the drawbridge across the moat rose slowly and creaking till it stood vertical against the fort; and the very moment it settled into this warlike attitude, down rattled the portcullis at the gate, and the towers and curtains bristled with lances and crossbows.

A stern hum ran through the front rank and spread to the rear.

"Halt!" cried their leader. The word went down the line, and they halted. "Herald to the gate!"

A herald spurred out of the ranks, and halting twenty yards from the gate, raised his bugle with his herald's flag hanging down round it, and blew a summons. A tall figure in brazen armor appeared over the gate. A few fiery words passed between him and the herald, which were not audible; but their import was clear, for the herald blew a single keen and threatening note at the walls, and came galloping back with war in his face.

The leader moved out of the line to meet him, and their heads had not been together two seconds ere he turned in his saddle and shouted, "Pioneers, to the van!" and in a moment hedges were leveled, and the force took the field and encamped just out of shot from the walls; and away went mounted officers flying south, east, and west, to the friendly towns, for catapults, palisades, mantelets, raw hides, tar barrels, carpenters, provisions, and all the materials for a siege.

The besiegers encamped a furlong from the walls, and made roads; kept their pikemen in camp ready for an assault when practicable; and sent forward their sappers, pioneers, catapultiers, and crossbowmen. These opened a siege by filling the moat and mining, or breaching the wall, etc. And as much of their work had to be done under close fire of arrows, quarrels, bolts, stones, and little rocks, the above artists "had need of a hundred eyes," and acted in concert with a vigilance, and an amount of individual intelligence, daring, and skill that made a siege very interesting, and even amusing, — to lookers-on.

The first thing they did was to advance their carpenters behind rolling mantelets, and to erect a stockade high and strong on the very edge of the moat. Some lives were lost at this, but not many; for a strong force of crossbowmen, including Denys, rolled their mantelets[1] up and shot over the workmen's heads at every besieged person who showed his nose, and at every loophole, arrow slit, or other aperture, which commanded the particular spot the carpenters happened to be upon. Covered by their condensed fire, these soon raised a high palisade between them and the ordinary missiles from the walls.

But the besieged expected this, and ran out at night their hoards or wooden penthouses on the top of the curtains. The curtains were built with square holes near the top to receive the beams that supported these structures, the true defense of mediæval forts, from which the

[1] For explanation of this and similar terms used in this selection, see the notes at the end of this book and especially the word "Castle" in Webster's International Dictionary.

besieged delivered their missiles with far more freedom and variety of range than they could shoot through the oblique but immovable loopholes of the curtain. On this the besiegers brought up mangonels, and set them hurling huge stones at these wood works and battering them to pieces. At the same time they built a triangular wooden tower as high as the curtain, and kept it ready for use, and just out of shot.

This was a terrible sight to the besieged. These wooden towers had taken many a town. They began to mine underneath that part of the moat the tower stood frowning at; and made other preparations to give it a warm reception. The besiegers also mined, but at another part, their object being to get under the square barbican and throw it down. All this time Denys was behind his mantelet with another arbalester, protecting the workmen and making some excellent shots. These ended by earning him the esteem of an unseen archer, who every now and then sent a winged compliment quivering into his mantelet. One came and stuck within an inch of the narrow slit through which Denys was squinting at the moment.

Hoard, or Penthouse.

"Ha! ha!" cried he, "you shoot well, my friend.

Come forth and receive my congratulations! Shall merit, such as thine, hide its head? Comrade, it is one of those Englishmen, with his half ell shaft. I'll not die till I've had a shot at London wall."

On the side of the besieged was a figure that soon attracted great notice by promenading under fire. It was a tall knight, clad in complete brass, and carrying a light but prodigiously long lance, with which he directed the movements of the besieged. And when any disaster befell the besiegers, this tall knight and his long lance were pretty sure to be concerned in it.

My young reader will say, "Why did not Denys shoot him?"

Denys did shoot him; every day of his life; other arbalesters shot him; archers shot him. Everybody shot him. He was there to be shot, apparently. But the abomination was, he did not mind being shot. Nay, worse, he got at last so demoralized as not to seem to know when he was shot. At last the besiegers got spiteful, and would not waste any more good steel on him.

It was a bright day, clear, but not quite frosty. The efforts of the besieging force were concentrated against a space of about two hundred and fifty yards, containing two curtains and two towers, one of which was the square barbican, the other had a pointed roof that was built to overlap, and by this means a row of dangerous crenelets between the roof and the masonry grinned down at the nearer assailants, and looked not very unlike the grinders of a modern frigate with each port nearly closed. The curtains were overlapped with penthouses somewhat shat-

tered by the mangonels, and other slinging engines of the besiegers.

On the besiegers' edge of the moat was what seemed at first sight a gigantic arsenal, longer than it was broad, peopled by human ants, and full of busy, honest industry, and displaying all the various mechanical science of the age in full operation. Here the lever at work, there the winch and pulley, here the balance, there the capstan. Everywhere heaps of stones, and piles of fascines, mantelets, and rows of fire barrels. Mantelets rolling, the hammer tapping all day, horses and carts in endless succession rattling up with materials.

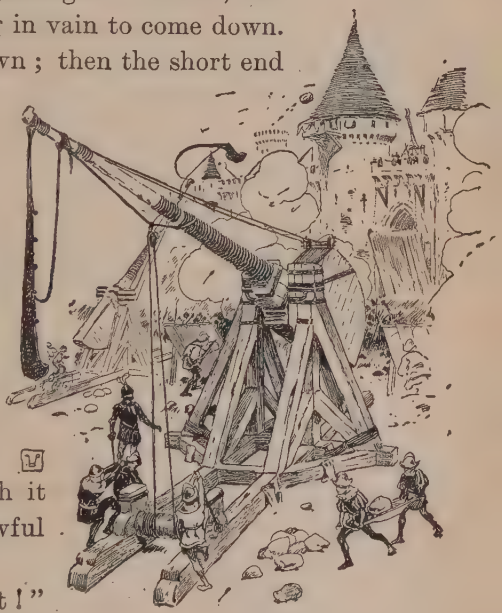
At the edge of the moat opposite the wooden tower, a strong penthouse, which they called "a cat," might be seen stealing towards the curtain, and gradually filling up the moat with fascines and rubbish, which the workmen flung out at its mouth. It was advanced by two sets of ropes passing round pulleys, and each worked by a windlass at some distance from the cat. The knight burnt the first cat by flinging blazing tar barrels on it. So the besiegers made the roof of this one very steep, and covered it with raw hides, and the tar barrels could not harm it.

And now the engineers proceeded to the unusual step of slinging fifty-pound stones at an individual.

This catapult was a scientific, simple, and beautiful engine, and very effective in vertical fire at the short ranges of the period.

Imagine a fir tree cut down, and set to turn round a horizontal axis on lofty uprights, but not in equilibrium ;

three fourths of the tree being on the hither side. At the shorter and thicker end of the tree was fastened a weight of half a ton. This butt end just before the discharge pointed towards the enemy. By means of a powerful winch the long tapering portion of the tree was forced down to the very ground, and fastened by a bolt; and the stone placed in a sling attached to the tree's nose. But this process of course raised the butt end with its huge weight high in the air, and kept it there struggling in vain to come down. The bolt was now drawn; then the short end swung furiously down, the long end went as furiously up, and at its highest elevation flung the huge stone out of the sling with a tremendous jerk. In this case the huge mass so flung missed the knight, but came down near him on the penthouse, and went through it like paper, making an awful gap in roof and floor.



A Catapult.

"Aha! a good shot!" cried Baldwyn of Burgundy.

The tall knight retired. The besiegers hooted him. He reappeared on the platform of the barbican, his

helmet being just visible above the parapet. He seemed very busy, and soon an enormous Turkish catapult made its appearance on the platform, and, aided by the elevation at which it was planted, flung a twenty-pound stone two hundred and forty yards in the air. The next stone struck a horse that was bringing up a sheaf of arrows in a cart, bowled the horse over dead like a rabbit, and split the cart. It was then turned at the besiegers' wooden tower, supposed to be out of shot. Sir Turk slung stones cut with sharp edges on purpose, and struck it repeatedly, and broke it in several places. The besiegers turned two of their slinging engines on this monster, and kept constantly slinging smaller stones on to the platform of the barbican, and killed two of the engineers. But the Turk disdained to retort. He flung a forty-pound stone on to the besiegers' great catapult, and hitting it in the neighborhood of the axis, knocked the whole structure to pieces, and sent the engineers skipping and yelling.

The next morning an unwelcome sight greeted the besieged. The cat was covered with mattresses and raw hides, and fast filling up the moat. The knight stoned it, but in vain; flung burning tar barrels on it, but in vain. Then with his own hands he let down by a rope a bag of burning sulphur and pitch, and stunk them out. But Baldwyn, armed like a lobster, ran, and bounding on the roof, cut the string, and the work went on. Then the knight sent fresh engineers into the mine, and undermined the place and underpinned it with beams, and covered the beams thickly with grease and tar.

At break of day the moat was filled, and the wooden tower began to move on its wheels towards a part of the curtain on which two catapults were already playing, to breach the hoards and clear the way. There was something awful and magical in its approach without visible agency, for it was driven by internal rollers worked by leverage.

On the top was a platform, where stood the first assailing party protected in front by the drawbridge of the turret, which stood vertical till lowered on to the wall; but better protected by full suits of armor. The besieged slung at the tower, and struck it often, but in vain. It was well defended with mattresses and hides, and presently was at the edge of the moat. The knight bade fire the mine underneath it.

Then the Turkish engine flung a stone of half a hundredweight right amongst the knights, and carried two away with it off the tower on to the plain.

And now the besieging catapults flung blazing tar barrels, and fired the hoards on both sides, and the assailants ran up the ladders behind the tower, and lowered the drawbridge on to the battered curtain, while the catapults in concert flung tar barrels, and fired the adjoining works to dislodge the defenders. The armed men on the platform sprang on the bridge, led by Baldwyn. The invulnerable knight and his men at arms met them, and a fearful combat ensued, in which many a figure was seen to fall headlong down off the narrow bridge. But fresh besiegers kept swarming up behind the tower, and the besieged were driven off the bridge.

Another minute, and the town would have been taken, but so well had the firing of the mines been timed, that just at this instant the underpinnings gave way, and the tower suddenly sank away from the walls, tearing the drawbridge clear and pouring the soldiers off it against the masonry and on to the dry moat.

The besieged uttered a fierce shout, and in a moment surrounded Baldwyn and his fellows; but strange to say, offered them quarter. While a party disarmed and disposed of these, others fired the turret in fifty places with a sort of hand grenades. At this work who so busy as the tall knight? He put fire bags on his long spear, and thrust them into the doomed structure late so terrible. To do this, he was obliged to stand on a projecting beam, holding on by the hand of a pikeman to steady himself. This provoked Denys; he ran out from his mantelet, hoping to escape notice in the confusion, and leveling his crossbow missed the knight clean, but sent his bolt into the brain of the pikeman, and the tall knight fell heavily from the wall, lance and all.

The knight, his armor glittering in the morning sun, fell headlong, but turning as he neared the water, struck it with a slap that sounded a mile off.

None ever thought to see him again. But he fell at the edge of the fascines, and his spear stuck into them under the water, and by a mighty effort he got to the side, but could not get out. Anthony sent a dozen knights with a white flag to take him prisoner. He submitted like a lamb, but said nothing.

LOCHINVAR.

LADY HERON'S SONG.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best:
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk river, where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented — the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter — my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

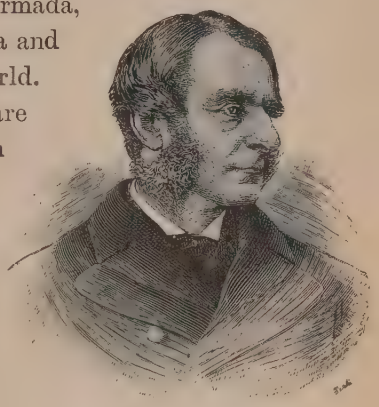
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

—*From "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott.*

ON A TROPICAL RIVER.

"Westward Ho!" is a novel written by Rev. Charles Kingsley, and first published in 1855. It is a story of the times of Queen Elizabeth, of the threatened invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, and of wild adventure on the sea and in the forests of the New World. Several historical personages are made to appear in the story, such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Admiral Hawkins, and others. The hero is Amyas Leigh, "a Devonshire youth of great bodily strength, of lively affection and sweet temper, combined with a marked propensity to combat from his earliest years." Amyas and his companions had undertaken an expedition to discover the fabled golden city of Manoa, which was said to exist somewhere in the wilds of South America. They had been searching more than three years for this city when they reached the Meta River in canoes, and the following adventure occurred.



Charles Kingsley.

For three hours or more Amyas Leigh and his companions paddled easily up the glassy and windless reaches, between two green flower-bespangled walls of forest, gay with innumerable birds and insects; while down from the branches which overhung the stream, long trailers

hung to the water's edge, and seemed admiring in the clear mirror the images of their own gorgeous flowers. River, trees, flowers, birds, insects, — it was all a fairy-land; but it was a colossal one; and yet the voyagers took little note of it.

It was now to them an everyday occurrence to see trees full two hundred feet high one mass of yellow or purple blossom to the highest twigs, and every branch and stem one hanging garden of crimson and orange orchids or vanillas. Common to them were all the fantastic and enormous shapes with which Nature bedecks her robes beneath the fierce suns and fattening rains of the tropic forest. Common were forms and colors of bird, and fish, and butterfly, more strange and bright than ever opium eater dreamed.

The long processions of monkeys, who kept pace with them along the tree tops, and proclaimed their wonder in every imaginable whistle and grunt and howl, had ceased to move their daughter, as much as the roar of the jaguar and the rustle of the boa had ceased to move their fear; and when a brilliant green and rose-colored fish, flat-bodied like a bream, flat-finned like a salmon, and saw-toothed like a shark, leaped clean on board of the canoe to escape the rush of a huge alligator (whose loathsome snout, ere he could stop, actually rattled against the canoe), Jack coolly picked up the fish and said:

"He's four pound weight! If you catch fish for us like that, old fellow, just keep in our wake, and we'll give you the cleanings for your wages!"

They paddled onward hour after hour, sheltering them-

selves as best they could under the shadow of the southern bank, while on their right hand the full sun glare lay upon the enormous wall of mimosas, figs, and laurels, which formed the northern forest, broken by the slender shafts of bamboo tufts, and decked with a thousand gaudy parasites; bank upon bank of gorgeous bloom piled upward to the sky, till where its outline cut the blue, flowers and leaves, too lofty to be distinguished by the eye, formed a broken rainbow of all hues quivering in the ascending streams of azure mist, until they seemed to melt and mingle with the very heavens.

And as the sun rose higher and higher, a great stillness fell upon the forest. The jaguars and the monkeys had hidden themselves in the darkest depths of the woods. The birds' notes died out one by one; the very butterflies ceased their flitting over the tree tops, and slept with outspread wings upon the glossy leaves, undistinguishable from the flowers around them. Now and then a parrot swung and screamed at them from an overhanging bough; or a thirsty monkey slid lazily down a swinging vine to the surface of the stream, dipped up the water in his tiny hand, and started chattering back, as his eyes met those of some foul alligator peering upward through the clear depths below.

In shaded nooks beneath the boughs, rabbits as large as sheep went paddling sleepily round and round, thrusting up their unwieldy heads among the blooms of the blue water lilies; while black and purple water hens ran up and down upon the rafts of floating leaves. The shining snout of a fresh-water dolphin rose slowly to the surface;

a jet of spray whirred up; a rainbow hung upon it for a moment; and the black snout sank lazily again.

Here and there, too, upon some shallow pebbly shore, scarlet flamingoes stood dreaming knee-deep on one leg; crested cranes pranced up and down, admiring their own finery; and irises and egrets dipped their bills under water in search of prey; but before noon, even those had slipped away, and there reigned a stillness which might be heard — a stillness in which, as Humboldt says: "If beyond the silence we listen for the faintest undertones, we detect a stifled, continuous hum of insects, which crowd the air close to the earth; a confused swarming murmur which hangs round every bush, in the cracked bark of trees, in the soil undermined by lizards and bees; a voice proclaiming to us that all Nature breathes, that under a thousand different forms life swarms in the gaping and dusty earth, as much as in the bosom of the waters, and in the air which breathes around."

At last a soft and distant murmur, increasing gradually to a heavy roar, announced that they were nearing some cataract; till, turning a point where the alluvial soil rose into a low cliff fringed with delicate ferns, they came in full sight of a scene at which all paused — not with astonishment, but with something very like disgust.

"Rapids again!" grumbled one. "I thought we had had enough of them on the Orinoco!"

"We shall have to get out, and draw the canoes overland, I suppose!"

"There's worse behind; don't you see the spray behind the palms?"

"Stop grumbling, my masters, and don't cry out before you are hurt. Paddle right up to the largest of those islands, and let us look about us."

In front of them was a snow-white bar of foam, some ten feet high, along which were ranged three or four islands of black rock. Each was crested with a knot of lofty palms, whose green tops stood out clear against the bright sky, while the lower half of their stems loomed hazy through a luminous veil of rainbowed mist. The banks right and left of the fall were so densely fringed with a low hedge of shrubs that landing seemed almost impossible; and their Indian guide, suddenly looking round him and whispering, bade them beware of savages, and pointed to a canoe which lay swinging in the eddies under the largest island, moored apparently to the root of some tree.

"Silence, all!" cried Amyas, "and paddle up thither and seize the canoe. If there be an Indian on the island, we will have speech of him. But mind, and treat him friendly; and on your lives, neither strike nor shoot, even if he offers to fight."

So, choosing a line of smooth backwater just in the wake of the island, they drove their canoes up by main force, and fastened them safely by the side of the Indian's, while Amyas, always the foremost, sprang boldly on shore, whispering to the Indian boy to follow him.

Once on the island, Amyas felt sure enough that, if its wild tenant had not seen them approach, he certainly had not heard them, so deafening was the noise which filled his brain, and which seemed to make the very leaves upon

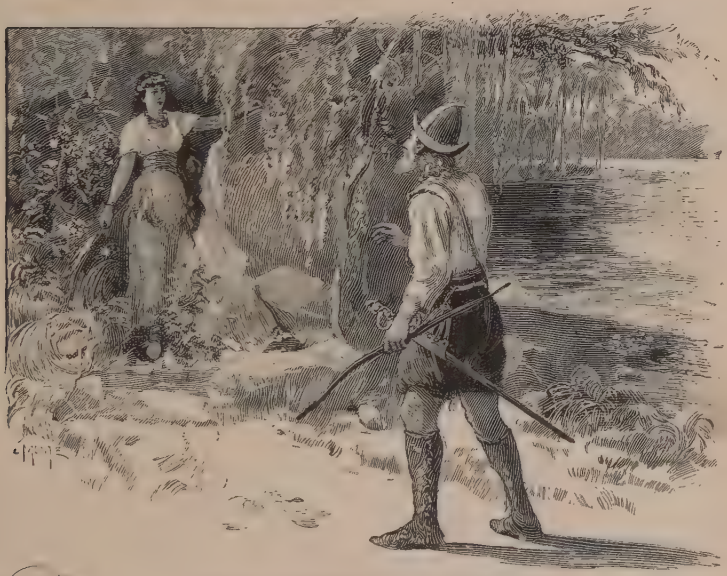
the bushes quiver and the solid stone beneath his feet reel and ring. For two hundred yards and more above the fall, nothing met his eye but one white waste of raging foam, with here and there a transverse dike of rock, which hurled columns of spray and surges of beaded water high into the air,—strangely contrasting with the still and silent cliffs of green leaves which walled the river right and left, and more strangely still with the knots of enormous palms upon the islets, which reared their polished shafts a hundred feet into the air, straight and upright as masts, while their broad plumes and golden-clustered fruit slept in the sunshine far aloft, the image of the stateliest repose amid the wildest wrath of Nature.

Ten yards farther, the cataract fell sheer in thunder; but a high fern-fringed rock turned its force away from the beach. Here, if anywhere, was the place to find the owner of the canoe. He leaped down upon the pebbles; and as he did so, a figure rose from behind a neighboring rock, and met him face to face. It was an Indian girl.

He spoke first, in some Indian tongue, gently and smilingly, and made a half-step forward; but quick as light she caught up from the ground a bow, and held it fiercely toward him, fitted with the long arrow, with which, as he could see, she had been striking fish, for a line of twisted grass hung from its barbed head. Amyas stopped, laid down his own bow and sword, and made another step in advance, smiling still, and making all Indian signs of amity. But the arrow was still pointed straight at his breast, and he knew the mettle and strength of the forest

nymphs well enough to stand still and call for the Indian boy.

The boy, who had been peering from above, leaped down to them in a moment; and began, as the safest method, groveling on his nose upon the pebbles, while he tried



A figure rose from behind a neighboring rock.

two or three dialects, one of which at last she seemed to understand, and answered in a tone of evident suspicion and anger.

"What does she say?"

"That you are a Spaniard and a robber because you have a beard."

"Tell her that we are no Spaniards, but that we hate

them, and are come across the great waters to help the Indians to kill them."

The boy had no sooner spoken, than, nimble as a deer, the nymph had sprung up the rocks, and darted between the palm stems to her own canoe. Suddenly she caught sight of the English boats, and stopped with a cry of fear and rage.

"Let her pass!" shouted Amyas, who had followed her closely. "Push your boats off, and let her pass. Boy, tell her to go on; they will not come near her."

But she hesitated still, and with arrow drawn to the head, faced first on the boat's crew, and then on Amyas, till the Englishmen had shoved off full twenty yards.

Then, leaping into her tiny piragua, she darted into the wildest whirl of the eddies, shooting along with vigorous strokes, while the English trembled as they saw the frail bark spinning and leaping amid the muzzles of the alligators and the huge dog-toothed trout. But, with the swiftness of an arrow, she reached the northern bank, drove her canoe among the bushes, and, leaping from it, darted into the bush, and vanished like a dream.

The chief interest in the foregoing story lies, of course, in its faithful and glowing picture of scenery in the midst of a tropical forest. The learner should read it a second time and try to point out all the passages that are remarkable for their wealth of description. He should try to form in his mind an image of the sights and sounds that he would encounter in a voyage up the Meta River or any other of the tributaries of the Orinoco or the Amazon.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

I.

There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and altogether, bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky, make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

II.

I have said enough and more than enough to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple, dearer to all hearts at this moment as we lift it to the gale, and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is its own radiant hues — dearer, a thousand fold dearer to us all than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no speech nor language where their voices are not heard. There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has been so long raging. But, before all and above all other associations and memories, — whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places, — its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and of the Laws.

— *Robert C. Winthrop.*

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE — 1571.

Jean Ingelow.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three: —
"Pull, if ye never pulled before,
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play up, play up, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells;
Play up 'The Brides of Enderby'!"

Men say it was a stolen tide;
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in mine ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the door,
My thread brake off, I raised mine eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,

And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My son's fair wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Far away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song,

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soon be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot;
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot,
Come up, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begin to think how long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrow, sharp and strong;

And all the air, it seemeth me,
Is full of floating bells (saith she),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadow might be seen,
Save where full five good miles away
The steeple towered from out the green.
And lo! the great bell far and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherd lads I heard afar,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked up into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They said, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pirate galleys warping down;
For ships ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town:

But while the west is red to see,
And storms be none, and pirates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my son
  Came riding down with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
  Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The old sea wall," he cried, "is down,
  The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder town
  Go sailing up the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith,
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good son, where Lindis winds away,
  With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells began to play,
  Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast
  For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
  And up the Lindis raging sped.

It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
  Shook all her trembling banks amain;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
  Flung up her weltering walls again.
Then banks came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So far, so fast the eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave
  Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sat that night,
  The noise of bells went sweeping by,
I marked the lofty beacon light
  Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to me,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
  From roof to roof who fearless rowed;
And I—my son was at my side,
  And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;

And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"Oh, come in life, or come in death!
Oh lost! my love Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter dear;
The waters laid thee at his door,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebb swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebb and flow, alas!
To many more than mine and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my son's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy, lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come up, Whitefoot, come up, Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come up, Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come up, Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THE STORY OF THOMAS BECKET.

I. HIS LIFE.

Henry II. began his reign over England in the year 1154, and he was the mightiest king that had yet sat upon the throne. He had vast possessions. All England and nearly half of France were his, and he was well able to rule over them and keep them in order.

He was a short, stout, reddish-haired man, with a face well-tanned by exposure to the wind and the sun. His

legs were bowed by constant riding. Ever busy at something, he rarely sat down, except at meals; and there was plenty of work for him to do.

In the early years of his reign his chief friend and servant was Thomas Becket, who was a clever and handsome man. He knew well how to please the king by sharing in his amusements, and by helping him in the great work of keeping order among his barons and knights.

When Becket was a young man he was out hunting, one day, with his pet hawk upon his wrist. Riding carelessly along, he came to a narrow wooden bridge, which crossed a stream close to a mill. When in the middle of the bridge his horse stumbled, and Becket, horse, and hawk were thrown into the water.

The horse at once swam to the bank. So did Becket, but, upon looking back, he saw his hawk struggling in the middle of the stream. Its straps had become entangled about its feet and wings, and the bird was helpless. Although the stream was running swiftly to the great mill-wheel, Becket turned round and swam back to save the hawk.

By this time the current had carried him very near to the wheel, and in another moment both man and bird must have been crushed to death. But just then the miller saw the danger and stopped the mill. Becket climbed out of the water with the bird in his hand, seeming not at all frightened because of the danger which he had escaped. During his entire life he had many trials and was opposed by many enemies; but he faced them all as fearlessly as he had risked drowning in order to save his hawk.

King Henry made Becket his chancellor, that is his chief minister, and gave him much wealth. Becket lived in great splendor in a fine palace. He was so hospitable that he kept an open table, at which all were free to come and feast when they chose. His clothes were the finest and gayest that could be made, and wherever he went he took with him troops of friends and servants.

Once, when he was sent to France to settle a dispute with the French king, he traveled with such a large train of followers that the people were filled with wonder. We can picture the procession entering a quiet country town.

"First came two hundred boys singing quaint songs or glees. Then followed great hounds with their keepers, behind whom were wagons guarded by fierce English mastiffs. One of the wagons was laden with beer to be given away to the people who might render any help on the road.

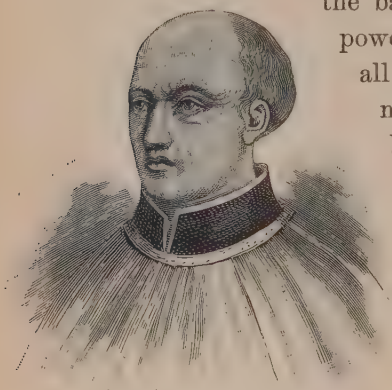
"Then came twelve horses, upon each of which sat a monkey and a groom. After all these there followed a vast company of knights and squires and priests, riding two and two.

"Last of all came Becket and a few friends, with whom he talked by the way." We can imagine the wonder of the French people at so fine, yet strange, a show. We can hear them exclaim, "What kind of a man must the king of England be, when his chancellor can travel in such state!"

At this time the Church in England possessed great power and wealth. It was the safeguard that stood

between the people and the greed and cruelty of their rulers. It was the protector of the poor, and the friend of the oppressed; and even the king was obliged to obey its commands.

King Henry was jealous of the influence of the Church. He resolved that, having already reduced the power of the barons, he would now reduce the power of the Church. And among all his faithful men, who would be more likely to help him in such business than his friend Becket, who had hitherto been his ablest assistant in every undertaking?



Thomas Becket.
(From an Old Painting.)

It happened about this time that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the highest officer of the Church in England, died. This event was very pleasing to Henry, and through his influence the Pope appointed Thomas Becket to be the new archbishop.

Becket had hitherto been faithful to Henry in all things, but he now felt that his first duty was to the Church, and he resolved to defend its rights, even though he should displease the king. He changed entirely the manner of his life. Instead of his splendid clothes, he wore a monk's dress and a hair shirt next to his skin. He tried, as people understood it in those times, to carry out the teachings of his Lord and Master; and every day

he waited upon a number of poor men and washed their feet. Instead of gay knights only good and pious men sat at his table. He gave up his chancellorship, and told the king plainly that he would resist all attempts to take away the rights of the Church.

Many were the quarrels after that between the king and the archbishop. At one time, in a fit of rage, Henry cried out: "I will not be preached at by you. Are you not the son of one of my clowns?"

"It is true," replied the archbishop, "I am not descended from ancient kings, but neither was the blessed Peter to whom were given the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

"But Peter," said the king, "died for his Lord."

"And I, too, will die for my Lord," said Becket, "when the time shall come."

And it was not long till the time did come. Upon hearing some hasty, angry words from the king, four knights set out to Canterbury, determined to kill Becket, and thus not only put an end to the long quarrel but win the king's favor for themselves. — *Anonymous.*

II. HIS DEATH.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery. Instantly the service was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer, part fled into the numerous hiding places the vast

fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door.

"Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them. "Come in, and let us die together."

The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said: "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in." They fell back a few paces, and he stepped within the door, but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold, and asked, "What is it that these people fear?" One general answer broke forth, "The armed men in the cloister." As he turned and said, "I shall go out to them," he heard the clash of arms behind. The knights had just forced their way into the cloister, and were now (as would appear from their being thus seen through the open door) advancing along its southern side. They were in mail, which covered their faces up to their eyes, and carried their swords drawn. Three had hatchets. Fitzurse, with the ax he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, "Here, here, king's men!" Immediately behind him followed Robert Fitzranulph, with three other knights; and a motley group — some their own followers, some from the town — with weapons, though not in armor, brought up the rear. At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars. A loud knocking was heard from the

From a Photograph.

Engraved by Charles Meeder.

Canterbury Cathedral.

band without, who, having vainly endeavored to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church. Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door — the church must not be turned into a castle." With his own hands he thrust them away from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, "Come in, come in — faster, faster!"

The knights, who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church. It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps burning before the altars. The twilight, lengthening from the shortest day a fortnight before, was but just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects.

In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps of the eastern staircase. One of the knights called out to them, "Stay." Another, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the king?" No answer was returned. None could have been expected by any one who remembered the indignant silence with which

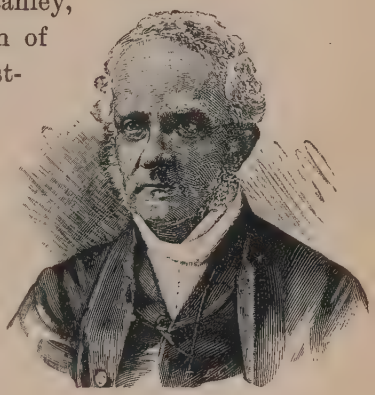
Becket had swept by when the same words had been applied by Randulf of Broc at Northampton. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly the answer came: "Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God; what do you wish?" and from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head — noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement — Becket descended to the transept. Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the southwest corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict. Here they gathered round him, with the cry, "Absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated." "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added, "Reginald, you have received many favors at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the ax against his breast, and returned for answer, "You shall die — I will tear out your heart." Another, perhaps in kindness, struck him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming, "Fly; you are a dead man." "I am ready to die," replied the primate, "for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God Almighty, if you do not let my men escape."

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church. Fitzurse threw down the ax, and tried to drag him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us — you are our prisoner." "I will not fly, you detestable fellow," was Becket's reply, roused to his usual vehemence, and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. The three knights struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders. Becket set his back against the pillar, and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim, vehemently remonstrating, threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle, Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him. And in the final struggle which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. He approached with his drawn sword, and waving it over his head, cried, "Strike, strike!" but merely dashed off his cap. Tracy sprang forward and struck a more decided blow.

The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, he sank on his knees — his arms falling, but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, "For the name of Jesus, and the defense of the Church, I am willing to die."

Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke. In this posture he received a tremendous blow, aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head was severed from the skull. "Let us go—let us go," said Hugh of Horsea, "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

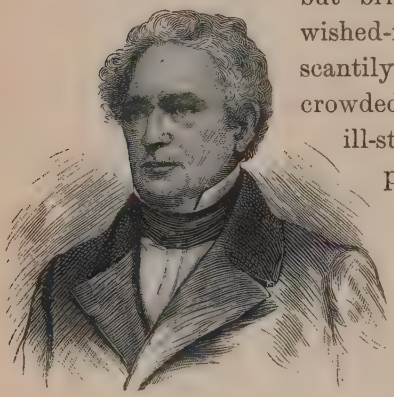
The life of Thomas Becket, and his tragic death, have furnished themes for many noble contributions to English literature. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, has written of him, in a very impartial and trustworthy manner, in his "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury" from which the above extract is taken. The poet Tennyson, late in life, composed a tragedy entitled "Becket" which portrays in a vivid, poetical manner the most striking scenes in the career of the great archbishop. James Anthony Froude, in "Short Stories on Great Subjects," has written a charming and instructive essay on the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket"; and Professor Freeman has presented us with a similar historical study in his "Saint Thomas of Canterbury." It may also be observed that Chaucer's immortal work, "The Canterbury Tales," depends for its connecting thread upon the once general custom of making pilgrimages to the tomb of Becket.



Dean Stanley.

THE PILGRIMS. (1620.)

Methinks I see one solitary, adventurous vessel, the "Mayflower," of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now, scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation, in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route, — and now, driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm brawls through the rigging.



Edward Everett.

The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with engulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggering vessel.

I see them escape from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth, — weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily

provisioned, without shelter, without means, surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers? Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England?

Tell me, politician, how long did a shadow of a colony on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children? was it hard labor and spare meals? was it disease? was it the tomahawk? was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea? was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?

And is it possible, that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

— *Edward Everett.*

From the Painting by A. W. Bayes.

The Departure of the Mayflower.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

(1620.)

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the trees against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea:
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam:
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay! call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

—*Felicia Hemans.*

Patriots have toiled, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to immortalize her trust.

—*William Cowper.*

THE ROBIN.

The robin is perhaps the best known of all our birds. The name is so prominent in children's stories, in folk-lore, in poetry, and in general literature, that even town children who have never seen the bird know it by name; but to many grown people, even those who have lived all their lives in the country, the robin is not familiar as a winter bird. It is known to come and go, it is true, but is supposed to be merely in transit, and just where the observer happens to be is not its abiding place. This impression is due to lack of observation, for the birds are as well disposed towards your thicket and cedar trees as those of some far-off neighbor.

This crystal-clear, cold January day, with the mercury almost at zero, I found the robins on the south hillside, and seldom have they shown to better advantage. One was perched in a sapling beech to which the leaves still clung. It chirped at times so that its companions could hear it, and was answered by them, as well as by the nut-hatches, a tree creeper, some sparrows, and a winter wren. It was a cozy, warm spot wherein these birds had gathered, which, strangely enough, was filled with music even when every bird was mute. This robin was half concealed among the crisp beech leaves, and these — not the birds about them — were singing. The breeze caused them to tremble violently, and their thin edges were as harp strings, the wiry sound produced being smoothed by the crisp rattling caused by the leaves' rapid contact with each other.

It was much like the click of butterflies' wings, but greatly exaggerated. A simple sound, but a sweet, wholesome one that made me think less of the winter's rigor and recalled the recent warm autumnal days. They were singing leaves, and the robin watched them closely as he stood near by, and chirped at times, as if to encourage them. Altogether it made a pretty picture, one of those that human skill has not yet transferred to a printed page; and our winter sunshine is full of just such beauty.

How incomprehensible it is that any one should speak of the *few* robins that venture to remain! Flocks of a hundred or more are not uncommon in the depth of winter, and this recalls the fact that at this time of year robins are never alone. It may appear so for a time, but when the bird you are watching is ready to move on, his call will be answered by others that you have not seen, and half a dozen at least will fly off to new scenes.

This is often noticed on a much larger scale when we flush robins in a field. They are generally widely scattered, and, go where you will, there will be one or two hopping before you; but when one takes alarm, the danger cry is heard by all, and a great flock will gather in the air in an incredibly short time.

Robins are not lovers of frozen ground; they know where the earth resists frost, down in the marshy meadows, and there they congregate in the dreary midwinter afternoons, after spending the morning feeding upon berries. I have seen them picking those of the cedar, poison ivy, green brier, and even the seedy, withered fruit of the poke; but at times this question of food supply must

be a difficult problem to solve, and then they leave us for a while, until pleasanter weather prevails, when they venture back.

In April, when the chill of winter is no longer in its bones, the robin becomes prominent, and the more so because of the noise it makes. It sings fairly well, and early in the morning there is a world of suggestiveness in the ringing notes. The song is loud, declamatory, and acceptable more for the pleasant thoughts it occasions than for the actual melody. We are always glad to hear the robins, but never for the same reason that we listen to a wood thrush. Of course there are exceptions.

With the close of the nesting season — and this extends well into the summer — much of the attractiveness of the bird disappears. As individual members of great loose flocks that fret the upper air with an incessant chirping, they offer little to entertain us even when the less hardy minstrels of the summer have sought their southern homes.

It is true that they add something to the picture of a dreamy October afternoon when the mellow sunlight tips the wilted grasses with dull gold. They restore for the time the summertide activity of the meadows when with golden-winged woodpeckers they chase the crickets in the close-cropped pastures, but they are soon forgotten if a song sparrow sings or a wary hawk screams among the clouds. Robins are always welcome, but never more so than when they chatter, on an April morning, of the near future with its buds and blossoms.

— *From "Bird-Land Echoes," by Charles Conrad Abbott.*

THE MOTIONS OF BIRDS.

A good ornithologist should be able to distinguish birds by their air as well as by their colors and shape, on the wing as well as on the ground; and in the bush as well as in the hand. For though it must not be said that every species of bird has a manner peculiar to itself, yet there is somewhat in most *genera*, at least, that at first sight discriminates them, and enables a judicious observer to pronounce upon them with some certainty.

Thus kites and buzzards sail round in circles with wings expanded and motionless; and it is from their gliding manner that the former are still called in the north of England gleads, from the Saxon verb *glidan*, to glide. Hen harriers fly low over the meadows or fields of corn, and beat the ground regularly like a pointer or setting dog. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air; they seem to want ballast.

There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most incurious — they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish; and, when they move from one place to another, frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the center of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner; crows and daws swagger in their walk; woodpeckers fly with a wavy motion, opening and closing their wings at every stroke,

and so are always rising or falling in curves. All of this genus use their tails, which incline downward, as a support while they run up trees. Parrots, like all other hooked-clawed birds, walk awkwardly, and make use of their bill as a third foot, climbing and descending with ridiculous caution.

All the gallinæ parade and walk gracefully, and run nimbly, but fly with difficulty, with an impetuous whirring, and in a straight line. Magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no dispatch; herons seem encumbered with too much sail for their light bodies, but these vast hollow wings are necessary in carrying burdens, such as large fishes, and the like; pigeons, and particularly the sort called smiters, have a way of clashing their wings, the one against the other, over their backs with a loud snap; another variety, called tumblers, turn themselves over in the air.

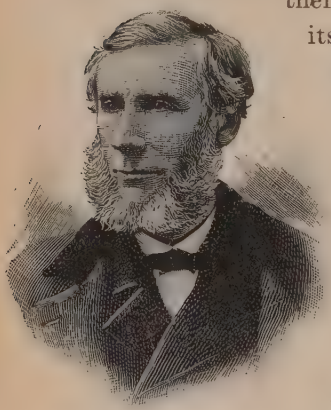
The kingfisher darts along like an arrow; fern owls, or goatsuckers, glance in the dusk over the tops of trees like a meteor; swallows sweep over the surface of the ground and water, and distinguish themselves by rapid turns and quick evolutions; swifts dash round in circles; and the bank martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly.

Most small birds hop; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately. All the duck kind waddle; divers and auks walk as if fettered, and stand erect, on their tails. Geese and cranes, and most wild fowls, move in figured flights, often changing their position.

— *From "The Natural History of Selbourne," by Gilbert White.*

THE ORIGIN OF RIVERS.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river of course becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills.



John Tyndall.

Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes, indeed, quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hillsides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. But you very soon assure yourself that such springs are

also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we can not end here. Whence comes the rain that forms the mountain streams? Observation enables you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds.

But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine a cloud is projected into the air.

Watch the cloud sharply. You notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What then is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*.

Watch the cloud banner from the funnel of a running locomotive: you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether, and, if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends on the character of the day. In moist weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor. The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the spout; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that which issues from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud. Is there any fire in nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is — the fire of the sun.

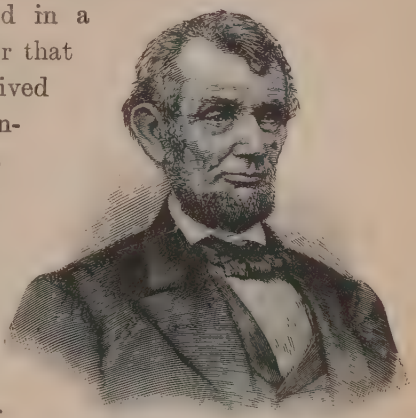
By tracing the course of a river, we find that both its beginning and its ending are in the sea. All its water is derived from the sea, and to the sea it returns its floods. But if we seek for its causes, we find that its beginning and its ending are in the sun. For it is the fire of the sun that produces the clouds from which the water of the river is derived, and it is the same fire of the sun that dries up its stream.

— *Adapted from "Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers," by John Tyndall.*

ADDRESS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AT THE DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY, THE 19TH OF NOVEMBER, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of the war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that their nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

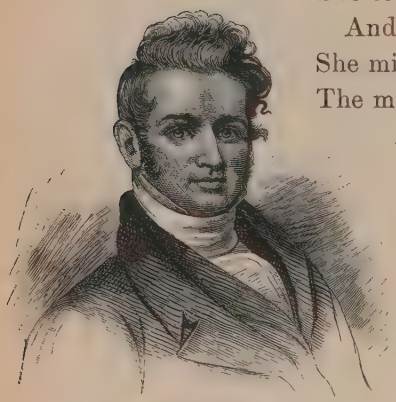


Abraham Lincoln.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored

dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.



Joseph Rodman Drake.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!

When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from thy glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.
Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,

And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

—*Joseph Rodman Drake.*

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM, A.D. 404.

The grandest and most renowned of all ancient amphitheaters is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labor at it; and the materials — granite outside, and a softer stone within — are so solid, and so admirably put together, that still, at the end of eighteen centuries, it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome. Five acres of ground were inclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forwards, each tier coming out far beyond the one above it; so that

Charlotte M. Yonge.

between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than 87,000 spectators! It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favorite color for this veil, because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

When the emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Or a lion came forth with a jeweled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played a hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of a musician; but — to make the whole part complete — it was no mere play, but in real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens around the arena were thrown open, and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another — rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars — while the people watched with ferocious curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defense, their ears at the same time being delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused.

The Coliseum at the Present Day.

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste for horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favorite monsters: — men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armor, and fought hard, generally with success. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian

martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and "met the lion's gory mane" with a calm resolution and a hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze, and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer; and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcasses were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh green layer, perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession come forward — tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and a net; some were in light armor, others in the full, heavy equipment of a soldier; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the emperor; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building: "Hail, Cæsar; those about to die salute thee!" They were the gladiators — the swordsmen trained to fight to the death to amuse the populace.

Fights of all sorts took place, — the light-armed soldier and the netsman — the lasso and the javelin — the two heavy-armed warriors, — all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general mêlée. When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. When the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned

From the Painting by J. L. Gerome.

The Last Prayer—Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

them down, he was to die; and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the deathblow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!"

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won."

Christianity, however, worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavored to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the emperor. They went on for fully a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer. Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotic boy; but his brave general, Stilicho, assembled his forces, met

the Goths, and gave them a complete defeat, on Easter day of the year 403. He pursued them to the mountains, and for that time saved Rome.

In the joy of victory, the Roman Senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the Temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman bloodthirstiness was not yet allayed, and, after the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunt of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword dance. But after the sword dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords — a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes.

Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, waving back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy, in turning away the sword of the enemy, by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings, — the old customs of Rome should be observed, — "Back, old man!" — "On, gladiators!"

The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!" — "Down with him!" — was the cry; and the prefect in authority himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead; and then the people began to reflect upon what had been done.

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who had vowed themselves to a life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly reverenced, even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on a pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome. They knew that he was a holy man — no more. But his spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty, or die.

He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and since the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum, there has never been another fight of gladiators. The custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, and nameless man.

— *From "A Book of Golden Deeds," by Charlotte Yonge.*

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

The reader has already become somewhat acquainted with the marvelous history of King Arthur, and has read about the poems and romances by which the memory of his life and exploits have been preserved. He has also read the mythical account of the King's last hours on earth as recorded in the quaint old romance written by Sir Thomas Malory. Here he may read another rendering of the same story, written in grand and beautiful poetic form by Alfred Tennyson. In the "Idylls of the King," Lord Tennyson has given us a complete history of Arthur and of the brave knights and fair ladies who lived at his court. These poems are among the noblest ever written in our language. Turn now to the last story in "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year," and compare each passage in that brief narrative with its corresponding passage in the following poem.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I can not last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In after time, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere;
Watch what thou seëst and lightly bring me word."
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fëalty, nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after time, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the after time
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,—
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,

And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on jets of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,

Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept. . . .
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight. . . .
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
To the island-valley of Avilion
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

— *From "The Idylls of the King," by Alfred Tennyson.*

FOR STUDY AND REFERENCE.

PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

To become a good reader, patient and long-continued practice is necessary. We learn to read by much reading and never by the study of formal rules. Nevertheless, a knowledge of the following general principles and definitions may be of some value in assisting the learner to acquire correct habits in the practice of oral reading.

Pronunciation.

Under this term are included Articulation, Syllabication, and Accent.

Correct articulation requires that each letter, syllable, and word should be clearly and properly pronounced. Incorrect articulation is the result either of careless habits or of natural defects. In either case, it may be largely overcome by persistent and careful drill in the pronunciation of those words in which the greatest difficulty is experienced. Conversation, declamation, calisthenics, singing, and similar exercises should be engaged in, in order to assist in overcoming habits of timidity or diffidence, and to give increased power and flexibility to the vocal organs.

Syllabication and accent are learned by careful observation and by reference, in all cases of doubt, to some standard dictionary.

Expression.

Correct expression in reading has reference to tone of voice, inflection, pitch, emphasis, all of which are included under modulation.

Tone.

Tone, or quality of voice, is the kind of sound employed in reading or speaking. A conversational tone is such as is used in ordinary conversation for the expression of quiet or unemotional thoughts. A full tone of voice is used in the expression of high or lofty sentiments, and of feelings of joy, courage, or exultation. A middle tone is used in the rendering of expressions which while not conversational in character are too unimpassioned to require a full tone. A low or subdued tone is used in passages where the sense requires a suppression of sound. The only rule necessary is this: *Study so to regulate the tone of voice that it shall always be in harmony with the thoughts expressed.*

Inflection.

Inflection is the upward or downward movement of the voice in speaking or reading. There are two inflections: the *rising inflection*, in which the voice slides upward; and the *falling inflection*, in which the voice slides downward. Sometimes there is a union of the two inflections upon a single sound or syllable, in order to express surprise, scorn, irony, sorrow, or other strong or peculiar emotion. This union of inflections is called *circumflex*. No rule for inflections can be given which is not subject to numerous exceptions. The movement of the voice, whether upward or downward, is in all cases determined by the thought in the sentence. *That inflection should be used which will assist to convey, in the most natural and forcible manner, the meaning intended by the author.*

Pitch.

Very closely related to tone and inflection is pitch, by which is meant the degree of elevation of the voice. Pitch may be *middle*, *high*, or *low*. Middle pitch is that which is used in common conversation and in the expression of unemotional

thoughts. Light and joyous emotions and lively narration require a high pitch. Passages expressing sadness, deep joy, dignified serenity of mind, and kindred emotions, require a low pitch. Hence, the only rule to be observed is this: *Let the pitch be always in harmony with the sentiments to be expressed.*

Emphasis.

Emphasis is any change of pitch, or variation of the voice, which serves to call special attention to an important word, syllable, or expression. The only rule that can be given for securing correctness of emphasis is: *Be natural.* Children, in ordinary conversation, never make mistakes in emphasis. If they are made to understand what they are reading, have not been permitted to imitate incorrect models, and are not hampered by unnecessary rules, they will read as well as they talk. Let reading be but conversation from the book, and not only emphasis, but pitch and inflection will require but little separate attention, and no special rules.

Pauses.

Pauses in reading are necessary to make the meaning clear or to assist in the proper modulation of the voice and therefore in the correct rendering of the sentiments of the author. The former are called grammatical pauses, and are indicated by the marks of punctuation; the latter are called rhetorical pauses, and depend for their correct usage upon the reader's understanding of the thoughts which he is endeavoring to render. In reading poetry, a slight pause is generally proper at the end of each line, and sometimes also at the middle of each line. The latter is called the *cæsural* pause. The object of poetic pauses is simply to promote the melody.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Abbott, Charles Conrad, the author of the essay on "The Robin" (page 197), is an American writer and naturalist. He was born at Trenton, N. J., in 1843. He is an ardent lover of nature, and has written several delightful books on subjects relating to popular science and outdoor life. Among these are "Birdland Echoes," from which the above-named essay is taken; "A Naturalist's Wanderings about Home," and "Waste Land Wanderings."

Aytoun (ā'toon), **William Edmonstoune,** the author of the selection entitled "The Pass of Killiecrankie" (page 138), was a Scottish lawyer and poet. Born in Edinburgh, 1813; died, 1865. He was for many years one of the editors of "Blackwood's Magazine." He wrote "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," "Ballads of Scotland," and other poems.

Blackmore, Richard D., the author of "Lorna Doone," is an English lawyer and novelist. Born in Berkshire, 1825. Besides "Lorna Doone," he has written "Alice Lorraine," "Springhaven," "The Maid of Sker," and several other stories.

Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett, the author of "The Romance of the Swan's Nest" (page 98), was an English poet. Born in Durham, England, 1806. In 1846 she married Robert Browning, and during the rest of her life resided chiefly at Florence, Italy, where she died in 1861. She wrote "Prometheus Bound" (1833), "Aurora Leigh" (1857), and many shorter poems.

Bryant, William Cullen, the author of "The Death of the Flowers" (page 18), was one of the most popular of American poets. Born at Cummington, Mass., 1794; died at New York, 1878. Besides his poems, he wrote translations of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and was for more than half a century one of the editors of "The Evening Post" (New York).

Buckley, Arabella Burton, is an English author and naturalist. Born at Brighton, England, 1840. She has written several books on scientific subjects for young readers: "The Fairy Land of Science," from which our selection is taken (page 29), "Winners in Life's Race," and "Life and her Children."

Campbell, Thomas: A British poet and critic. Born at Glasgow, Scotland, 1777; died, 1844. He wrote "The Pleasures of Hope," "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," and many other well-known poems.

"Cloister and the Hearth, The": An historical romance, by Charles Reade, first published in 1861. The scenes are laid mostly in Holland and Italy, and the time is the middle of the fifteenth century. See page 153.

Collier, W. F., author of the sketch on "Life in Norman England" (page 89), is an English historian. He has written "The History of the British Empire," "A History of England," and several other similar works.

Cowper, William: A celebrated English poet. Born, 1731; died, 1800. His principal work was "The Task," from which our brief selection (page 196) has been taken. He wrote also "John Gilpin," "Tirocinium," and several other poems.

"David Copperfield, The Personal History of": A novel, by Charles Dickens, first published in 1849. "Of all my books," says Dickens, "I like this the best." Many scenes in the novelist's own life are depicted in this story. The character from whom the book took its name is a timid boy reduced to desperation by the cruelty of his stepfather, Mr. Murdstone. At ten years of age he is sent to a warehouse in London, where he was employed in rough work at a small salary. He finally runs away, and is protected and adopted by an eccentric maiden lady, Miss Betsey Trotwood. He becomes a writer, and marries a gentle, innocent little lady, whom he calls his "child wife"; she dies, and he afterwards marries a woman of

stronger mind, named Agnes Wickfield. The selection which we give (page 121) is a fair example of the style which characterizes the story.

Dickens, Charles: The most popular of English novelists. Born, 1812; died, 1870. Wrote "The Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," "David Copperfield," from which our story of "The Shipwreck" (page 121) has been taken, and numerous other works of fiction.

Drake, Joseph Rodman, author of "The American Flag" (page 206), was an American poet. Born at New York, 1795; died, 1820. His principal work was "The Culprit Fay," written in 1816.

Everett, Edward: An American statesman and orator. Born at Boston, Mass., 1794; died, 1865. He was editor of the "North American Review," member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, President of Harvard College, Secretary of State in the cabinet of Millard Fillmore, and United States Senator from Massachusetts. His orations and speeches fill four volumes.

Froude, James Anthony: A noted English historian. Born, 1818; died, 1894. His chief work was a "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada." He also wrote four volumes of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "Cæsar, a Sketch," "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," "Life of Carlyle," etc.

Hemans, Mrs. Felicia: An English poet. Born at Liverpool, 1793; died, 1835. She wrote numerous short poems, which were at one time very popular. She is best remembered in this country as the author of "The Landing of the Pilgrims" (page 195), "Casabianca," and similar pieces.

Hogg, James: A Scottish poet, often called from his occupation the Ettrick Shepherd. Born, 1770; died, 1835. Among

his poems are "The Queen's Wake" (1813), "The Pilgrims of the Sun" (1815), and many short pieces.

Howells, William Dean: An American novelist and poet. Born at Martinsville, Ohio, 1837. He was for ten years editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." He has written numerous novels, several short comedies or farces, and a volume of poetry. Our selection is from one of his latest works, "Stories of Ohio," a series of sketches relating to the settlement and early history of that commonwealth.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh, author of the poem entitled "The Glove and the Lions" (page 119), was an English essayist and poet. Born, 1784; died, 1859. His chief poem is "The Story of Rimini"; his principal prose works are "Life of Lord Byron" (1828), and "Autobiography" (1850).

"Idylls of the King": The first part of this noble poem by Lord Tennyson appeared in 1859, and the remaining parts were issued at various intervals until its completion. It comprises twelve books, or poems, which should be read in the following order: "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "The Marriage of Geraint," "Geraint and Enid," "Balin and Balan," "Merlin and Vivien," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Etarre," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," "The Passing of Arthur." Taken together in this order, these various poems present a complete and connected history of King Arthur and his knights. See page 216.

Ingelow (in'je lō), **Jean:** An English poet and novelist. Born at Boston, Lincolnshire, 1830; died, 1897. Wrote "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "A Motto Changed," several children's books, and numerous poems.

Irving, Washington: An eminent American writer. Born, 1783; died, 1859. His principal works are "Columbus and his Companions" (from which the extract beginning on page

25 is taken), "The Sketch Book," "Tales of a Traveler" (1824), "The Conquest of Granada" (1829), "The Alhambra" (1832), "Oliver Goldsmith" (1849), "Mahomet and His Successors" (1850), "Life of George Washington" (1859).

"Job, The Book of": One of the books of the Old Testament, the authorship of which is unknown, but has been ascribed to various persons and periods of time. It is doubtless one of the oldest literary productions in our possession, and may be described as a poetic drama, having a didactic purpose. The hero of the book is Job, a man of great wealth and prosperity, who has been suddenly overtaken by misfortune. The great literary merit of the work is recognized by all scholars.

Johnson, Dr. Samuel: An eminent English essayist, poet, and lexicographer. Born, 1709; died, 1784. For his biography, see Macaulay's essay on his life and works in "School Reading by Grades — Seventh Year."

Jonson, Ben: A celebrated English poet and dramatist. Born, 1573; died, 1637. Among his plays are "Every Man in his Humour" (1598), "Cynthia's Revels" (1600), "The Alchemist" (1610), etc.

Kingsley, Charles: An eminent English author and clergyman. See Biographical Notes in "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

"Lays of Ancient Rome": A volume of poems written by Lord Macaulay and first published in 1842. It includes "Horatius" (see page 32), "The Battle of Lake Regillus," "Virginia," and "The Prophecy of Capys."

Lewes (lū'es), **George Henry:** An English philosophical and miscellaneous writer. Born at London, 1817; died, 1878. He wrote "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Problems of Life and Mind" (1874), and many other works on scientific and philosophical subjects.

Lincoln, Abraham: The sixteenth President of the United States. Born in Kentucky, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., 1865. The "Address at Gettysburg" (page 205) is generally conceded to be one of the noblest examples of oratory produced in modern times.

"**Lorna Doone:** a Romance of Exmoor." First published in 1869. See page 64.

"**Mexico, History of the Conquest of,**" by William H. Prescott (see page 104), was first published in 1843. Other works relating to the same event are "The Spanish Conquest in America," by Sir Arthur Helps, "The Fair God" (a romance) by General Lew Wallace.

Prescott, William Hickling: An eminent American historian. Born at Salem, Mass., 1796; died, 1859. His principal works are "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella" (1838), "Conquest of Mexico" (see note above), "Conquest of Peru" (1847), "History of Philip II" (1858).

Reade, Charles: A noted English barrister and novelist. Born in Oxfordshire, 1814; died, 1884. His novels are very numerous, but the best is "The Cloister and the Hearth," from which our selection is taken (page 153). Several of his writings are noted for their strong opposition to social evils.

Scott, Sir Walter. See Biographical Notes in "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn: An English divine and historian. Born, 1815; died, 1881. He traveled in Egypt and Palestine in 1852–53; wrote "Sinai and Palestine" (1856), "Memorials of Canterbury" (1855), "History of the Jewish Church" (1865), etc.

Stockton, Frank Richard: A noted American author and humorist. Born at Philadelphia, 1834. He has written "Rudder Grange," "The Clocks of Rondaine," "Pomona's

Travels," "Stories of New Jersey," and many other works, including several books for children.

"Tales of a Grandfather": A collection of historical stories, by Sir Walter Scott, first published in four series, 1827–30. See page 66.

Tennyson, Alfred. See Biographical Notes in "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Tyndall, John: An eminent British scientist. Born in Ireland, 1820; died in England, 1893. Among his works are "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers" (1873) from which our extract is selected (page 202), "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871), "Fragments of Science" (1892), and many other works of a similar character.

"Westward Ho! or the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh": A novel by Charles Kingsley, first published in 1855. See page 165.

Winthrop, Robert Charles: An American statesman and orator. Born at Boston, 1809; died, 1894. His most famous addresses were delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, 1848, and at the completion of the same monument, 1885.

White, Gilbert: An English clergyman and naturalist, famous as the author of "Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne" (1789). He was born at Selborne, 1720; died there, 1793.

Yonge (yung) **Charlotte Mary:** An English writer and novelist. Born at Otterbourne, 1823. She has written more than a hundred volumes, including, "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Daisy Chain," "Landmarks of History," and "A Book of Golden Deeds," from which the selection beginning on page 208 is taken.

PROPER NAMES AND WORDS OF UNCOMMON OCCURRENCE

Pronounced and Defined

Pages 20–23. Än′jĕr, Bä tä′vĭ ä. Large cities in Java.

Bôr′nē ō, Jä′vạ, Sụ mä′trȧ. The three largest islands of East India, belonging chiefly to the Dutch.

Krä kȧ tä′ō. Small island in Sunda Strait.

Pŏm pe′ii (-pā′yē). Ancient city destroyed by Vesuvius.

Sŭn′dȧ Strait. Passage of water 90 miles broad between Java and Sumatra.

Vē sū′vĭ ŭs. Volcano near Naples, Italy.

25–28. Bär ṣē lō′nä. City in southeastern part of Spain.

hĭ dăl′gōṣ. Spanish noblemen of the lower class.

Läs Cä′säs. Spanish historian, time of Columbus.

"*Tē Dēum Laụ dä′mŭs.*" "We praise thee, O God."

32–43. Äl ġĭ′dŭs. Range of wooded mountains near Rome.

Ăl vĕr′nŭs. Elevation near Rome.

Ăn′nŭs, Seī′ŭs, Pĭ′cŭs. Chiefs opposed to the Romans.

Ăs′tûr. "Lord of Lū′na," the most northerly city of Etruria.

Ē trŭs′canṣ. Natives of Etruria (Tŭs′cä nȳ), north of Rome.

Hō rā′tius (-shus), Spū′rĭ ŭs Lär′tius, Hĕr mĭn′ĭ ŭs. Roman soldiers assisting in the defense of the city.

Îl′vä. Island now called Elba, west of Italy.

Jū′nō. A goddess, the wife of Jupiter.

Nē quī′nŭm. Town on River Nar, northeast of Rome.

Păl ȧ tī′nŭs. The first of the seven hills on which Rome was built.

Pôr sē′nȧ. King of Clū′sĭ ŭm, an ancient city of Italy in the province now called Sĭ ĕn′ȧ.

Răm′nĭ an, Tĭ′tian (-shan). Belonging to the Ramnes or the Tities, two of the three tribes composing the Roman nation.

Tär′quĭn. Seventh king of Rome, about 510 B.C.

Tī'bĕr. The river on which Rome is situated.

Tī fĕr'num. Town in Etruria, near source of the Tiber.

Tŭs'can. Same as Etruscan.

Ŭm'brĭ ăn. Native of Umbria, a district in northern part of Italy.

Vŏl'scĭ anş. Ancient people of Italy, hostile to the Romans.

44–50. Ăn'dēş. Great mountain range in South America.

"Că că fū e'gŏ." Name of a Spanish treasure ship.

Mà ġĕl'lan. Portuguese navigator, 1470–1521.

Păn à mà'. Seaport on the isthmus of same name.

Păt à gō'nĭ à. Most southern country of South America.

"Pĕl'ĭ cān," "Gōld'en Hīnd," "Măr'ĭ gōld." Names of ships in Drake's fleet.

Plā'te River. Commonly called Rĭ'ō dē lä Plä'tä, in South America.

Plym'outh. Seaport on south coast of England.

Pōr'tū *guēşe*. Belonging to Portugal.

Qui to (kē'tō). Seaport formerly belonging to Peru, now the capital of Ecuador.

Sī ĕr'rà Lē ō'nē. Country on west coast of Africa, now belonging to Great Britain.

Tä rà pà cà', Ä rĭ'cà, Lĭ'mä. Towns on coast of Peru.

Văl pà *raī*'sō. Capital of Chile.

64. Ĕx'mo͝or. Hilly district in south part of England.

Lôr'nà D*o͝o*ne. Heroine of romance of same name.

Mŏn'mouth, Duke of. English rebel, 1649–1685.

66–74. Băn'nŏck bûrn. Small village 3 miles south of Stirling in Scotland; battle in 1314.

Dŭn bär'. Town in Scotland, east of Edinburgh.

Fạl'kĭrk. Town in Stirling County, Scotland.

Henry de Bō'hŭn. English knight.

Ĭnch ăf frāy'. Ancient district in Scotland.

Ĭn'gel răm dē Ŭm'phrà *ville*, Sir Gīleş dē Är'ġen tīne. English officers.

Răn'dŏlph, Doŭg'las, Kēith, Ăb'er neth y. Followers of Bruce. Robert Brūçe. King of Scots, 1274–1349.

St. Nĭn'ĭ an. Apostle of the Scots, fifth century.

Sir Philip Mōw'brāy. English governor of town of Stĭr'lĭng on Forth River, northwest of Edinburgh.

Tôr'wo͞od. Village in Scotland.

76. Lŏeh gȳle'. Small lake in Scotland. Ŭl'vȧ. Island off coast of Argyleshire. Ŭl'lĭn. A highland chief.

78–82. Bŏnn. Town on Rhine River, south of Cologne.

Brụhl. Town in Germany.

Cŏ lōgne'. City in Prussia on Rhine River.

Lụd'wĭg vän Be̤e'thŏ ven. German musician.

Vĭ ĕn'nȧ. Capital city of Austria.

83–89. Tĕm'pĕ Wĭck. Heroine of this story.

Mŏr'rĭs town, Mĕnd'ham. Towns in New Jersey.

89–97. Cäen. City in France, 148 miles northwest of Paris.

făl dĕ stŏl. Ancient form of folding stool.

"Ī'van hōe'." Title of famous romance by Sir W. Scott.

joŭst. Tilting match; mock contest.

kāyle̤s. A game similar to that of bowling.

mĕl lāy'. Conflict; mêlée.

ō'rĭ els. Bay windows.

pôrt cŭl'lĭs. Grating hung over entrance to a castle and used as a gate.

quĭn'tāin. An object to be tilted at with lance or spear.

scrĭp tō'rĭ ŭm. Room in a monastery where the monks wrote or copied manuscripts.

104–111. Ăx'ä yä cătl. Father of Montezuma.

ä zo te̤'ȧs. Flat roofs of Mexican houses.

Ăz'tĕcs. Ancient people of Mexico.

Bĕr'nal Dĭ'az (dē'äth). A soldier in the army of Cortés.

cȧ çïque'. A chieftain or nobleman among the Aztecs.

Chō lụ'lȧ. Famous city of Aztecs.

Hĕr năn'dō Côr'tés. Spanish adventurer.

Măl ĭn'che. Aztec name of Cortés.

măx'lătl. Cotton sash worn by Aztecs.

Mŏn te zū'mȧ. Aztec emperor of Mexico.

păn åçhe'. Green plumes worn as badge of military rank.

Tēn ōch tĭt lăn'. Aztec name for city of Mexico.

Tĕz cū'cō, Ĭz'tȧ păl'ȧ păn. Aztec cities or provinces.

tĭl'mat lĭ. Square cloak worn by Aztecs.

Tlăs cȧl'ănş. Indians from the district of Tlascala.

113–117. vôr tĭ çĕl'lȧ. Species of infusoria.

Vül'pĭ an. French scientist.

121. Yär'mouth. Seaport in south part of England.

135–137. Ab ỹs sĭn'ĭ an. From Abyssinia, a country in Africa, south of Egypt.

Ăm hä'rȧ. Fictitious kingdom in Abyssinia.

Răs'se lăs'. Hero of Dr. Johnson's story of same name.

138–142. Är gỹle', Archibald Campbell, Earl of. Scottish chief, beheaded 1685.

Brĕad ăl'bȧne. District of Scotland.

Căm ĕr ō'nĭ an. Belonging to the Camerons, a Scottish clan.

Dŭn dee'. Seaport in northern part of Scotland.

Fōrth. River and broad inlet in Scotland.

Gär'rỹ. River in Scotland.

John Græme (grām) of Clăv'er *hoŭse*, also called Vīs'count Dŭn dee'. British soldier, 1644–1689.

Kĭl'lĭe crănk ĭe. Famous mountain pass in Scotland.

Lĕs'lĭe, Lĕv'en. English officers.

Lō chiell (-keel'). Sir Evan Cameron, a famous Scottish leader.

Măc dŏn'ald. Highland clan.

Mā'gŭs Mūir. Moor near St. Andrews, Scotland, where Archbishop Sharp was murdered in 1679.

Schē hăl'lĭ on. Mountain in Scotland.

Sir William Wäl'lăçe. Scottish patriot, 1270–1305.

slō'gan. War cry of a Highland clan.

153–162. Ăn′thō nў, Bäld′wўn. Counts of Burgundy.
är′bà lĕst er. A crossbowman.
bär′bĭ căn. Tower defending the entrance to a castle.
Bûr′gŭn dў. Ancient duchy, east and northeast of France.
căt′à pŭlt. Machine used for throwing heavy stones.
căt à pŭlt *ĭ*ērş. Workers of catapults.
crĕn′e lĕts. Loopholes or embrasures in castle wall.
făs çïnes′. Bundles of sticks used for filling ditches.
Flăn′derş. Former name of southeastern part of province of Zealand in Netherlands.
măn′gō nĕlş. Engines for throwing stones or javelins.
măn′tel et. Large shield of rope, wood, or metal.
păl ĭ sādeş′. Long stakes to be used in making fortifications.
pĕnt′house. Shed or leaning roof sloping from the main wall.
quär′relş. Square-headed arrows for crossbows.
săp′perş. Builders of fortifications.

163–164. Ĕsk, Sŏl′wā*y*. Rivers in Scotland.
Fôr′steրş, Fĕn′wĭckş, Mŭs′grāveş. Friends of the Netherbys.
Lŏc*h* ĭn vär′. Hero of Scott's poem of same title.
Nĕth′er bў. A Scottish clan.

165–172. À mў′as Lē*igh*. Hero of "Westward Ho."
Dĕv′on shĭr*e*. County in central part of England.
Hŭm′bōl*dt*. German naturalist, 1769–1859.
Mä nō′ä. Imaginary Indian city in South America.
Me′tà. River in Colombia, S.A., flowing into Orinoco.
Ō rī nō′cō. Great river in northern part of South America.
Rą′le*ĭgh*, Drāke, Hą*w*′kĭnş. English leaders and sea captains.
Spanish Är mä′dà. Great fleet fitted out for the invasion of England in 1588.

175–181. bâirnş. Little children.
"Brides of Măv′ĭs Ĕn′dĕr bў." Title of popular melody.
cush′ä. A call word for cattle.
ē*y*′gre. Flood tide moving with great swiftness up a river.
Lĭn′dĭs. Small stream in Lincolnshire, England.

Mā'ble thôrpe. Small seaport, east coast of England.
měl'ĭck. A kind of grass eaten by cattle.
scôrpe. A sea wall, or steep shore.
wĕl'kĭn. The vault of the sky.

182–191. Thomas Bĕck'et. English archbishop, 1117–1170.
Căn'tẽr bury (-bĕr rĭ). Cathedral city southeast of London.
Rĕġ'ĭ nald Fĭtz ûrse', Robert Fĭtz răn'ŭlph, Trā'çў, Hūgh of Hôr'sēa. English knights, slayers of Becket.

200–201. găl lī'næ. Order of birds including domestic fowls.
ġĕn'e ra. Plural of *genus.* General class.
glēadş. Birds of prey, commonly called kites.

202. Cŏts'wōld Hills. Tract of 200,000 acres in central part of England.
Sev'ern, Thames (tĕmz). Rivers of England.

206. bąl'drĭc. A broad belt, richly ornamented.

208–215. Ăl'á rĭc. King of the Visigoths.
Cŏl ĭ sē'ŭm. Roman amphitheater.
glăd ĭ ā'tor. One who engages in fierce combat in public.
Je rų'sa lem. Capital and sacred city of the Jewish nation.
Ôr'pheŭs. A wonderful musician famous in Greek mythology.
Stĭl'ĭ cho. Roman general under Honorius.
Vĕs pā'şĭ an, Tī'tus, Hŏ nō'rĭ ŭs. Roman emperors.

216–224. A vĭl'ĭon. A fabled paradise in the western seas.
Căm'ĕ lŏt. The town in which King Arthur held his court, located by some near Winchester, by others in Wales.
Ĕx căl'ĭ bŭr. King Arthur's sword.
Kĭng Är'thûr. British king and hero, 5th century.
Lў on ĕsse'. A mythical region said to have once extended from Cornwall to the Scilly Islands.
Mĕr'lĭn. A wizard famous in the Middle Ages.
Sĭr Bĕd'ĭ vēre. King Arthur's most faithful knight.

SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

SEVENTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN

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SCH. READ. SEVENTH YEAR.

W. P. 27

PREFACE.

This volume, like its predecessors, is designed to assist in the accomplishment of several purposes, the chief of which is to improve the learner's ability to give correct oral expression to the printed or written word, or, more briefly stated, to become an intelligent reader. In his seventh year at school the pupil is supposed to be able to read, with ease and some degree of fluency, anything in the English language that may come to his hand; but, that he may read always with the understanding and in a manner pleasing to his hearers and satisfactory to himself, he must still have daily systematic practice in the rendering of selections not too difficult for comprehension and yet embracing various styles of literary workmanship and illustrating all the different forms of English composition. The contents of this volume have been chosen and arranged to supply — or, where not supplying, to suggest — the materials for this kind of practice. Care has been taken to place before the young reader such selections as will be interesting to him and will inspire him with a desire to read still more upon the same subjects or from the same authors; for it is only by loving books and learning to know them that any one can become a really good reader. Many of the selections are introduced or followed by historical or bibliographical notes designed to assist the learner's understanding, to broaden his knowledge of good books, or to suggest suitable supplementary reading on various topics of interest. The notes on "Authors and Books" near the end of the volume carry out this idea still more fully.

In the supplementary notes beginning on page 225, several brief suggestions are presented with reference to the critical study of the selections in this volume. A few pages also are devoted to definitions and a discussion of the principles of good reading, reference being had to various illustrative passages in the body of the book. The teacher is advised to read these pages at the very start, and to require the class to make constant practical reference to them while preparing for each recitation.

The numerous portraits of authors is an interesting feature, valuable in connection with the biographical notes, because of the closer acquaintance which the learner gains through them with the makers of our literature. The full-page illustrations are reproductions of famous paintings by eminent modern artists; aside from their purpose as illustrations, they have a distinct educative and æsthetic value which will be readily appreciated.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
On Reading	*Sir John Lubbock*	7
Fortune's Favorite	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	11
Queen Elizabeth and Walter Raleigh	*Sir Walter Scott*	13
Autumn — A Dirge	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	21
To a Waterfowl	*William Cullen Bryant*	22
The King of Glory	*From the Psalms of David*	23
Life in Old New York	*Washington Irving*	24
A Walk on a Winter Day	*Mary Russell Mitford*	28
Socrates		31
The Death of Socrates	*From Plato's Phædo*	35
The Banishment of the Acadians	*George Bancroft*	41
Evangeline in Acadia	*Henry W. Longfellow*	47
The Boyhood of Gavin Dishart	*J. M. Barrie*	56
Character of a Happy Life	*Henry Wotton*	62
Gradatim	*Josiah Gilbert Holland*	63
Speech of Patrick Henry		64
Extracts from Farewell Address	*George Washington*	69
The Haunted Palace	*Edgar Allan Poe*	72
The Great Fight at Aldreth	*Charles Kingsley*	74
Charles and Mary Lamb	*Robert Collyer*	82
Childhood	*Charles Lamb*	90
A Dissertation upon Roast Pig	*Charles Lamb*	91
The Spy's Escape	*James Fenimore Cooper*	96
The Pyramids	*Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*	102
Old Ironsides	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	107
Oliver Goldsmith	*Washington Irving*	108
From the Vicar of Wakefield	*Oliver Goldsmith*	110
The Deserted Village	*Oliver Goldsmith*	114
The Gray Champion	*Nathaniel Hawthorne*	121
Supposed Speech of John Adams	*Daniel Webster*	128
To the Ocean	*Lord Byron*	131
A Village Wedding in Sweden	*Henry W. Longfellow*	133

		PAGE
The Execution of Montrose	*William Edmonstoune Aytoun*	136
The Relief of Leyden	*John Lothrop Motley*	141
On the Restoration of the Union	*Alexander H. Stephens*	148
The Bells of Shandon	*Francis Mahony*	148
Cloudland — A Sonnet	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	150
Samuel Johnson	*Thomas Babington Macaulay*	151
The Journey of a Day	*Dr. Samuel Johnson*	160
Nausicaa's Washing Day	*From Homer's Odyssey*	165
Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard	*Thomas Gray*	170
How the Declaration was Signed	*Robert C. Winthrop*	175
The Declaration of Independence		178
Two Laborers	*Thomas Carlyle*	185
Over the Hill	*George Macdonald*	187
The Roman's Bedtime	*Thomas De Quincey*	188
Duties of American Citizens	*Daniel Webster*	191
The Red Cross Knight and the Saracen	*Sir Walter Scott*	194
Early Highways of Travel in the United States	*John Bach McMaster*	203
Alexander's Feast	*John Dryden*	212
Ode on St. Cecilia's Day	*Alexander Pope*	219

SUGGESTIONS	225
AUTHORS AND BOOKS	230
PROPER NAMES	237
EXPLANATORY NOTES	244

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS.

	ARTIST	PAGE
Fortune's Favorite	*L. Alma Tadema*	12
Socrates teaching Young Alcibiades	*H. F. Schopin*	34
Evangeline	*Edwin Douglass*	46
Napoleon before the Sphinx	*J. L. Gérôme*	105
Greek Girls playing Ball	*Sir Frederick Leighton*	169
The Gleaners	*Jean François Millet*	184
A Sheik of the Desert	*Adolph Schreyer*	202
St. Cecilia	*Ad. La Lyre*	218

PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
Sir Walter Scott	Title-page
Sir John Lubbock	7
Percy Bysshe Shelley	21
Washington Irving	24
Mary Russell Mitford	28
Professor Benjamin Jowett	40
Henry W. Longfellow	47
Josiah Gilbert Holland	63
Patrick Henry	65
George Washington	69
Edgar Allan Poe	72
Charles Lamb	82
Robert Collyer	89
James Fenimore Cooper	96
Oliver Wendell Holmes	107
Oliver Goldsmith	109
Nathaniel Hawthorne	121
John Adams	128
Lord Byron	131
John Lothrop Motley	141
Alexander H. Stephens	146
Thomas Gray	170
Daniel Webster	191
Sir Walter Scott	194
John Dryden	212
Alexander Pope	219

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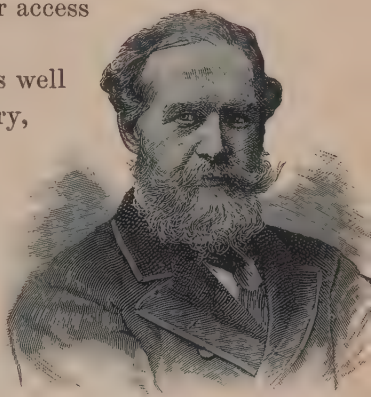
SCHOOL READING.

SEVENTH YEAR.

ON READING.

Of all the privileges we enjoy in this nineteenth century there is none, perhaps, for which we ought to be more thankful than for the easier access to books.



Sir John Lubbock.

The debt we owe to books was well expressed by Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, author of "Philobiblon," written as long ago as 1344, and the earliest English treatise on the delights of literature: "These," he says, "are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they can not laugh at you. The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches, and

nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it. Whosoever, therefore, acknowledges himself to be a zealous follower of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books." But if the debt were great then, how much more now.

"He that loveth a book," says Isaac Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter. By study, by reading, by thinking, one may innocently divert and pleasantly entertain himself, as in all weathers, so in all fortunes."

Macaulay had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, he derived his greatest happiness from books. Sir G. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says that, — "of all the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes — comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. Great as were the honors and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards which he gained by his own works were as nothing in the balance compared with the pleasure he derived from the works of others."

There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner "to the company of Sterne or Fielding, Horace Walpole or Boswell." The love of reading which Gibbon declared he would not exchange for all the treasures of India was, in fact, with Macaulay, "a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to record."

In old days books were rare and dear. Now, on the contrary, it may be said with greater truth than ever that

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not, like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure — not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste time over trash.

I am sometimes disposed to think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. Does not this seem natural? The former work mainly with their heads; when their daily duties are over, the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure-time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The

laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their work time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and can therefore give any leisure they may have to reading and study.

"If," says Sir John Herschel, "I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles — but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man."

Comfort and consolation, refreshment and happiness, may indeed be found in his library by any one "who shall bring the golden key that unlocks its silent door." A library is a true fairyland, a very palace of delight, a haven of repose from the storms and troubles of the world. Rich and poor can enjoy it equally, for here, at least, wealth gives no advantage. We may make a library, if we do but rightly use it, a true paradise on earth, a garden of Eden without its one drawback; for all is open to us, including, and especially, the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, for which we are told that our first mother sacrificed all the Pleasures of Paradise.

— *From "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock.*

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

There's a lady, — an earl's daughter; she is proud and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

She has halls among the woodlands, she has castles by the breakers,
She has farms and she has manors, she can threaten and command;
And the palpitating engines snort in steam across her acres,
As they mark upon the blasted heaven the measure of her land.

Many vassals bow before her as her carriage sweeps their doorways;
She has blessed their little children, — as a priest or queen were she.
Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,
For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile on me.
Oh, she walked so high above me, she appeared to my abasement,
In her lovely silken murmur, like an angel clad in wings.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

From the Painting by L. Alma Tadema. Copyright, 1895, by Photographische Gesellschaft. Engraved by Peter Aitken.

Fortune's Favorite.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH.

Walter Raleigh and his friends, Blount and Tracy, were floating on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun shone forth with all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount — "the sun in heaven and the Thames on earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster, if it were ebb tide."

Sir Walter Raleigh.

"And this is all thou thinkest — all thou carest — all thou deem'st to be the use of the king of elements, and the king of rivers — to guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble; and by my honor," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if Her Majesty were about to take to the water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned by the queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance upon the royal person.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and handsomest men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her grace in motion at this time. We had best put back again, and tell the earl what we have seen."

"Tell the earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the queen says in reply."

So saying he caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the porters told them that they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex, but it proved no charm to the officer who alleged, in reply,

that it was as much as his post was worth to disobey the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take the boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth composedly.

At this moment the gates opened, and the ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest walk of life have been truly judged to possess a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding countenance. She leaned on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's friendship.

The young cavalier Raleigh had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity.

His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder, — a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which

suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye. She fixed her keen glance upon him as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the queen's passage.

As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her passing over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount, "your gay mantle will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively,

"to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, — "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's Master of Horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation, "Who in the world would have thought this?" And shaking his head with a mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water side by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood tide of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his companions.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young

adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"That was well said, my lord," said the queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that in our capital, such and so various are

the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means for self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy," said the queen, "neither gold nor garment! What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

Queen Elizabeth.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances — I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family in Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, — "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your grace's ears."

"They hear further than you think for," said the queen graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your majesty's service."

The queen paused, and then said hastily: "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters — the poor man hath caught cold on the river — for our order reached him when he had just returned from certain visits to London, and he held it a matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

— *From "Kenilworth," by Sir Walter Scott.*

AUTUMN.

A DIRGE.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak
wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale
flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her deathbed, in a
shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulcher.

The chill rain is falling, the nipped worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the Year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and gray;
Let your light sisters play —
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold Year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

— *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

— *William Cullen Bryant.*

THE KING OF GLORY.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?
And who shall stand in his holy place ?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O God of Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory ?
The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of glory shall come in.

— *From the Psalms of David.*

LIFE IN OLD NEW YORK.

In those good old days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife.

Washington Irving.

The front door was never opened, except for marriages, funerals, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, which was curiously wrought, — sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes in that of a lion's head, — and daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was often worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.

The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, — insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers, "like unto ducks."

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. No one was permitted to enter this sacred apartment, except the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once

a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning. On these occasions they always took the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet.

After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, — which was curiously stroked with a broom into angles and curves and rhomboids, — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new branch of evergreens in the fireplace, the windows were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room was kept carefully locked, until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float before our imaginations like golden visions.

The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, — nay, even the very cat and dog, — enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing, for hours together ; the good wife, on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings.

The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a

negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth, for a long winter afternoon, a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, and bloody encounters among Indians.

In these happy days, fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse;* that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company usually assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might reach home before dark.

The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company seated round the genial board, evinced their dexterity in launching their forks at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish, — in much the same manner that sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes.

Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears ; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat and called doughnuts or olykoeks, a delicious kind of cake, at present little known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fancies. The beaux distinguished them-

selves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend, by a string from the ceiling, a large lump directly over the tea table, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth.

At these primitive tea parties, the utmost propriety and dignity prevailed, — no flirting nor coquetting; no romping of young ladies; no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all.

On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah*, *Mynheer*, or *yah*, *yah*, *Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed. Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully leaping from the whale's mouth, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

From "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," by Washington Irving.

A WALK ON A WINTER DAY.

At noon to-day, I and my white greyhound, Mayflower, set out for a walk into a very beautiful world — a sort of silent fairyland — a creation of that matchless magician, hoar frost. There had been just snow enough to cover the earth and all its colors with one sheet of pure and uniform white, and just time enough since the snow had fallen to allow the hedges to be freed of their fleecy load, and clothed with a delicate coating of rime. The atmosphere was deliciously calm, and, in spite of the thermometer, was soft, and even mild. No air was perceptible. The stillness could almost be felt. The sky, rather gray than blue, threw out in bold relief the snow-covered roofs of our village, and the rimy trees that rise above them; and the sun, shining dimly as through a veil, gave a fair, pale light, like the moon, as we stood at our little gate looking up the quiet street.

Mary Russell Mitford.

There was a Sabbath-like pause of work and play, rare on a working day; nothing was audible but the pleasant hum of frost, that low, monotonous sound which is perhaps the nearest approach that life and nature can make to absolute silence. The very wagons, as they come down the hill along the beaten track of crisp, yellowish frost dust, glide along like shadows; even May's bound-

ing footsteps, at her height of glee and speed, fall like snow upon snow.

And now comes the delightful sound of childish voices, ringing with glee and merriment almost from beneath our feet. They are shouting from that deep, irregular pond, all glass now, where, on two long slides, half a dozen urchins are slipping along in tottering triumph.

The road is gay now ; carts and post chaises, and girls in red cloaks, and afar off, looking almost like a toy, the coach. It meets us fast and soon. How much happier the walkers look than the riders !

Now we have reached the trees — the beautiful trees ! never so beautiful as to-day. Imagine the effect of a straight and regular double avenue of oaks, nearly a mile long, arching overhead, and closing into perspective like the roof and columns of a cathedral, every tree and branch encrusted with the bright and delicate tissues of frost, white and pure as snow, delicate as carved ivory.

The poor birds, how tame they are — how sadly tame ! There is the beautiful and rare crested wren, perched in the middle of the hedge, nestling as it were amongst the cold, bare boughs, seeking — poor, pretty thing — for the warmth it will not find. And there farther on, just under the bank, by the slender rivulet, which still trickles between its transparent margins of thin ice, as if it were a thing of life — there, with a swift, scudding motion, flits, in short low flights, the gorgeous kingfisher, his plumage of scarlet and blue flashing in the sun, like the glories of some tropical bird. He is come for water to this little spring by the hillside — water which even his long bill

and slender head can hardly reach, so nearly do the icy margins meet over the tiny stream beneath.

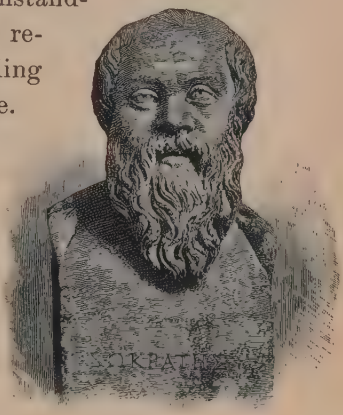
We used, before we lived in a street, to fix a little board outside the parlor window, and cover it with bread crumbs in the hard weather. It was quite delightful to see the pretty things come and feed, to conquer their shyness, and do away with their mistrust. First came the more social tribes, the robin redbreast and the wren, picking up a crumb on the wing, with the little keen bright eye fixed on the window; then they would stop for two pecks, then stay till they were satisfied. The shy birds came next; and at last came one saucy fellow of a blackbird — a sad glutton — who would clear the board in two minutes and tap his yellow bill against the window for more. How we loved the fearless confidence of that fine, frank-hearted creature! And surely he loved us.

"May, May, naughty May!" She has frightened away the kingfisher; and now she is covering me with snow. "Come, pretty May, it is time to go home!"

This selection is from "Our Village," a series of rural sketches written by Mary Russell Mitford and first published in 1819. In reading such a piece it is good exercise to take note of all the passages which recall mental pictures of sights and scenes already familiar to us, and to note the skillful, delicate manner in which these scenes are described. Several of our later American writers have excelled in descriptions of this sort. For collateral reading, many charming selections may be made from the works of John Burroughs and of Henry D. Thoreau.

SOCRATES.

Socrates was born B.C. 470. His father was by trade a maker of statues, poor and of little reputation in his art. We know almost nothing about the youth of Socrates; but we must suppose that, notwithstanding the poverty of his father, he received a good education according to the notions of his age and people.



Socrates.

When about thirty years old, he made up his mind to devote his life to the pursuit of knowledge and to the service of his fellow-men. He was so poor that he had nothing with which to buy the conveniences of life; and so he often went upon the street dressed in mean attire and sometimes without shoes upon his feet. His friends would have helped him, but he would take no gifts from them; he did not wish to feel under obligations to any one.

He believed himself to be the messenger of the Deity to the people of Athens. Hence, every day from dawn till sunset, he was busy seeking out persons to whom he might do good. He went through the most crowded streets; he entered the workshops of mechanics and artists; and with all who would listen, he talked on subjects of every kind — on their religious and moral duties, on their social and political relations, and on their daily occupations.

In the market place and at home, among the people and in the society of those who loved truth and virtue, he was always the same. He was particularly interested in leading young men to the formation of good habits and to a love of knowledge. He was always attended by a circle of learners, who caught from him the spirit of inquiry and who were animated with his zeal for the service of religion, truth, and virtue. To make his instructions attractive, they were delivered, not in long lectures, but in free conversation, made interesting by question and answer.

Socrates was fully convinced of the existence of an overruling, almighty, wise and good, but invisible Being. To the good providence of this Being he traced all human blessings; and he held it to be the sacred duty of mankind to worship him with all their powers, and to strive to do his will in all things. Man, he said, could not purchase the favor of God, but must merit it; and this could be done only by leading a blameless life which is the truest and best service of the Deity. Prayer he regarded as a necessary part of a good life; and he therefore taught his disciples to pray in this manner: "Our Father, give us all good, whether we ask it or not; and turn us from all evil, even when we neglect to pray thee so to do. Bless all our good actions, and reward them with success and happiness."

During the latter part of the life of Socrates, the government of Athens was unsettled and corrupt; and some of the popular leaders were offended at the fearless freedom with which he spoke of their unjust measures. His blameless life was a constant rebuke to their wickedness, and

they feared his influence with the people. They therefore charged him with teaching the existence of new gods and with corrupting the young men of the city. Socrates, conscious of the falsehood of these charges, disdained to make a formal defense of himself. He felt that his long life, spent under the eye of his judges and the people, was the strongest proof of his innocence. In a few words, and with noble dignity, he showed the false purposes of his accusers and the blamelessness of his own deeds and intentions. But this gave only offense to his judges, and they at once declared him to be guilty.

When he was asked what manner of punishment he would choose, he answered that, instead of being punished, he ought to be rewarded as a public benefactor. This so enraged the judges that they at once condemned him to die by drinking poison. Socrates did not lose his self-command. He consoled his friends, and reminded them that death was the lot of all living things.

His punishment was delayed thirty days to await the return of the sacred galley from Delos; for, according to the laws of Athens, no one could be put to death during the absence of that vessel. Every morning his friends came to visit him in prison, and he conversed with them in the same manner as he had done when at liberty. They urged him to save his life by escaping from his jailers, which he might have done with no great difficulty. But he thanked them for this proof of their affection, and declared that flight at this time would be inconsistent with the principles which he had always taught and with the life which he had hitherto led.

From the Painting by H. F. Schopin.

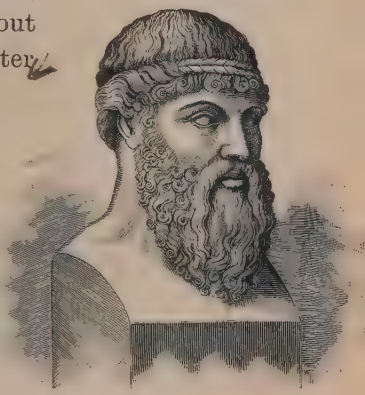
Socrates Teaching Young Alcibiades.

Engraved by S. G. Putnam.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

The story of the last hours of Socrates has been told, as follows, by Plato, the greatest of his disciples.

When Socrates had done speaking, Crito said: "And have you any commands for us, Socrates — anything to say about your children, or any other matter in which we can serve you?"



Plato.

"Nothing particular," he said; "only I have always told you, I would have you look to yourselves; that is a service which you may always be doing to me and mine as well as to yourselves. And you need not make professions; for if you take no thought for yourselves, and walk not according to the precepts which I have given you, not now for the first time, the warmth of your professions will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But in what way would you have us bury you?"

"In any way that you like; only you must get hold of me, and take care that I do not walk away from you."

Then he turned to us, and added with a smile: "I can not make Crito believe that I am the same Socrates who has been talking and conducting the argument; he

fancies that I am the other Socrates whom he will soon see, a dead body — and he asks how shall he bury me? And though I have spoken many words in the endeavor to show that when I have drunk the poison I shall leave you to go to the joys of the blessed, — these words of mine, with which I comforted you and myself, have had, as I perceive, no effect upon Crito. And therefore I want you to be surety for me now, as he was surety for me at the trial: but let the promise be of another sort; for he was my surety to the judges that I would remain, and you must be my surety to him that I shall not remain, but go away and depart; and then he will suffer less at my death, and not be grieved when he sees my body being burned or buried. I would not have him sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the burial 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or, 'Thus we follow him to the grave or bury him;' for false words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil. Be of good cheer then, my dear Crito, and say that you are burning my body only, and do with that as is usual, and as you think best."

When he had spoken these words, he arose and told us to wait while he went into the bath chamber with Crito; and we waited, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath, his children were brought to him (he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to

them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito; and he then dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down again with us after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison; indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be. You know my errand."

Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us he said: "How charming the man is! Since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared: if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hilltops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, and enjoyed the society of his beloved; do not hasten then; there is still time!"

Socrates said: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you

speak are right in doing this, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone, and could only despise myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito made a sign to the servant who was standing by, and he went out, and having been absent for some time returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said: "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed."

The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act."

At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of color or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?"

The man answered: "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough."

"I understand," he said; "but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world — even so — and so be it according to my prayer." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully he drank off the poison.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our

sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast, so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a friend. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all.

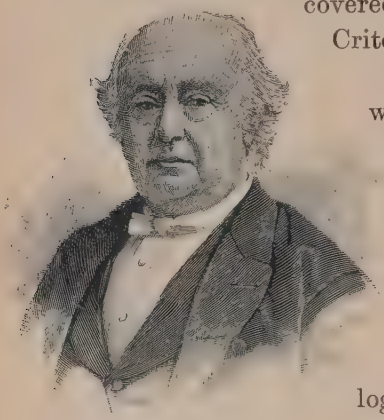
Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience."

When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs; and after awhile he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No;" and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold, when he uncovered his face — for he had covered himself up — and said (they were his last words) — he said: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?"

"The debt shall be paid," said Crito; "is there anything else?"

There was no answer to this question; but in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendant uncovered him; his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, and justest, and best of all the men whom I have ever known.



Professor Benjamin Jowett.

The history of the life and teachings of Socrates is quite fully narrated in the dialogues of Plato. These dialogues, taken collectively, are among the most important contributions to the literature of the world, and portray the highest intellectual life of Greece in the time of Plato. The three which possess the greatest interest to us are the "Apology," which shows us Socrates face to face with his accusers; the "Crito," which gives an impressive picture of him as a loyal and law-abiding citizen of Athens; and the "Phædo," which narrates the circumstances of his imprisonment and death, and records his last and most impressive teachings. The best English translation of these dialogues is that made by Professor Jowett, the famous "Master of Balliol" at Oxford, England. It is from his translation of the "Phædo" that

the above extract has been taken. If further selections are desirable, they may be found in "The Wisdom of Plato," a small volume compiled by C. A. H. Bulkey; also in "The Trial and Death of Socrates," by F. J. Church, and "A Day in Athens with Socrates."

THE BANISHMENT OF THE ACADIANS.

The Chief Justice, on whose opinion hung the fate of so many hundreds of innocent families, insisted that the French inhabitants of Acadia were to be looked upon as confirmed "rebels"; who had now collectively and without exception become "recusants." Besides: they still counted in the villages "eight thousand" souls, and the English not more than "three thousand"; they stood in the way of "the progress of the settlement"; "by their non-compliance with the conditions of the treaty of Utrecht, they had forfeited their possessions to the crown"; after the departure of the fleet and troops, "the province would not be in a condition to drive them out." . . . So he advised against "receiving any of the French inhabitants to take the oath," and for the removal of all of them from the province.

That the cruelty might have no palliation, letters arrived, leaving no doubt, that the shores of the Bay of Fundy were entirely in the possession of the British; and yet a council, at which Vice Admiral Boscawen and the Rear Admiral Mostyn were present by invitation, it was

unanimously determined to send the French inhabitants out of the province; and after mature consideration it was further unanimously agreed that, to prevent their attempting to return and molest the settlers that may be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to distribute them amongst the several colonies on the continent.

To hunt them into the net was impracticable; artifice was therefore resorted to. By a general proclamation, on one and the same day, the scarcely conscious victims, "both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age," were peremptorily ordered to assemble at their respective posts. On the appointed fifth of September, 1755, they obeyed. At Grand Pré, for example, four hundred and eighteen unarmed men came together. They were marched into the church, and its avenues were closed, when Winslow, the American commander, placed himself in their center, and spoke: —

"You are convened together to manifest to you His Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province. Your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, and you yourselves are to be removed from this his province. I am, through His Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in." And he then declared them the king's prisoners. Their wives and families shared their lot; their sons, five hundred and twenty-seven in number, their daughters, five hundred and seventy-six;

in the whole, women and babes and old men and children all included, nineteen hundred and twenty-three souls. The blow was sudden; they had left home but for the morning, and they never were to return. Their cattle were to stay unfed in the stalls, their fires to die out on their hearths. They had for the first day even no food for themselves or their children, and were compelled to beg for bread.

The tenth of September was the day for the embarkation of a part of the exiles. They were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to march first on board the vessel. They could leave their farms and cottages, the shady rocks on which they had reclined, their herds and their garners; but nature yearned within them, and they would not be separated from their parents. Yet of what avail was the frenzied despair of the unarmed youth? They had not one weapon; the bayonet drove them to obey; and they marched slowly and heavily from the chapel to the shore, between women and children, who, kneeling, prayed for blessings on their heads, they themselves weeping and praying, and singing hymns. The seniors went next; the wives and children must wait till other transport vessels arrive.

The delay had its horrors. The wretched people left behind were kept together near the sea, without proper food, or raiment, or shelter, till other ships came to take them away; and December, with its appalling cold, had struck the shivering, half-clad, broken-hearted sufferers, before the last of them were removed. "The embar-

kation of the inhabitants goes on but slowly," wrote Monckton, from Fort Cumberland, near which he had burned three hamlets; "the most part of the wives of the men we have prisoners are gone off with their children, in hopes I would not send off their husbands without them." Their hope was vain. Near Annapolis, a hundred heads of families fled to the woods, and a party was detached on the hunt to bring them in. "Our soldiers hate them," wrote an officer on this occasion, "and if they can but find a pretext to kill them, they will." Did a prisoner seek to escape? He was shot down by the sentinel.

Yet some fled to Quebec; more than three thousand had withdrawn to Miramichi, and the region south of the Ristigouche; some found rest on the banks of the St. John's and its branches; some found a lair in their native forests; some were charitably sheltered from the English in the wigwams of the savages. But seven thousand of these banished people were driven on board ships, and scattered among the English colonies, from New Hampshire to Georgia; — one thousand and twenty to South Carolina alone.

They were cast ashore without resources; hating the poorhouse as a shelter for their offspring, and abhorring the thought of selling themselves as laborers. Households, too, were separated: the colonial newspapers contained advertisements of members of families seeking their companions, of sons anxious to reach and relieve their parents, of mothers mourning for their children.

The wanderers sighed for their native country; but, to prevent their return, their villages, from Annapolis to the

isthmus, were laid waste. Their old homes were but ruins. In the district of Minas, for instance, two hundred and fifty of their houses, and more than as many barns, were consumed. The live stock which belonged to them, consisting of great numbers of horned cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, were seized as spoils and disposed of by the English officials. A beautiful and fertile tract of country was reduced to a solitude. There was none left round the ashes of the cottages of the Acadians but the faithful watchdog, vainly seeking the hands that fed him. Thickets of forest trees choked their orchards; the ocean broke over their neglected dikes, and desolated their meadows.

No doubt existed of the king's approbation. The Lords of Trade, more merciless than the savages, and than the wilderness in winter, wished very much that every one of the Acadians should be driven out; and when it seemed that the work was done, congratulated the king that "the zealous endeavors of Lawrence had been crowned with an entire success."

I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter and so perennial, as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia. "We have been true," they said of themselves, "to our religion, and true to ourselves; yet nature appears to consider us only as the objects of public vengeance." The hand of the English official seemed under a spell with regard to them; and was never uplifted but to curse them.

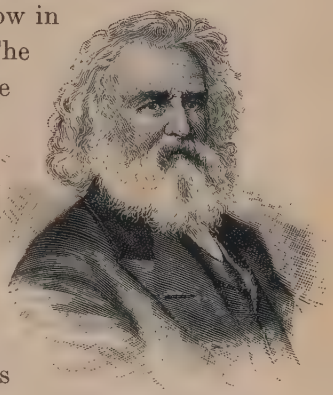
— *From "History of the United States," by George Bancroft.*

From the Painting by Edwin Douglass. Engraved by Henry W. Peckwell.

Evangeline.

EVANGELINE IN ACADIA.

The story of the exiles of Acadia has been told many times and in many ways, but never more beautifully or more pathetically than by Longfellow in his noble poem "Evangeline." The quaint descriptions of the home-life of the Acadians, the graphic pictures of natural scenery, the faithful delineations of character and passion which distinguish this poem lend to it an interest and a charm which few other productions of its class possess. Read with care, and observe the beauties which characterize the following extract from the first canto: —



Henry W. Longfellow.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the meadows,
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.

Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplets of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.

Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a pent-house,

Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north were barns and the farmyard,

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-case,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warmed by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

THE BOYHOOD OF GAVIN DISHART.

On the east coast of Scotland, hidden as if in a quarry at the foot of cliffs that may one day fall forward, is a village called Harvie. So has it shrunk since the day when I skulked from it that I hear of a traveler's asking lately at one of its doors, how far he was from a village. Yet Harvie throve once, and was celebrated even in distant Thrums for its fish. Most of our weavers would have thought it as unnatural not to buy harvies in the square on Muckle Friday, as to let Saturday night pass without laying in a sufficient stock of half-pennies to go round the family twice.

Gavin was born in Harvie, but left it at such an early age that he could only recall thatched houses with nets drying on the roofs, and a sandy shore in which coarse grass grew. In the picture he could not pick out the house of his birth, though he might have been able to go to it had he ever returned to the village. Soon he learned that his mother did not care to speak of Harvie, and perhaps he thought that she had forgotten it too, all save one scene to which his memory still guided him. When his mind wandered to Harvie, Gavin saw the door of his home open and a fisherman enter, who scratched his head, and then said, "Your man's drowned, missis." Gavin seemed to see many women crying, and his mother staring at them with a face suddenly painted white, and next to hear a voice that was his own saying, "Never mind, mother; I'll be a man to you now."

Adam was drowned on Gavin's fourth birthday. He

was blown off his smack in a storm, and could not reach the rope his partner flung him. "It's no go, lad," he shouted; "so long, Jim," and sank.

A month afterwards Margaret sold her share in the smack, which was all Adam left her, and the furniture of the house was rouped. She took Gavin to Glasgow, where her only brother needed a housekeeper, and there mother and son remained until Gavin got his call to Thrums.

According to Margaret, Gavin's genius showed itself while he was still a child. He was born with a brow whose nobility impressed her from the first. It was a minister's brow, and though Margaret was herself no scholar — being as slow to read as she was quick at turning bannocks on the griddle — she decided, when his age was still counted by months, that the ministry had need of him. In those days the first question asked of a child was not "Tell me your name," but "What are you to be?" and one child in every family replied, "A minister." He was set apart for the Church as doggedly as the shilling a week for the rent, and the rule held good though the family consisted of only one boy. From his earliest days Gavin thought he had been fashioned for the ministry as certainly as a spade for digging, and Margaret rejoiced and marveled thereat.

At six Gavin hit another boy hard for belonging to the Established Church, from which the stern Auld Lichts were the original seceders. At seven he could not lose himself in the Shorter Catechism. His mother expounded the Scriptures to him till he was eight, when

he began to expound them to her. By this time he was studying the practical work of the pulpit as enthusiastically as ever medical student cut off a leg. From a front pew in the gallery Gavin watched the minister's every movement, noting that the first thing to do on ascending the pulpit is to cover your face with your hands, as if the exalted position affected you like a strong light, and the second to move the big Bible slightly, to show that the kirk officer, not having had a university education, cannot be expected to know the very spot on which it ought to lie. Gavin saw that the minister joined in the singing more like one countenancing a seemly thing than because he needed it himself, and that he only sang a mouthful now and then after the congregation was in full pursuit of the precentor. It was noteworthy that the first prayer lasted longer than all the others, and that to read the intimations about the Bible class and the collection elsewhere than immediately before the last Psalm would have been as sacrilegious as to insert the dedication to King James at the end of Revelation. Sitting under a minister justly honored in his day, the boy was often some words in advance of him, not vainglorious of his memory, but fervent, eager, and regarding the preacher as hardly less sacred than the Book. Gavin was encouraged by his frightened yet admiring mother to saw the air from their pew as the minister sawed it in the pulpit, and two benedictions were pronounced twice a Sabbath in that church, in the same words, the same manner, and simultaneously.

When Gavin was twelve he went to the university, and also got a place in a shop as errand boy. He used to run through the streets between his work and his classes. Potatoes and saltfish which could be got at twopence the pound if bought by the half hundredweight were his food. There was not always a good meal for two, yet when Gavin reached home at night there was generally something ready for him, and Margaret had supped "hours ago." Gavin's hunger urged him to fall to, but his love for his mother made him watchful.

"What did you have, yourself, mother?" he would demand suspiciously.

"Oh, I had a fine supper, I assure you."

"What had you?"

"I had potatoes for one thing."

"And dripping?"

"You may be sure."

"Mother, you're cheating me. The dripping hasn't been touched since yesterday."

"I don't — don't — care for dripping — not much."

Then would Gavin stride the room fiercely, a queer little figure.

"Do you think I'll stand this, mother? Will I let myself be pampered with dripping and every delicacy when you starve?"

"Gavin, I really do not care for dripping."

"Then, I'll give up my classes, and we can have butter."

"I assure you I'm not hungry. It's different *with* a growing laddie."

"I'm not a growing laddie," Gavin would say, bitterly; "but, mother, I warn you that not another bite passes my throat till I see you eating too."

So Margaret had to take her seat at the table, and when she said, "I can eat no more," Gavin retorted sternly, "Nor will I, for I understand you."

To Margaret it was happiness to sit through the long evenings sewing, and look over her work at Gavin as he read or wrote or recited to himself the learning of the schools. But she coughed every time the weather changed, and then Gavin would start.

"You must get to your bed, mother," he would say, tearing himself from his books; or he would sit beside her and talk of the dream that was common to both; a dream of a manse where Margaret was mistress and Gavin was called the minister. Every night Gavin was at his mother's bedside to wind her shawl round her feet, and while he did it Margaret smiled.

"Mother, this is the chaff pillow you've taken out of my bed; and you've given me your feather one."

"Gavin, you *needn't* change them. I will not have the feather pillow."

"Do you dare to think I'll let you sleep on chaff? Put up your head. Now, is that soft?"

"It's fine. I can not deny but what I sleep better on feathers."

So the years passed, and soon Gavin would be a minister. He had now sermons to prepare, and every one of them was first preached to Margaret. How solemn his voice, how his eyes flashed, how stern were his admonitions!

"Gavin, such a sermon I never heard. The spirit of God is on you. I'm ashamed you should have me for a mother."

"God grant, mother, that you may never be ashamed to have me for a son."

"The Lord has you by the hand, Gavin: and mind I do not say that because you're my laddie."

"Yes, you do, mother, and well I know it, and yet it does me good to hear you." . . .

Busy days followed the call to Thrums, and Gavin had difficulty in forcing himself to his sermons when there was always something more to tell his mother about the weaving town they were going to, or about the manse or the furniture that had been transferred to him by the retiring minister. The little room which had become so familiar that it seemed to be one of a family party of three had to be stripped, and many of its contents were sold.

"Gavin, Gavin," Margaret said many times in those last days at Glasgow, "to think it has all come true!"

"Let the last word you say in the house be a prayer of thankfulness," she whispered to him when they were taking a final glance at the old home.

In the bare room they called the house, the little minister and his mother went on their knees, but, as it chanced, their last word there was not addressed to God.

"Gavin," Margaret whispered as he took her arm, "do you think this bonnet is becoming to me?"

— From "The Little Minister," by J. M. Barrie, by permission of American Publishers' Corporation.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers fee
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

— *Henry Wotton.*

GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be greatly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a fairer view.

J. G. Holland.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed or the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings are for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the ladder falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

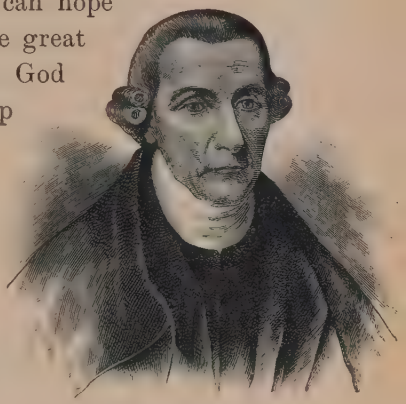
—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY

IN THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION, MARCH 25, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT, — No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as the abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my

own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.



Patrick Henry.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging

by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which

have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely

on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

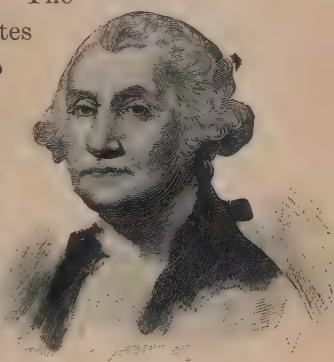
Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

EXTRACTS

FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 17, 1796.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so, for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth, as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watch-



George Washington.

ing for its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes. But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

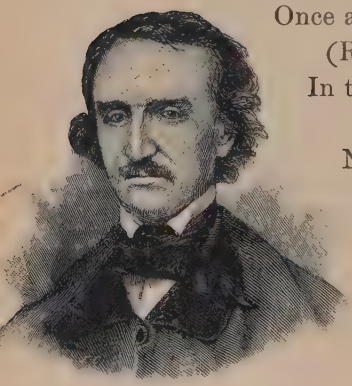
The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The

East, in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and, in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. . . .

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

THE HAUNTED PALACE.



Edgar Allan Poe.

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace
(Radiant palace) reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well tunèd law,

Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate);
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

THE GREAT FIGHT AT ALDRETH.

When William heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

With him was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries around; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there — what was there not? And they grumbled when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to feel cautiously the strength of the place — which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it their camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill, and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed naught but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees; and between him and them a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe, and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water, or "Ald-reche," of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road was sunk and gone long since, under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between

dry land and dry land was a full half mile; and how to cross that half mile no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none. Beyond Earith, where now run the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of meres, seas, reed ronds, and floating alder beds, through which only the fen men wandered, with leaping pole and log canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barraway, and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Ouse, lying deep and broad between Barraway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that labyrinth might be a destruction.

So he determined on the near and straight path through Long Stratton and Willingham, down the old bridle way from Willingham plowed field — every village there, and in the isle likewise, had and has still its "field," or ancient clearing of plowed land — and then to try that terrible half mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earthwork which men now call Belsar's Hills; and down the bridle way poured countless men, bearing timber and fagots cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half mile.

They made a narrow, firm path through the reeds, and

down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, and blown-up cattle hides to float them. Soon they made a floating sow,[1] and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up a turf rampart on the island shore, and overhanging "hoardings," or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and crossbow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the West water, and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But Hereward bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men, "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing

[1] For this and other unusual words, see the Notes.

nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and Hereward let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. "Play the man this day, every one of you, and ere nightfall you will have taught the Norman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is for me to remind him of it."

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself — as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway and along the bridge a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail, footmen in leather coats; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord; but more and more mingled and crowded as they hurried forward, each eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and the water, calling vainly for help, while their comrades hurried on, unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil. On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the isle at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida,[1] in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be before to-morrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men in places were ankle deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly, and filled the sow and swarmed up to its roof.

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge, which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backward, and slide down the slimy bank. The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing, to hurl grapnels into the rampart, to shoot off their quarrels and arrows.

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward, in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The Normans knew that well; and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two drawbridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling ladders.

They recoiled. Between the ends of the drawbridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' depth of black ooze. The catastrophe was come, and a shout of derision arose from the defenders above.

"Come on — leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on; for the pressure

[1] Torfrida was the wife of Hereward.

behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist deep, trampled on, and disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

"Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades' corpses." Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire. If they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down; and still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting, "God, help! On to the gold of Ely!" And still the sow, under the weight, slipped farther and farther back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward's strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the Normans were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped dead from the ladder top — man after man took his place — sometimes two at a time; sometimes scrambling over each other's backs.

The English cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French."

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees. A dozen men were upon him; but he was up again and shouting:

"To me, men at arms! A Dade! a Dade!" But no man answered.

"Yield!" quoth Hereward.

Sir Dade answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled the chief to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit," said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honor. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

"To none but Hereward."

"Hereward am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broken your sword into more splinters; my armor is enchanted; so yield like a reasonable and valiant man."

"What care I?" said the knight, stepping onto the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. "I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day, and in Ely I am; so I have done my work."

"And now you shall taste — as such a gallant knight deserves — the hospitality of Ely."

It was Torfrida who spoke.

"My husband's prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such valiant men, as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady's bower can afford."

Sir Dade was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which Hereward had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden and by the falling tide, had parted — not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure, but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, ingulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry, leaving a line, a full quarter of a mile in length, of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

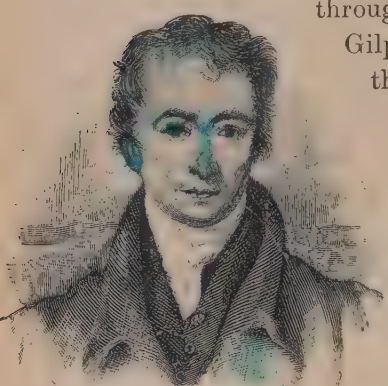
Thousands are said to have perished. Their armor and weapons were found at times, by delvers and dikers, for centuries after; are found at times unto this day, beneath the rich drained cornfields which now fill up that black half mile, or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the West water, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, groaning from deep grief of heart; and so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

— *From "Hereward, the Last of the English," by Charles Kingsley.*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

Charles Lamb died in 1834, as the year was closing, at Edmonton by London, a place known to you and me through the diverting history of John Gilpin. And, if we could have gone there in the fall of that year, the chances are we should have seen Mr. Lamb, as the neighbors called him, wandering along the lanes while the leaves were turning brown on the trees, and the mists were falling far and wide; for the splendid pillars of golden fire which our maples rear against the azure here are not seen in the mother land, and if you had the maples there you would not have the azure in which ours are framed.



Charles Lamb.

A short and slender person you would have seen in those lanes, with what Thomas Hood called a pair of immaterial legs; a head of wonderful beauty, if you could see it bare, well set on the bent shoulders, with black curly hair in plenty, threaded through with gray; eyes of soft brown, like that you see in some gentle animals, but not quite of the same color — odd eyes, you would call them; and a face of the finest Hebrew type rather than the Saxon. "But who shall describe his face," an old friend says, "or catch its quivering sweetness? Deep thought, shot through with humor, and

lines of suffering wreathed with mirth." He would be dressed in black, also, of an old fashion, though the time was when he favored a decent gray; and when a friend asked him once why he wore such queer old clothes, he answered, very simply, "Because they are all I have, my boy."

He would have a dog with him, also; a creature which answered, or rather did *not* answer, to the name of Dash, and would rush away wherever his wayward fancy led him, while he who should have been his master would stand still in deep dismay, calling to him, fearing he would get lost, and resolving to teach him better manners; only when the rogue did return in an hour or so, his victim would be so glad he could not bear even to scold him, and so he had to send him away at last in sheer despair. So the gentle old man would walk about the lanes in those days, with Dash to torment him; turn in, perhaps, to the Bell, where John Gilpin should have dined, for a glass of ale; and then go home to the lodgings where he lived with his sister.

This sister depended on her brother so that he said very tenderly to her one day when he came home, "You must die first, Mary"; and she answered, with a cheerful little laugh, "Yes, Charles, I must die first." But on a day not long after, as I make out, he fell, as he was walking alone, and was much bruised and shaken. He had said in a letter not long before, "God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and get abroad in the world to come." And long before, "A new state of things staggers me. Sun, sky, and breeze, solitary walks, the sum-

mer holidays, the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, society and its good cheer, candlelight and fireside conversations, and innocent vanities and jests, and irony itself — do we lose these with life? Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides? And you, my folios, must I part with you? Must knowledge come to me, if it comes at all, by some awkward turn of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading? Shall I enjoy friendship there, wanting the smiles and the faces I know, and the sweet assurance of a look?"

So he lived, this gentle and most sensitive spirit, all his life subject to bondage and the fear of death, as we have known others live of his noble and delicate mold. But after he got his hurt he did not know what had befallen him, and was only dreaming pleasant dreams of old friends and of some little festival he had in his mind; and so he passed away and did not see death, for God took him, while the sister who was to have gone first survived him almost twelve years.

He was born in London, as your fathers were blowing at the fires which flamed up at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

His father was a lawyer's clerk in the Temple, where the boy passed the first seven years of his life close to the great tides that set in, as he tells us, from the east and west, in the very heart of the great city he came to love so well that he told Wordsworth once his mountains and lakes might hang for all he cared, and, when at last he went to look at them, found he was composing his mind

and staying his heart, not all on their glory and beauty, but on a famous ham and beef shop he knew of in the Strand. He has drawn a portrait of his father as a man of "an incorruptible and losing honesty," and not only clerk to the old lawyer, but his good servant, dresser, friend, guide, stop watch, and treasurer. The liveliest little fellow breathing, he says, with a face as gay as Garrick's; a man Izaak Walton would have loved to go with a-fishing, and clever with his hands though he was small. For once when he saw a man of quality, so called, insulting a woman, and came to her rescue, and the brute drew his sword on him, the little fellow wrenched the sword out of his hand, and mauled him soundly with the hilt.

They were very poor, these Lambs; and the undercurrent of rumor, which may go for what it is worth, is that the children were neglected. But no word of this comes from Lamb, like those we have from another humorist, who shames himself and his genius by telling the story of his own hard lot as a child, and then draws the portrait of his father in Micawber very much after the manner of one in the Scriptures who mocked at his father's weakness and shame. He went to a sort of charity school for his education, Christ's Hospital, so called, a place in those days, of the old brutal British type, where they never spared the rod to spoil the child; staid there seven years, learning what they used to call the humanities. . .

When Lamb was about fourteen, they could afford to keep him at school no longer; so he had to turn out, and help make the living, for the years had brought no re-

lease from the bitter pinch of poverty. There was a brother much older than Charles, who was doing well in the world and had only himself to care for; but he only cared for himself, being a man of fine tastes, and left the family to its doom. So the boy of fourteen found work to do and became presently the head of the household and its staff and stay. Then in the course of time he saw the maid he could dream of as his wife, and worship from afar until it should please God to open the way to his great desire. And then when he was just coming of age, a great tragedy opened, and changed the whole plan and purpose of his life.

They were living in a poor little place to which they had moved for poverty's sake — the old father who was passing into his second childhood, the mother who was an invalid and helpless also, and the sister Mary, who was ten years older than Charles. Mary was so burdened with the care and sorrow of it all that one day, in a sudden fit of insanity, she clutched a knife, and before the brother could reach her stabbed her mother to the heart, wounded the poor old father also, and then was secured at a great risk of the brother's own life. It was insanity, the jury said at once at the inquest; and the family knew this better than the jury, for Lamb himself had been touched by it not long before, and shut up in an asylum. So Mary was sent there for her life, if it must be so, but it was found presently that these fits were fitful, coming and going with a certain premonition; and so she need not stay there, if those to whom she belonged would take her home and take care of her.

The elder brother, who was thirty or so then, and well to do, with no one to care for still but himself, stood aloof. The youth rising towards twenty-one, and earning about a hundred pounds a year, stepped quietly to the front, and said: "I will take care of my sister. Let me have her home." And she came home; and the boy turned away from the shy, sweet dream of Alice, which had nestled in his heart, and took up the burden he was to bear for thirty-eight years to come, and wrote presently to a friend: "If Mary and the rest of us cannot live on what we have, we deserve to burn at a slow fire; and I almost would sooner do that than let her go back to the asylum.". . .

Mary Lamb.

And twenty years after this, he says, speaking of Mary and himself: "We two house together, old bachelor and old maid, in a sort of double singleness; while I, for one, find no disposition to go out upon the mountains with the King's rash offspring, to bewail my celibacy. And we agree very well, too; but once when I spoke to her in a kinder voice than usual, she burst into tears, and said I was much altered (for the worse). I read my Old Burton, and she reads stories with plenty of life in them, good and bad. She hath also been much cast among freethinkers; but that which was good and venerable to her in her childhood she loves still,

and will play no tricks with her understanding or her heart."

So it came to pass, when the old father and Hester, the servant, were dead, and they were left alone, that the cross would change now and then into a crown, and joy take the place of the deep sorrow, which indeed was hidden away by those who knew of it and loved them, and was never mentioned again until they were both dead. Mary Lamb, also, was a woman of rare and beautiful gifts. Hazlitt says she was the only woman he ever met who knew how to reason; but Hazlitt's experience of women was not fortunate. Wordsworth, with a finer ear, says, "I dwell not only on her genius, but on her rare delicacy and refinement."

One who was Lamb's friend and is ours, sings:

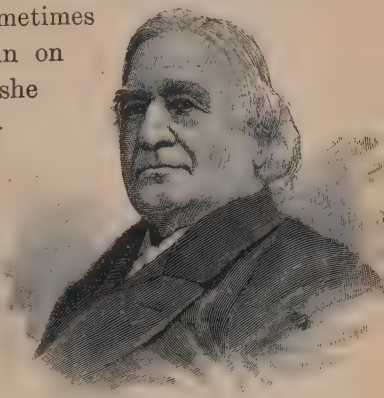
"There is no music in the life,
That sounds with empty laughter wholly;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy."

Well, this is the secret of the humor which scalds like tears. The wind was tempered to the shorn Lambs, but now and then it smote them very sore. Mary was never cured from that awful threat of insanity which went and came, while the shadow staid always on their house and their life. So he could not leave her when he would take a holiday; it was so shameful, he said, to leave her, and go off and enjoy himself alone. So Mary would pack her trunk, and go with him, and always packed her strait-waistcoat to be ready for what might happen. And if

they were at home they knew when the shadows began to deepen; and, like those children in the story we have all wept over in our day, it would befall that

"When they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried."

Then the brother would busk himself up bravely in his best, put on airs as of one who was on pleasure bent, and ask for a holiday; and I think they were delicate with him, and wise, and asked no questions. Then he would go home to Mary, and friends say they have met them stealing along bypaths towards the asylum, hand in hand, and weeping both of them, while Charles would be carrying the strait-jacket, and sometimes Mary would urge him to a run on those small immaterial legs, for she was aware that it might be mid-night madness in a few moments, and so they would come to the doors quite out of breath. Then Mary would get well again, come home, and begin her housekeeping as if nothing had befallen. And in the Temple once, when they had taken rooms there, they lighted on a bit of rare good fortune Lamb would enjoy above all men. It was a small place and cheap; and mousing round, they found a blind door locked fast, managed to open the door, and then found some rooms



Robert Collyer.

beyond which nobody had ever heard of or suspected, took possession of these also, and so lived in great state, and were never able to pay any rent for them because they could not find any landlord to take it.

This is the story of Charles and Mary Lamb, until at last on a day we see the old man in the lanes of Edmonton with his dog Dash . . . as grand and touching a story — not as I tell it, but as the brother and sister lived it — as was ever written with a pen; the story of the boy and man

"Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
Nor dream of tender happiness betray;
Who, doomed to walk in company with pain,
Turned the necessity to glorious gain."

— *Robert Collyer.*

CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled),
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

— *Charles Lamb*

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday.

The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of young pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of.

Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few

dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.

What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelled that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think.

He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit.

The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and

finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters.

His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued: —

"You graceless fellow, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned down three houses with your dog's tricks, but you must be eating fire and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste," — with such like ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and

applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever.

Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. And Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box.

He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest

charge which the judge had ever given, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron.

Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

— *From "Essays of Elia," by Charles Lamb.*

THE SPY'S ESCAPE.

"The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper, was written in 1821, and was the first work which gave distinction to its author. It is a tale of the times of the Revolution, and its hero, Harvey Birch, is a revolutionary patriot, who was "willing to risk his life and to subject his character to temporary suspicion for the service of his country." The rugged, homely worth of Harvey Birch, the many stirring adventures which are narrated, and the truthful home scenes described, place this story in the foremost rank of American fiction. The following extract is a fair illustration of the style which characterizes not only "The Spy" but all of Cooper's works.

James Fenimore Cooper.

The gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley, as the detachment of Lawton made its reappearance at its southern extremity. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the Captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference, while the rear was brought up by a young cornet, humming an air, and thinking of the sweets of a straw bed after the fatigues of a hard day's duty.

Stretching forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness, the Captain asked, "What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the Captain, eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed — "Harvey Birch! — take him, dead or alive!"

Mason and a few of the leading dragoons only understood the sudden cry, but it was heard throughout the line. A dozen of the men, with the Lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

Birch prudently kept his position on the rock until evening had begun to shroud the surrounding objects in darkness. From this height he had seen all the events of the day as they occurred.

He had watched, with a beating heart, the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with difficulty had curbed his impatience until the obscurity of night should render his moving free from danger. He had not, however, completed a fourth of his way to his own residence, when his quick ear distinguished the tread of the approaching horse.

Trusting to the increasing darkness, he determined to persevere. By crouching and moving quickly along the surface of the ground, he hoped yet to escape unseen.

17

Captain Lawton was too much engrossed in conversation to suffer his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the peddler, perceiving by the voices that the enemy he most feared had passed, yielded to his impatience, and stood erect, in order to make greater progress. The moment his body arose above the shadow of the ground, it was seen, and the chase commenced.

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood, and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and a wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left, and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay, now, became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and, still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction, to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them; and the aforesaid cornet was making eager inquiries of

the trooper near him on the subject, when a man, at a short distance in his rear, crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instant, the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting — "Harvey Birch! — take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed — "Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden, and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution; for he had already been condemned to death, and only escaped that fate by stratagem. These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He fled again before them.

A fragment of a wall, that had withstood the ravages made by war in the adjoining fences of wood, fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side.

Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurras of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder, and saw, within a bound of him, the man he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil.

All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon

in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless trooper. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me, and search these rocks; the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited Captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence in his manner, as they reëntered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the Captain, catching his breath, and speaking with difficulty; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand to examine into the state of my ribs."

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troop, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the Captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed Sergeant; "are you an incendiary? would you burn a house in cold blood? Let a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

— *James Fenimore Cooper.*

THE PYRAMIDS.

The approach to the Pyramids is first a rich green plain, and then the Desert — that is, they are just at the beginning of the Desert, on a ridge, which of itself gives them a lift above the valley of the Nile. It is impossible not to feel a thrill as one finds himself drawing nearer to the greatest and the most ancient monuments in the world, to see them coming out stone by stone into view, and the dark head of the Sphinx peering over the lower sandhills.

Yet the usual accounts are correct which represent this nearer sight as not impressive — their size diminishes, and the clearness with which you see their several stones strips them of their awful or mysterious character. It is not till you are close under the great Pyramid, and look up at the huge blocks rising above you into the sky, that the consciousness is forced upon you that this is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man has produced.

The view from the top has the same vivid contrast of life and death which makes all wide views in Egypt striking — the Desert and the green plain; only here, the view over the Desert — the African Desert — being much more extensive than elsewhere, one gathers in better the notion of the wide-heaving ocean of sandy billows which hovers on the edge of the valley of the Nile. The whole line of the minarets of Cairo is also a peculiar feature, peculiar because it is strange to see a modern Egyptian city which is

a grace instead of a deformity to the view. You also see the strip of Desert running into the green plain on the east of the Nile, which marks Heliopolis and Goshen.

The strangest feature in the view is the platform on which the Pyramids stand. It completely dispels the involuntary notion that one has formed of the solitary abruptness of the Three Pyramids. Not to speak of the groups in the distance — of Abou-Sir, Sakara, and Dashur — the whole platform of this greatest of them all is a maze of pyramids and tombs. Three little ones stand beside the first; three also beside the third. The second and third are each surrounded by traces of square inclosures, and their eastern faces are approached through enormous masses of ruins as if of some great temple, whilst the first is inclosed on three sides by long rows of massive tombs, on which you look down from the top, as on the plats of a stone garden. You see, in short, that it is the most sacred and frequented part of that vast cemetery which extends all along the western ridge for twenty miles behind Memphis.

It is only by going round the whole place in detail that the contrast between its present and its ancient state is disclosed. One is inclined to imagine that the Pyramids are immutable, and that such as you see them now, such they were always. Of distant views this is true, but taking them near at hand it is more easy from the existing ruins to conceive Karnac as it was, than it is to conceive the pyramidal platform as it was. The smooth casing of part of the top of the second pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third,

serve to show what they must have been all, from top to bottom: the first and second, brilliant white or yellow limestone, smooth from top to bottom, instead of those rude, disjointed masses which their stripped sides now present; the third all glowing with the red granite from the First Cataract. As it is, they have the barbarous look of Stonehenge; but then they must have shone with the polish of an age already rich with civilization, and that the more remarkable when it is remembered that these granite blocks which furnished the outside of the third and inside of the first, must have come all the way from the First Cataract.

It also seems, from Herodotus and others, that these smooth outsides were covered with sculptures. Then you must build up or uncover the massive tombs, now broken, or choked with sand, so as to restore the aspect of vast streets of tombs, like those on the Appian Way, out of which the Great Pyramid would rise like a cathedral above smaller churches. Lastly, you must inclose the two other pyramids with stone precincts and gigantic gateways, and above all you must restore the Sphinx, as he (for it must never be forgotten that a female Sphinx was almost unknown) was in the days of his glory.

Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues, there was something stupendous in the sight of that enormous head — its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red color still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the whole lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard;

From the Painting by J. L. Geróme.

Engraved by J. L. Langridge

Napoleon Before the Sphinx.

when the stone pavement by which men approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its breast an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again. All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

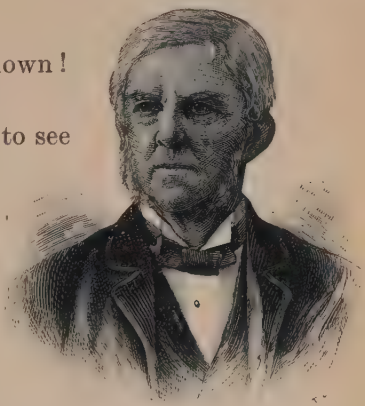
And for what purpose was this Sphinx of sphinxes called into being — as much greater than all other sphinxes as the Pyramids are greater than all other temples or tombs? If, as is likely, he lay couched at the entrance, now deep in sand, of the vast approach to the second, — that is, the central Pyramid, — so as to form an essential part of this immense group; still more, if, as seems possible, there was once intended to be (according to the usual arrangements which never left a solitary sphinx any more than a solitary obelisk) a brother sphinx on the northern side, as this on the southern side of the approach, its situation and significance were worthy of its grandeur. And if, further, the Sphinx was the giant representative of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchers; and, with its half-human, half-animal form, is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt.

— *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.*

For further readings about the pyramids, see Proctor's "The Great Pyramid," and Rawlinson's "History of Ancient Egypt."

OLD IRONSIDES.

"Old Ironsides" was the affectionate name applied to the United States frigate "Constitution," a vessel greatly distinguished for its service in the war of 1812. In 1830, it was proposed, since she was no longer of service, to break her up, and sell her timbers. Dr. Holmes, then a young man just from college, gave expression to the popular feeling of the time in the following poem. This produced so general an opposition to the order that the old ship was saved.



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck — once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below —
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—

The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

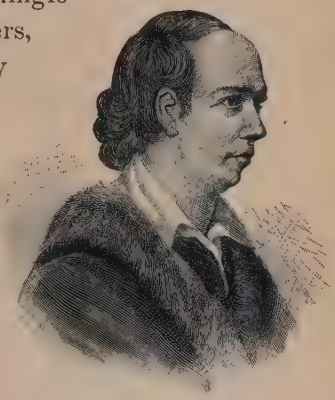
Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave:
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail;
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly tinted style, — all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions

of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to molder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.



Oliver Goldsmith.

An acquaintance with the private biography of Goldsmith lets us into the secret of his gifted pages. We there discover them to be little more than transcripts of his own heart and picturings of his fortunes. There he shows himself the same kind, artless, good-humored, excursive, sensible, whimsical, intelligent being that he appears in his writings.

Scarcely an adventure or character is given in his works that may not be traced to his own parti-colored story. Many of his most ludicrous scenes and ridiculous incidents have been drawn from his own blunders and mischances, and he seems really to have been buffeted into almost every maxim imparted by him for the instruction of his reader.

The foregoing brief characterization, taken from Washington Irving's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," will serve to

introduce the following interesting chapter from "The Vicar of Wakefield," wherein the peculiarly attractive quality of Goldsmith's prose style may be seen at its best: —

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing

with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony — for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship — we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the

expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception.

Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad — Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbary Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day, and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, bugles, and catgut; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behavior served to mortify me; I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters dressed out all in

their former splendor; their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife; "we can walk it perfectly well; we want no coach to carry us now." "You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us." "Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him." "You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These rufflings and pinkings and patchings will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbors. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great composure, that very instant, to change their

dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please, —
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;

And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round,
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way.

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride,
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

* * * * * * * * *

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed and weep till morn,—
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskillful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truths from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,

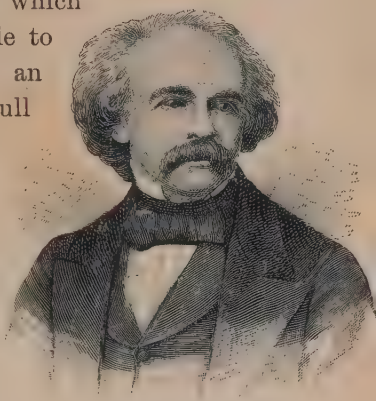
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay —
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learnèd length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

— *From the poem by Oliver Goldsmith.*

THE GRAY CHAMPION.

The stories of Nathaniel Hawthorne have a tone and coloring that is peculiarly their own. They are written in a calm, full, unvarying style which no other writer has ever been able to imitate. Many of them are of an allegorical character, and are full of weird, strange fancies which careless or hasty readers often fail to discover or appreciate. The following story, from "Twice Told Tales," is one of the best of this class.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum at that unquiet crisis seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants

still showed the strong and somber features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the House of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's war. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments.

All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till, with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine that would roll irresistibly over every thing in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy,

that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England ; and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people."

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty, — a paved solitude, between

lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, — a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military music. Thus, the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command; the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresisti-

ble. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund. Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on."

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name."

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and, beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back. With this night thy power is ended — to-morrow, the prison — back lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself.

What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were over-

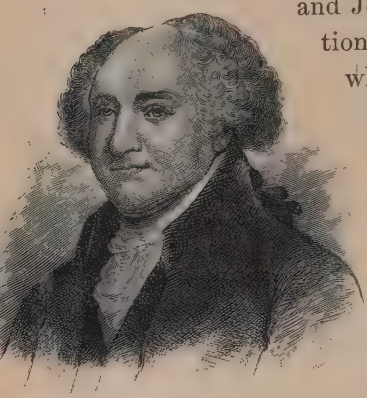
awed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? I have heard, that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting house at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again. His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

On the 2d of August, 1826, Daniel Webster delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, his famous eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson. In that eloquent oration he uttered the following speech which he imagined might have been spoken by John Adams in support of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. The speech seemed to be so fully adapted to the occasion that it was quite generally accepted as really the patriotic utterance of Adams, nor has that delusion yet been entirely dispelled. It is perhaps the best known passage in any of Webster's orations.



John Adams.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent

that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit!

The war, then, must go on; we must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people — the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated.

Sir, the declaration of independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolve to stand

with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so: be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it.

All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now, and independence forever.

TO THE OCEAN.

Lord Byron.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark, blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields
Are not a spoil for him: thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth. There let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee and arbiter of war, —
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar,
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, — what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible, — even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

— *From "Childe Harold," by Lord Byron.*

A VILLAGE WEDDING IN SWEDEN.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed

that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of corn flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribands, and evergreens; and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. Provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating and drinking and hurrahing, all move forward again, and at length draw near the house of the bride.

Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the last replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome." Whereupon the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and riding round the maypole which stands in

the center, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue, innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. Oh thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. Yet thou art rich, rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first young, fervent love. The blessings of Heaven be upon thee!

So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, and to share thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide, and the holy King Erik gave."

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth and the feast goes cheerily on. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner.

Then the dance begins. It is led by the bride and guest of honor, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and she is led off in triumph, the wedding guests following her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

— *From "Outre Mer," by Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee.
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within the blast;
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose:
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,

And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore ;
I've told thee how we swept Dundee and tamed the Lindsays' pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes. Oh deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name, —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men, —
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown :
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man ;
They set him high upon a cart : the hangman rode below ;
They drew his hands behind his back and bared his noble brow ;
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered,— the common throng, —
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with Death;
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him now turned aside and wept.
Had I been there with sword in hand and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dun Edin's streets had pealed the slogan cry:
Not all their troops of trampling horse nor might of mailèd men —
Not all the rebels in the South — had borne us backward then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.
It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all;
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sate before.

With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room.

"Now, by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross, that waves above us there,
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath — and, oh, that such should be! —
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me,
I have not sought in battlefield a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!"

The morning dawned full darkly; the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin bolt lit up the gloomy town;
The thunder crashed across the heaven; the fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him die.

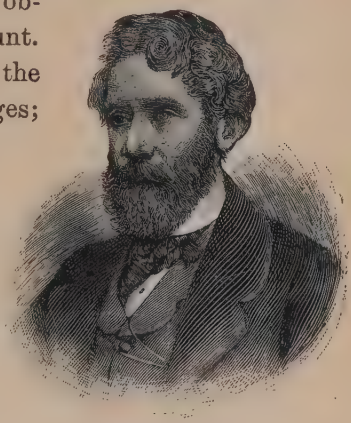
Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! hark! It is the clash of arms; the bells begin to toll:
He is coming! He is coming! God's mercy on his soul!

One last long peal of thunder: the clouds are cleared
away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the
dazzling day.
He is coming! He is coming! Like a bridegroom from
his room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the
doom:
There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in his
eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die;
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all
were wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and
goodly man!
A beam of light fell o'er him like a glory round the
shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder as it were the path to
heaven;
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning
thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft, for fear was on every
soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush, and then a
groan;
And darkness swept across the sky: the work of death
was done!

— *From "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by William Edmonstoune Aytoun.*

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN.

The besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.



John Lothrop Motley.

Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt cake, horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in

minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured.

Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful. Infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms.

Pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath his scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed along the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in

the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras.

There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? — a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive." . . .

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came

storming from the northwest, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. . . .

On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters. As they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through!

Night descended upon the scene — a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the town of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night? had the massacre already commenced? had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain?

Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards; and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident.

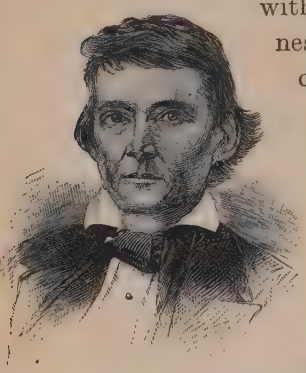
Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance! The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the third of October, 1574. Leyden was relieved.

— *From "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by John Lothrop Motley.*

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION.

EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1866.



Alexander H. Stephens.

Now that the storm of war has passed it behooves us all to labor for the establishment of good government, with its resulting prosperity and happiness. I need not assure you, if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our barns, our villages and cities, now in ruins, will soon, like the Phœnix, rise again from their ashes, and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

Wars, and civil wars especially, always menace liberty. They seldom advance it, while they usually end in its entire overthrow and destruction. Our civil contest stopped just short of such a catastrophe. It is now our duty to retrace our steps and look for the vindication and maintenance of constitutional liberty in the forums of reason and justice, instead of on the arena of arms; in the courts and halls of legislation, instead of on the fields of battle.

I have not lost my faith in the virtue, intelligence, and patriotism of the American people, or in their capacity for self-government. But for these great essential qualities of human nature to be brought into active and efficient exercise for the fulfillment of patriotic hopes, it is

essential that the passions of the day should subside, that the causes of these passions should not now be discussed, that the embers of the late strife should not be stirred.

The most hopeful prospect at this time is the restoration of the old Union, and with it the speedy return of fraternal feeling throughout its length and breadth. These results depend upon the people themselves, upon the people of the North quite as much as the South. The masses everywhere are alike equally interested in the great object. Let old issues, old questions, old differences, and old feuds be regarded as fossils of another epoch.

The old Union was based on the assumption that it was for the best interests of the people of the United States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of other States all their obligations under a common compact. I always thought that this assumption was founded on broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet.

And now, after the severe chastisement of war, if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption that it is for the best interests of all the States to be so united, as I trust it will, I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the Old World by grander achievements hereafter to be made, than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self-government.

— *Alexander H. Stephens.*

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee, —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican, —
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

—*Francis Mahony.*

Oh, it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mold
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low,
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
'Twixt crimson banks; and then a traveler go
From mount to mount, through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or, listening to the tide with closèd sight,
Be that blind Bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Samuel Johnson, one of the most eminent English writers of the eighteenth century, was the son of Michael Johnson, who was at the beginning of that century, a magistrate of Lichfield, and a bookseller of great note in the midland counties. Samuel was born on the 18th of September, 1709. In the child, the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities, great quickness of parts, with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination, a kind and generous heart, with a gloomy and irritable temper. He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint, which it was beyond the power of medicine to remove. His parents were weak enough to believe that the royal touch was a specific for this malady. In his third year he was taken up to London, inspected by the court surgeon, prayed over by the court chaplains, and stroked and presented with a piece of gold by Queen Anne. One of his earliest recollections was that of a stately lady in a diamond stomacher and a long black hood. Her hand was applied in vain. The boy's features, which were originally noble and not irregular, were distorted by his malady. His cheeks were deeply scarred. He lost for a time the sight of one eye; and he saw but very imperfectly with the other. But the force of his mind overcame every impediment. Indolent as he was, he acquired knowledge

with such ease and rapidity that at every school to which he was sent he was soon the best scholar.

From sixteen to eighteen he resided at home, and was left to his own devices. He learned much at this time, though his studies were without guidance and without plan. He ransacked his father's shelves, dipped into a multitude of books, read what was interesting, and passed over what was dull. An ordinary lad would have acquired little or no useful knowledge in such a way: but much that was dull to ordinary lads was interesting to Samuel. He read little Greek; for his proficiency in that language was not such that he could take much pleasure in the masters of Attic poetry and eloquence. But he had left school a good Latinist; and he soon acquired an extensive knowledge of Latin literature.

It was out of the power of old Michael Johnson to support his son at either university; but a wealthy neighbor offered assistance; and in reliance on promises which proved to be of very little value, Samuel was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. When the young scholar presented himself to the rulers of that society, they were amazed not more by his ungainly figure and eccentric manners than by the quantity of extensive and curious information which he had picked up during many months of desultory but not unprofitable study.

At Oxford, Johnson resided during about three years. He was poor, even to raggedness; and his appearance excited a mirth and a pity which were equally intolerable to his haughty spirit. Some charitable person placed a new pair of shoes at his door; but he spurned them away

in a fury. Distress made him, not servile, but reckless and ungovernable. The needy scholar was generally to be seen under the gate of Pembroke, a gate now adorned with his effigy, haranguing a circle of lads, over whom, in spite of his tattered gown and dirty linen, his wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendency. In every mutiny against the discipline of the college he was the ringleader. Much was pardoned, however, to a youth so highly distinguished by abilities and acquirements.

In the autumn of 1731, he was under the necessity of quitting the university without a degree. In the following winter his father died. The old man left but a pittance; and of that pittance almost the whole was appropriated to the support of his widow. The property to which Samuel succeeded amounted to no more than twenty pounds.

His life, during the thirty years which followed, was one struggle with poverty. The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off

a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission.

Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and of human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour.

With such infirmities of body and of mind, this celebrated man was left, at two-and-twenty, to fight his way through the world. He remained during about five years in the midland counties. At Lichfield, however, he could find no way of earning a livelihood. He became usher of a grammar school in Leicestershire; he resided as a humble companion in the house of a country gentleman; but a life of dependence was insupportable to his haughty

spirit. He repaired to Birmingham, and there earned a few guineas by literary drudgery.

While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators, the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a real lady of fashion, she was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted; for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son. The marriage, however, in spite of occasional wranglings, proved happier than might have been expected. The lover continued to be under the illusions of the wedding day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. . . .

His marriage made it necessary for him to exert himself more strenuously than he had hitherto done. He took a house in the neighborhood of his native town, and advertised for pupils. But eighteen months passed away; and only three pupils came to his academy. Indeed, his appearance was so strange, and his temper so violent, that his schoolroom must have resembled an ogre's den.

At length Johnson, in the twenty-eighth year of his

age, determined to seek his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of "Irene" in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction. . . . It is easy to imagine the humiliations and privations that must have awaited the novice who had still to earn a name. One of the publishers to whom Johnson applied for employment measured with a scornful eye that athletic though uncouth frame, and exclaimed, "You had better get a porter's knot, and carry trunks!" Nor was the advice bad; for a porter was likely to be as plentifully fed, and as comfortably lodged, as a poet. . . .

The effect of the privations and sufferings which he endured at this time was discernible to the last in his temper and his deportment. His manners had never been courtly. They now became almost savage. Being frequently under the necessity of wearing shabby coats and dirty shirts, he became a confirmed sloven. Being often very hungry when he sat down to his meals, he contracted a habit of eating with ravenous greediness. The affronts which his poverty emboldened stupid and low-minded men to offer to him would have broken a mean spirit into sycophancy, but made him rude even to ferocity.

About a year after Johnson had begun to reside in London, he was fortunate enough to obtain regular employment from Cave, an enterprising and intelligent bookseller, who was proprietor and editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine." . . . A few weeks later he published a work which at once placed him high among the writers of his

age. His "London," an imitation of one of Juvenal's satires, appeared without his name in May, 1738. He received only ten guineas for this stately and vigorous poem; but the sale was rapid and the success complete. A second edition was required within a week. . . .

The fame of Johnson's abilities continued to grow. Warburton pronounced him a man of parts and genius; and the praise of Warburton was no light thing. Such was Johnson's reputation that, in 1747, several eminent booksellers combined to employ him in the arduous work of preparing a Dictionary of the English Language, in two folio volumes. The sum which they agreed to pay him was only fifteen hundred guineas; and out of this sum he had to pay several poor men of letters who assisted him in the humbler parts of the task. . . . It was not till 1755 that he at length gave his huge volumes to the world. During the seven years which he passed in the drudgery of penning definitions and marking quotations for transcription, he sought for relaxation in literary labor of a more agreeable kind. In 1749, he published the "Vanity of Human Wishes," an excellent imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal. For the copyright of this poem he received only fifteen guineas. Through the influence of his former pupil, David Garrick, his tragedy, "Irene," begun many years before, was brought on the stage at about the same time. But after nine representations it was withdrawn. . . .

In the spring of 1758, Johnson put forth the first of a series of essays, entitled "The Idler." During two years these essays continued to appear weekly. They

were eagerly read, widely circulated, and, indeed, impudently pirated, while they were still in the original form, and had a large sale when collected into volumes. While he was still busied with his "Idlers," Johnson's mother, who had accomplished her ninetieth year, died at Lichfield. It was long since he had seen her; but he had not failed to contribute largely, out of his small means, to her comfort. In order to defray the charges of her funeral, and to pay some debts which she had left, he wrote a little book in a single week, and sent off the sheets to the press without reading them over. A hundred pounds were paid him for the copyright, and the purchasers had great cause to be pleased with their bargain; for the book was "Rasselas." . . .

By such exertions as have been described, Johnson supported himself till the year 1762. In that year a great change in his circumstances took place. Lord Bute, who was then the head of the treasury, was anxious to be thought a patron of men of letters; and Johnson was one of the most eminent and one of the most needy men of letters in Europe. A pension of three hundred a year was graciously offered, and with very little hesitation accepted. This event produced a change in Johnson's whole way of life. For the first time since his boyhood he no longer felt the daily goad urging him to toil. He was at liberty, after thirty years of anxiety and drudgery, to indulge his constitutional indolence, to lie in bed till two in the afternoon, and to sit up talking till four in the morning, without fearing either the printer's devil or the sheriff's officer.

In 1765, after a delay of nine years, appeared his new edition of Shakespeare. From that time he long continued to live upon the fame which he had already won. He was honored by the University of Oxford with a Doctor's degree, by the Royal Academy with a professorship, and by the King with an interview, in which His Majesty most graciously expressed a hope that so excellent a writer would not cease to write. . . .

In 1781, Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" was completed and given to the world. This is, on the whole, the best of all his works. The narratives are as entertaining as any novel. The remarks on life and on human nature are eminently shrewd and profound. The criticisms are often excellent. . . . This great work at once became popular. There was, indeed, much just and much unjust censure: but even those who were loudest in blame were attracted by the book in spite of themselves.

In June, 1783, he had a paralytic stroke, from which, however, he recovered, and which does not appear to have impaired his intellectual faculties. But other maladies came thick upon him. For several months he battled with a complication of diseases. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which lies beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God, and of the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid, a week later, in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian.

— *From the Essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices: he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardor, except that he was

sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls.

Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky

was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, — to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his saber in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

"Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise."

Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resig-

nation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigor, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, toward the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

"We then relax our vigor, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether

we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road to virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

"But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerse ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavors ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he, who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

— Dr. Samuel Johnson.

NAUSICAA'S WASHING DAY

Meanwhile Athene went to the land and the city of the Phæacians, who of old dwelt in spacious Hypereia. Thence the godlike Nausithous made them depart, and he carried them away and planted them in Scheria, far off from men that live by bread. And he drew a wall around the town, and builded houses and made temples for the gods and meted out the fields. Howbeit, at length he was stricken by fate, and went down to the house of Hades, and now Alcinous was reigning, with wisdom granted by the gods.

To his house went the goddess, gray-eyed Athene. She betook her to the rich-wrought bower, wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand of the pillars of the door were two handmaids, dowered with beauty from the Graces, and the shining doors were shut.

But the goddess, fleet as the breath of the wind, swept toward the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spake to her in the semblance of the daughter of a famous seafarer, Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found grace in her sight. In her shape, the gray-eyed Athene spoke to the princess, saying :

"Nausicaa, how is it that thy mother has so heedless a daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage day is near at hand, when thou must needs go beautifully clad and have garments to give to them who shall lead thee to the house

of the bridegroom! And, behold, these are the things whence a good report goes abroad among men, wherein a father and lady mother take delight. So, come, let us arise and go a-washing with the breaking of the day, and I will follow with thee to be thy mate in the toil, that without delay thou mayst get thee ready, since truly thou art not long to be a maiden. Lo, already they are wooing thee, the noblest youths of all the Phæacians, among that people who are of thy father's kin. And now come, beseech thy noble father betimes in the morning to furnish thee with mules and a wagon to carry the men's raiment, and the robes, and the shining coverlets. Do this, for it is seemlier far for thee to go thus than on foot, for the places where we must wash are a great way from the town."

So having said, the gray-eyed Athene departed to Olympus, where, as they say, is the seat of the gods which stands fast forever. Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days, and thither Athene went when she had shown forth all to the maiden.

Anon came the thronèd Dawn, and awakened Nausicaa of the fair robes, who straightway marveled on the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother. And she found them within; her mother was sitting by the hearth with the women, her handmaids, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain; but her father she met as he was going forth to the council whither the noble Phæacians had called him.

Standing close by her dear father she spake, saying: "Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high wagon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash? For it is seemly that thou thyself, when thou art with the princes in council, should have fresh raiment to wear. Also, there are five dear sons of thine in the halls, two married, but three are still single and are always eager for new-washed garments wherein to go to the dances. All these things I have had in mind." This she said, because she was ashamed to speak to her father of her own glad wedding day. But he understood it all and answered, saying: —

"Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee, my child. Go thy way, and the servingmen shall get thee ready a high wagon with good wheels, and fitted with an upper frame."

Therewith he called to his men; and they gave ear, and made ready the smooth-running mule wagon, and led the mules beneath the yoke, and harnessed them under the car, while the maiden brought forth from her bower the shining raiment. This she stored in the wagon; and her mother filled a basket with all manner of food to the heart's desire, dainties too she set therein, and she poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wagon. And her mother gave her soft olive oil in a golden cruse, that she and her maidens might anoint themselves after the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them; then there was a clatter of hoofs, and on they strained without flagging, with their load of the raiment

and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her waiting maids followed with her.

Now when they were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing springs where bright water welled up free from beneath and flowed past, — enough to wash the foulest garments clean, — there the girls unharnessed the mules from the wagon, and, turning them loose, drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wagon, and bore them in their hands to the water, and briskly trod them down in the flowing stream, in busy rivalry.

When at length they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea waves had washed the pebbles clean. Then having bathed and anointed them well with olive oil, they took their midday meal on the river's banks, waiting till the clothes should dry in the bright warmth of the sun.

Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens and the princess, they fell to playing at ball, casting aside their veils, and among them Nausicaa of the white arms began the song. And even as Diana, the huntress queen, moves down the mountain, taking her pastime in the chase of the deer, while with her the wild wood nymphs disport them, and high over all she rears her head and brows — and easily may she be known, though all are fair: even so Nausicaa, the girl unwed, outshone the fairest of her maiden company.

— *From Homer's Odyssey, Book VI.*

From the Painting by Sir Frederick Leighton.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

Greek Girls Playing Ball.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Thomas Gray.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

— *Thomas Gray.*

HOW THE DECLARATION WAS SIGNED.

Go with me to Philadelphia as she was a hundred years ago. Observe and watch the movements, listen attentively to the words, look steadfastly at the countenances, of the men who compose the little Congress assembled there. Braver, wiser, nobler men have never been gathered and grouped under a single roof, in any age, on any soil beneath the sun.

Single out with me, as you easily will at the first glance, by a presence and a stature not easily overlooked or mistaken, the young, ardent, accomplished Jefferson. He is just thirty-three years of age. Charming in conversation, ready and full in counsel, he is slow of tongue, like the great lawgiver of the Israelites, for any public discussion or formal discourse. But he has brought with him the reputation of wielding what John Adams well called "a masterly pen," and grandly has he justified that reputation. Grandly has he employed that pen already in

drafting a paper which is at this moment lying on the table and awaiting its final signature and sanction.

Three weeks before, indeed — on the previous 7th of June — his own noble colleague, Richard Henry Lee, had moved the resolution whose adoption on the 2d of July had virtually settled the whole question.

Nothing, certainly, more explicit or emphatic could have been wanted for that Congress itself than that resolution, setting forth as it did, in language of striking simplicity and brevity and dignity, "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

As often as I have examined the original draft of that paper, still extant in the archives of the State Department at Washington, and have observed how very few changes were made, or even suggested, by the illustrious men associated with its author in its preparation, it has seemed to me to be as marvelous a composition, of its kind and for its purpose, as the annals of mankind can show.

This declaration goes forth to the American people with no individual responsibility save in the signature of John Hancock, president, and Charles Thomson, secretary.

Was there ever a more signal distinction vouchsafed to mortal man, than this which was won and worn by John Hancock a hundred years ago? Not altogether a great man; not without some grave defects of character; — we remember nothing save his presidency of the Congress of

the Declaration and his bold and noble signature to our Magna Charta.

Behold him in the chair which is still standing in its old place — the very same chair in which Washington was to sit, eleven years later, as president of the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; the very same chair, emblazoned on the back of which Franklin was to descry "a rising and not a setting sun," when that Constitution had been finally adopted — behold him, not yet quite forty years of age, not only with a princely fortune at stake, but with a price at that moment on his head, sitting there in all the calm composure and dignity that so peculiarly characterized him.

He had chanced to come on to the Congress during the previous year, just as Peyton Randolph had been compelled to relinquish his seat and go home — returning only to die; and having been unexpectedly elected as his successor, he hesitated about taking the seat. But grand old Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, we are told, was standing beside him, and with the ready good humor that loved a joke even in the Senate House, he seized the modest candidate in his athletic arms, and placed him in the presidential chair; then turning to some of the members around, he exclaimed: "We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making a Massachusetts man our President, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

Behold him! He has risen for a moment. He has put the question. The declaration is adopted.

It is already late in the evening, and all formal pro-

mulgation of the day's doings must be postponed. After a grace of three days, the air will be vibrating with the joyous tones of the old bell in the cupola over his head, proclaiming liberty to all mankind, and with the responding acclamations of assembled multitudes.

Meantime, for him, however, a simple but solemn duty remains to be discharged. The paper is before him. You may see the very table on which it was laid, and the very inkstand which awaits his use. No hesitation now.

He dips his pen, and with an untrembling hand proceeds to execute a signature, which would seem to have been studied in the schools and practised in the counting room, and shaped and modeled day by day in the correspondence of mercantile and political manhood, until it should be meet for the authentication of some immortal act; and which, as Webster grandly said, has made his name as imperishable "as if it were written between Orion and the Pleiades." —*Robert C. Winthrop.*

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ADOPTED BY CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

A DECLARATION BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle

them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the

establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world : —

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained ; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature ; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected ; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise ; the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States ; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our Legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our Constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation: —

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing taxes on us without our consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury;

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses;

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring Province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the powers of our governments;

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands. He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of at-

tempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war; in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, *free and independent* States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*
CHARLES THOMSON, *Secretary.*

From the Painting by Jean François Millet.

The Gleaners.

Engraved by Walter M. Aikman.

TWO LABORERS.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike.

Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because I must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript on whom the lot fell and, fighting our battles, wert so marred. For on thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacement of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; . . . thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, — for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, that with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us!

If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he may have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? — these two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching it is, however, when I find both dignities united; and he, that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a peasant saint, could such a one now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth like a light shining in great darkness.

— *Thomas Carlyle.*

OVER THE HILL.

"Traveler, what lies over the hill?
Traveler, tell to me:
I am only a child — from the window sill
Over I can not see."

"Child, there's a valley over there,
Pretty and wooded and shy;
And a little brook that says, 'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by and by.'"

"And what comes next?" "A little town,
And a towering hill again:

More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?" "A lonely moor
Without a beaten way;
And gray clouds sailing slow before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?" "Dark rocks and yellow sand,
And a moaning sea beside."
"And then?" "More sea, more sea, more land,
And rivers deep and wide."

"And then?" "Oh, rock and mountain and vale,
Rivers and fields and men,
Over and over — a weary tale —
And round to your home again."

"And is that all? Have you told me the best?"
"No, neither the best nor the end.
On summer eves, away in the west,
You will see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colors of lovely stones,
A stair up into the sky —
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"I will go." "But the steps are very steep;
If you would climb up there,
You must lie at the foot, as still as sleep,
A very step of the stair."

— *George Macdonald.*

THE ROMAN'S BEDTIME.

With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Not that the earliest lark rises so early in Latium as the earliest lark in England — that is, during the summer; but then, on the other hand, neither does it ever rise so late. The Roman citizen was stirring with the dawn, which, allowing for the shorter longest day and longer shortest day of Rome, you may call about four in summer and about seven in winter.

Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? — By backing in this way we shall surely back into the very well of truth. Always, if it is possible, let us have the why of the wherefore. — The Roman went to bed early for two special reasons: First, because in Rome, which had been built for a martial destiny, every habit of life had reference to the usages of war.

Every citizen, if he were not a mere animal kept at public cost, held himself a sort of soldier elect. The more noble he was, the more was his liability to military service. Now, it was a principle of ancient warfare, that every hour of daylight had a triple worth if valued against hours of darkness. That was one reason — a reason suggested by the understanding.

But there was a second reason far more remarkable, and this was a reason dictated by a blind necessity. It is an important fact that this planet on which we live, this little, industrious earth of ours, has developed her wealth by slow stages of increase. She was far from being the rich little globe in Cæsar's days that she is at present.

The earth, in our days, is incalculably richer, as a whole, than in the time of Charlemagne. At that time she was richer by many a million of acres than in the era of Augustus. In that Augustan era we descry a clear belt of cultivation, averaging about six hundred miles in depth, running in a ring fence about the Mediterranean. This belt, and no more, was in decent cultivation.

Beyond that belt there was only a wild Indian cultivation. At present, what a difference! Such being the case, our mother, the Earth, being as a whole so incomparably poorer, could not in the pagan era support the expense of maintaining great empires in cold latitudes; her purse would not reach that cost.

Man, therefore, went to bed early in those ages, simply because his worthy mother Earth could not afford him candles. She, good old lady (or good young lady, for geologists know not whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to gray hairs, or to infancy, or to a "certain age"), would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. "Candles!" she would have said; "who ever heard of such a thing? — and with so much excellent daylight running to waste as I have provided gratis! What will the wretches want next?"

The daylight, furnished gratis, was certainly neat and undeniable in its quality, and quite sufficient for all purposes that were honest. Seneca, even in his own luxurious period, called those men "*lucifugæ*" (light-shunners), and by other ugly names, who lived chiefly by candlelight. None but rich and luxurious men — nay, even among

these, none but idlers — did live much by candlelight. An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn.

And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock. The Turks, and other people who have succeeded to the stations and habits of the ancients, do so to this day.

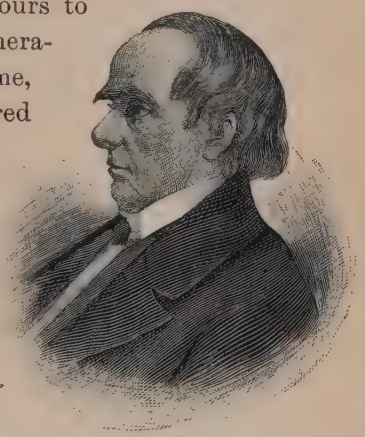
The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round the table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow, but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight; and, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men; both parties were in the dark.

The foregoing is a brief specimen of the style of Thomas De Quincey, the eminent writer of a variety of articles, most of which appeared originally in the English magazines. He claimed to be the author of "a mode of impassioned prose ranging under no precedents that he was aware of in any literature." His style is distinguished for its richness of fancy and its vigorous intellectuality combined with a deliberate, subtle humor; but it is often marred by verbosity and made obscure by over-elaboration.

DUTIES OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

EXORDIUM OF A DISCOURSE BY DANIEL WEBSTER ON THE LIVES AND SERVICES OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, AUGUST 2, 1826.

Fellow-citizens, let us not retire from this occasion without a deep and solemn conviction of the duties which have devolved upon us. This lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours; ours to enjoy, ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past, and generations to come, hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from behind, admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us, from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes — all, all conjure us to act wisely, and faithfully, in the relation which we sustain.



Daniel Webster.

We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing, through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much, of what we are and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty, and these institutions of government.

Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized man, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government?

Fellow-citizens, there is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefits of this liberty and these institutions.

Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers, let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity, let it not be blasted.

The striking attitude, too, in which we stand to the world around us, — a topic to which, I fear, I advert too often, and dwell on too long, — cannot be altogether omitted here. Neither individuals nor nations can perform their part well until they understand and feel its importance, and comprehend and justly appreciate all the duties belonging to it.

It is not to inflate national vanity, nor to swell a light and empty feeling of self-importance; but it is that we may judge justly of our situation and of our own duties,

that I earnestly urge this consideration of our position, and our character, among the nations of the earth.

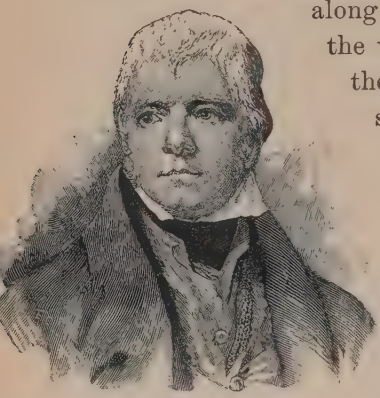
It cannot be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unconquerable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

Let us contemplate, then, this connection, which binds the prosperity of others to our own; and let us manfully discharge all the duties which it imposes. If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path.

Washington is in the clear upper sky. Those other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their center, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination, let us walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN.

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon when a Knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.



Sir Walter Scott.

The dress of the rider and the accouterments of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveler in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armor; there was, also, his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the headpiece.

His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets.

A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion,

with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncel, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armor, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer.

The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, "*I sleep — wake me not.*" An outline of the same devise might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting.

The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldy defensive armor, the northern crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country to which they were come to war.

The accouterments of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armor made to cover the loins.

Then there was a steel ax, or hammer, called a mace of arms, and which hung to the saddle bow; the reins

were secured by chain work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp pike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the knight and his gallant charger. Numbers, indeed, of the western warriors who hurried to Palestine died ere they became inured to the burning climate; but there were others to whom that climate became innocent and even friendly, and among this fortunate number was the solitary horseman who now traversed the border of the Dead Sea.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mold of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. His disposition seemed, in some degree, to partake of the qualities of his bodily frame; and as the one possessed great strength and endurance, united with the power of violent exertion, the other, under a calm and undisturbed semblance, had much of the fiery and enthusiastic love of glory which constituted the principal attribute of the renowned Norman line, and had rendered them sovereigns in every corner of Europe where they had drawn their adventurous swords.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose even on the iron frame and patient disposition of

the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labor and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

"In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe — perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the

calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or leveled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard would put his horse to the gallop to encounter him.

But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack

him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards.

A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the emir; for such, and not less, his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defense also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard had hoped to deprive him.

But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force; while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with

missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow, which he carried at his back, and, putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armor, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse.

But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple, the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce: he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the lingua franca commonly used for the purpose of commu-

nication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

—*From "The Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott.*

From the Painting by Adolph Schreyer

Engraved by Peter Aitken.

A Sheik of the Desert—Present Day.

EARLY HIGHWAYS OF TRAVEL IN THE UNITED STATES.

Along the seaboard during the five years which followed the war of 1812, great improvements were made in the means of travel. The steamboat had come into general use, and, thanks to this and to good roads and bridges, people could travel from Philadelphia to New York between sunrise and sunset on a summer day, and from New York to Boston in forty-eight hours. The journey from Boston to Washington was now finished in four days and six hours, and from New York to Quebec in eight days.

In the West there was much the same improvement. The Mississippi and Ohio swarmed with steamboats, which came up the river from New Orleans to St. Louis in twenty-five days and went down with the current in eight. Little, however, had been done to connect the East with the West. Until the appearance of the steamboat in 1812, the merchants of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, and a host of other towns in the interior bought the produce of the Western settlers, and floating it down the Ohio and the Mississippi sold it at New Orleans for cash, went round to the east coast by sea, and with the money purchased goods at Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, and carried them over the mountains to the West. Some went in sailing vessels up the Hudson from New York to Albany, were wagoned to the Falls of the Mohawk, and then loaded in "Schenectady boats," which were pushed up the Mohawk by poles to Utica, and then by

canal and river to Oswego, on Lake Ontario. From Oswego they went in sloops to Lewiston on the Niagara River, whence they were carried in ox wagons to Buffalo, and then in sailing vessels to Westfield, and by Chautauqua Lake and the Allegheny River to Pittsburg. Goods from Philadelphia and Baltimore were hauled in great Conestoga wagons drawn by four and six horses across the mountains to Pittsburg. The carrying trade alone in these ways was immense. More than 12,000 wagons came to Pittsburg in a year, bringing goods on which the freight was $1,500,000.

With the appearance of the steamboat on the Mississippi and Ohio, this trade was threatened; for the people of the Western states could now float their pork, flour, and lumber to New Orleans as before, and bring back from that city by steamboat the hardware, pottery, dry goods, cotton, sugar, coffee, tea, which till then they had been forced to buy in the East.

This new way of trading was so much cheaper than the old, that it was clear to the people of the Eastern states that unless they opened up a still cheaper route to the West, their Western trade was gone.

In 1817 the people of New York determined to provide such a route, and in that year they began to cut a canal across the state from the Hudson at Albany to Lake Erie at Buffalo. To us, with our steam shovels and drills, our great derricks, our dynamite, it would be a small matter to dig a ditch 4 feet deep, 40 feet wide, and 363 miles long. But on July 4, 1817, when Governor De Witt Clinton turned the first sod, and so began the work, it was

considered a great undertaking, for the men of those days had nothing but picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and gunpowder to do it with.

Opposition to the canal was strong. Some declared that it would swallow up millions of dollars and yield no return, and nicknamed it "Clinton's Big Ditch." But Clinton was not the kind of man that is afraid of ridicule. He and his friends went right on with the work, and after eight years spent in cutting down forests, in blasting rocks, in building embankments to carry the canal across swamps, and high aqueducts to carry it over the rivers, and locks of solid masonry to enable the boats to go up and down the sides of hills, the canal was finished.

Then, one day in the autumn of 1825, a fleet of boats set off from Buffalo, passed through the canal to Albany,

Model of a Canal Packet Boat.

where Governor De Witt Clinton boarded one of them, and went down the Hudson to New York. A keg of water from Lake Erie was brought along, and this, when the fleet reached New York Harbor, Clinton poured with great ceremony into the bay, to commemorate, as he said, "the navigable communication opened between our Mediterranean seas [the Great Lakes] and the Atlantic Ocean."

The building of the canal changed the business condi-

tions of about half of our country. Before the canal was finished, goods, wares, merchandise, going west from New York, were carried from Albany to Buffalo at a cost of $120 a ton. After the canal was opened, it cost but $14 a ton to carry freight from Albany to Buffalo. This was most important. In the first place, it enabled the people in New York, in Ohio, in Indiana, in Illinois, and all over the West, to buy plows and hoes and axes and clothing and food and medicine for a much lower price than they had formerly paid for such things. Life in the West became more comfortable and easy than ever before.

In the next place, the Eastern merchant could greatly extend his business. How far west he could send his goods depended on the expense of carrying them. When the cost was high, they could go but a little way without becoming so expensive that only a few people could buy them. After 1825, when the Erie Canal made transportation cheap, goods from New York city could be sold in Michigan and Missouri at a much lower price than they had before been sold in Pittsburg or Buffalo.

The New York merchant, in other words, now had the whole West for his market. That city, which till 1820 had been second in population, and third in commerce, rushed ahead and became the first in population, commerce, and business.

The same was true of New York state. As the canal grew nearer and nearer completion, the people from other states came in and settled in the towns and villages along the route, bought farms, and so improved the country that the value of the land along the canal increased $100,000,000.

A rage for canals now spread over the country. Many were talked of, but never started. Many were started, but never finished. Such as had been begun were hurried to completion. Before 1830 there were 1343 miles of canal open to use in the United States.

In Pennsylvania the opening of the Erie Canal caused great excitement. And well it might; for freight could now be sent by sailing vessels from Philadelphia to Albany, and then by canal to Buffalo, and on by the Lake Erie and Chautauqua route to Pittsburg, for one third what it cost to go overland. It seemed as if New York by one stroke had taken away the Western commerce of Philadelphia, and ruined the prosperity of such inland towns of Pennsylvania as lay along the highway to the West. The demand for roads and canals at state expense was now listened to, and in 1826 ground was broken at Harrisburg for a system of canals to join Philadelphia and Pittsburg. But in 1832 the horse-power railroad came into use, and when finished, the system was part railroad and part canal.

This energy on the part of Pennsylvania alarmed the people of Baltimore. Unless their city was to yield its Western trade to Philadelphia, they too must have a speedy and cheap route to the West. In 1827, therefore, a great public meeting was held at Baltimore to consider the wisdom of building a railroad from Baltimore to some point on the Ohio River. The meeting decided that it must be done, and on July 4, 1828, the work of construction was begun. In 1830 the road was opened as far as Ellicotts Mills, a distance of about twenty miles. The cars were drawn by horses.

The early railroads, as the word implies, were roads made of wooden rails, or railed roads, over which heavy loads were drawn by horses. The very first were private affairs, and not intended for carrying passengers.

In 1825 John Stevens, who for ten years past had been advocating steam railroads, built a circular road at Hoboken to demonstrate the possibility of using such means of locomotion. In 1823 Pennsylvania chartered a company to build a railroad from Philadelphia to the Susquehanna. But it was not till 1827, when the East was earnestly seeking for a rapid and cheap means of transportation to the West, that railroads of great length and for public use were undertaken. In that year the people of Massachusetts were so excited over the opening of the Erie Canal that the legislature appointed a commission and an engineer to select a line for a railroad to join Boston and Albany.

At this time there was no such thing as a steam locomotive in use in the United States. The first ever used here for practical purposes was built in England and brought to New York city in 1829, and in August of that year made a trial trip on the rails of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. The experiment was a failure; and for several years horses were the only motive power in use on the railroads. In 1830, however, the South Carolina Railroad having finished six miles of its road, had a locomotive built in New York city, and in January, 1831, placed it on the tracks at Charleston. Another followed in February, and the era of locomotive railroading in our country began.

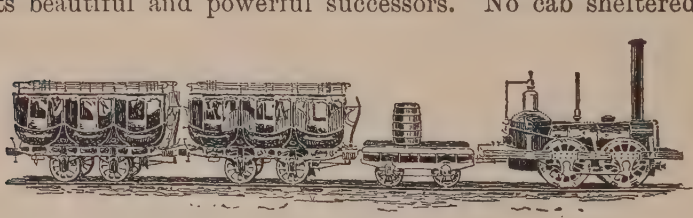
As yet the locomotive was a rude machine. It could not go faster than fifteen miles an hour, nor climb a steep hill. Where such an obstacle was met with, either the road went around it, or the locomotive was taken off and the cars were let down or pulled up the hill on an inclined plane by means of a rope and stationary engine. When Pennsylvania began her railroad over the Alleghany Mountains, therefore, she used the inclined-plane system on a great scale, so that in its time the Portage Railroad, as it was called, was the most remarkable piece of railroading in the world.

The Pennsylvania line to the West consisted of a horse railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia on the Susquehanna River; of a canal out the Juniata valley to Hollidaysburg on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, where the Portage Railroad began, and the cars were raised to the summit of the mountains by a series of inclined planes and levels, and then by the same means let down the western slope to Johnstown; and then of another canal from Johnstown to Pittsburg.

As originally planned, the state was to build the railroad and canal, just as it built turnpikes. No cars, no motive power of any sort, except at the inclined planes, were to be supplied. Anybody could use it who paid two cents a mile for each passenger, and $4.92 for each car sent over the rails. At first, therefore, firms and corporations engaged in the transportation business owned their own cars, their own horses, employed their own drivers, and charged such rates as the state tolls and sharp competition would allow. The result was dire confusion. The

road was a single-track affair, with turnouts to enable cars coming in opposite directions to pass each other. But the drivers were an unruly set, paid no attention to turnouts, and would meet face to face on the track, just as if no turnouts existed. A fight or a block was sure to follow, and somebody was forced to go back. To avoid this, the road was double-tracked in 1834, when, for the first time, two locomotives dragging long trains of cars ran over the line from Lancaster to Philadelphia. As the engine went faster than the horses, it soon became apparent that both could not use the road at the same time; and after 1836 steam became the sole motive power, and the locomotive was furnished by the state, which now charged for hauling the cars.

The puffing little locomotive bore little resemblance to its beautiful and powerful successors. No cab sheltered



The first Railroad Train in New Jersey (1831).

the engineer, no brake checked the speed, wood was the only fuel, and the tall smokestack belched forth smoke and red-hot cinders.

But this was nothing to what happened when the train came to a bridge. Such structures were then protected by roofing them and boarding the sides almost to the eaves. But the roof was always too low to allow the

smokestack to go under. The stack, therefore, was jointed, and when passing through a bridge the upper half was dropped down and the whole train in consequence was enveloped in a cloud of smoke and burning cinders, while the passengers covered their eyes, mouths, and noses.

In 1835 there were twenty-two railroads in operation in the United States. Two were west of the Alleghanies, and not one was 140 miles long. For a while the cars ran on "strap rails" made of wooden beams or stringers laid on stone blocks and protected on the top surface, where the car wheel rested, by long strips or straps of iron spiked on. The spikes would often work loose, and, as the car passed over, the strap would curl up and come through the bottom of the car, making what was called a snake head. It was some time before the all-iron rail came into use, and even then it was a small affair compared with the immense rails that are used at present.

Yet another characteristic of the period was the great change which came over the cities and towns. The development of canal and railroad transportation had thrown many of the old highways into disuse, had made old towns and villages decline in population, and had caused new towns to spring up and flourish. Everybody now wanted to live near a railroad or a canal. The rise of so many new kinds of business, of so many corporations, mills, and factories, caused a rush of people to the cities, which now began to grow rapidly in size.

— *From "School History of the United States," by John Bach McMaster.*

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

John Dryden.

I.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crowned)
The lovely Thaïs, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the pow'r of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath. He comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changèd his hand and checked his pride.
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee —
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raisèd up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
"Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries;
"See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!"
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

—*John Dryden.*

This poem was written by John Dryden in 1697, and was set to music and sung at the festival of St. Cecilia on the 22d of November in that year. It was rearranged by Händel, and performed by him in 1736. The best critics acknowledge it to be Dryden's greatest work. The incidents described by the poet are supposed to have occurred about the year B.C. 331, when Alexander the Great was holding a feast at Persepolis, in celebration of his conquest of Persia. At the close of the revelries, he set fire to the great palace of Persepolis, at the same time leading in a general massacre of the inhabitants. Dryden, in his ode, attempts to show that it was the music of Timotheus, the celebrated flute player from Thebes, that moved the conqueror to commit these excesses. This is not altogether a creation of the poet's imagination, for it is related by the historians of the time, that on one occasion the playing of Timotheus made so powerful an impression upon Alexander that he leaped from his seat and seized his arms as if to repel an enemy.

From the Painting by Ad. La Lyre.

St. Cecilia.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

Alexander Pope.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound;
While in more lengthened notes, and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats.
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms! to arms! to arms!

IV.

But when, through all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appeared,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

V.

"By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the heroes' armèd shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband or return the wife!"
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell—
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodopé's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries —
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

— *Alexander Pope.*

St. Cecilia, the Christian Polyhymnia and patron saint of music, is said to have been a native of Rome, of good family, and educated in the Christian faith. She with her husband, Valerian, suffered martyrdom about the year 230. A legend relates that such was the spotless purity of this "mayden bright Cecilie" that an angel came from heaven to be her guardian.

"Thou seemst to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To St. Cecilia's bridal chamber."

— *Longfellow.*

She was not only a skillful musician, but was inspired by it to high religious emotions, and a tradition of the Church asserts that she was the inventor of the organ. By Catholics she is regarded as the patroness of church music. St. Cecilia's Day is the 22d of November, and was formerly celebrated with musical entertainments.

Pope's poem was written, at the suggestion of Sir Richard Steele, for such an entertainment in 1708. It was set to music by Maurice Greene, and performed at Cambridge in 1730.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDY OF THIS BOOK.

I.

At first, read the selections consecutively from the beginning. Endeavor to understand that which you read. Refer to a dictionary for every word whose meaning is not perfectly clear to you. In the case of difficult passages or unusual expressions requiring special explanation, look in the Explanatory Notes. Do not pass over any historical or mythological reference without learning all about its meaning.

After reading a selection try to repeat the substance of it in your own words. Ask yourself, What is there in this piece that is particularly beautiful, interesting, or instructive? Or, in what respects is it lacking in interest, beauty, or other literary merit? Try to get at the author's exact meaning. See how much pleasure can be derived from each successive reading lesson. Learn all that you can about each author and each book that is mentioned.

II.

A second reading of most of the selections will be of much advantage. Compare the style of each writer with that of the writers previously studied. Explain, if you can, why the style of one author is more pleasing to you than that of another.

What peculiarities of style distinguish the selection from Goldsmith (page 110)? the selection from Dr. Johnson (p. 160)? the selection from Hawthorne (p. 121).

In what respects is the biographical essay by Robert Collyer (p. 82) more, or less, pleasing to you than the similar essay by Lord Macaulay (p. 151)?

What special features of interest or beauty distinguish Longfellow's "Evangeline" (p. 47)? Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (p. 114)? Gray's "Elegy" (p. 170)?

Compare the historical sketch by Bancroft (p. 41) with that by Motley (p. 141); with that by Irving (p. 24); with that by McMaster (p. 203).

What points of similarity or dissimilarity do you discover in the essays by Lamb (p. 91), Carlyle (p. 185), and De Quincey (p. 188)?

Which do you esteem the finer poem, Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," or Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day"? Why? Compare them, one with the other, and also with Gray's "Elegy."

Compare the short poem by Shelley (p. 21) with that by Bryant (p. 22); with that by Byron (p. 131); with that by Holland (p. 63); with that by Mahony (p. 148).

As a work of fiction, which is more pleasing to you, the extract from "The Talisman" (p. 194), or that from "The Little Minister" (p. 56)? Why?

Compare the speech of Patrick Henry (p. 64) with the supposed speech of John Adams (p. 128). Compare the eloquence of Webster (p. 191) with that of Winthrop (p. 175.)

As a piece of descriptive composition, how does the extract by Dean Stanley (p. 102) compare with that by Miss Mitford (p. 28), or with that by Longfellow (p. 133).

What are the most pleasing characteristics of each of the following selections from historical fiction: that by Scott (p. 13), that by Hawthorne (p. 121), that by Kingsley (p. 74)?

Why may the selection from the "Odyssey" (p. 165) be regarded as a prose poem? Is there any other prose poem in this volume? Which poem appears to you to be the least like a poem? Why?

Compare the humor of Irving (p. 24) with that of Lamb (p. 91); with that of De Quincey (p. 188).

Name the three selections in this book that are the most deeply interesting to you. Explain why this is so. Which selections are the most beautiful? the most interesting? the most instructive?

The above are only a few of the questions which might and should be asked while making a critical study of the contents of this book. Comparisons like those suggested will help you to realize that which you read, and being able to do this and to comprehend the subtle strength and delicate beauties which distinguish every truly meritorious piece of writing, you will derive from your reading a much deeper and more lasting enjoyment than would otherwise be at all possible.

III.

Almost any person may learn to repeat words, sentences, entire selections, in a mechanical and parrot-like manner by merely knowing and observing the rules of elocution; but the art of reading well is far superior to the art of declaiming, and is acquired only by long, painstaking practice and a careful, discriminating study of the meaning, quality, and style of every production that is read. Nevertheless, there are certain definitions, rules, and principles, pertaining more strictly to the elocutionary art which every reader in the seventh year at school should be able to explain and apply. Let us notice a few of those definitions and rules.

IV.

Articulation, strictly defined, is the utterance of single elementary sounds composing a syllable or a word.

Enunciation is the utterance of combined elements in syllables or parts of syllables.

Pronunciation is the utterance of words according to approved usage and the practice of the best speakers.

It follows that there can be no good oral reading without distinct articulation, correct enunciation, and proper pronunciation.

To learn to articulate distinctly: — There are about forty single elementary sounds in the English language. From a dictionary, or other work of reference, find what these are. Make a list of them, and see whether you can utter each one distinctly and without difficulty. If any should give you trouble, practice upon it until you can speak it with perfect ease and accuracy.

To acquire the habit of correct enunciation: — Select from each reading lesson the words that contain syllables or parts of syllables particularly hard to enunciate — such as *fetched, breadth, reckoned, whelmed, wrestled, chasms*, etc. Make a list of these words, and then practice pronouncing them with great care until they are no longer troublesome. It may be that you are habitually careless about properly enunciating certain syllables. Try to discover your faults and to correct them.

To learn to pronounce correctly: — In all cases of doubt, whether as to the sound of a letter or as to accent, consult some good dictionary, and try always to conform to the best usage. Make a list of such words as are most frequently mispronounced, and then practice pronouncing them accurately and rapidly.

V.

Pauses. The principal use of pauses is so to separate the parts of sentences as to enable the reader to interpret clearly and without possibility of error the meaning intended by the author.

Accent. In words of two or more syllables, one syllable is usually pronounced with more force than the others; that is, it is accented. Words of more than three syllables usually have

two accents, a primary and a secondary. Accentuation belongs to pronunciation, and must be learned, in cases of doubt, from the dictionary.

Emphasis. What accent is to a word, emphasis is to a sentence. A word is said to be emphasized when greater prominence is given to it than to other words in the same sentence.

Inflection is the sliding of the voice upward or downward. The former is called the rising inflection; the latter the falling inflection. The union of the rising and falling inflections in the same syllable of a word is called a circumflex.

To use pauses correctly and to give the proper emphasis and inflections: — Study to understand exactly the meaning of that which is to be read, and then try to interpret that meaning to your hearers in the best and clearest manner possible. This is the only rule necessary.

VI.

Pitch is the keynote, or governing note, upon which the voice most frequently dwells in the speaking or reading of any particular passage.

Compass is the range of voice above and below this note.

Force is the degree of strength, or loudness, with which a sentence or entire passage is rendered. It may be very strong, strong, moderate, gentle, or very gentle.

Quality has reference to the manner of voice, whether it is rough, smooth, harsh, sweet, clear, pure, full, shrill, nasal, hollow, orotund, or aspirate.

Quantity is the time required to utter a sound, a syllable, or a word.

Good oral reading requires careful attention to all these variations of the voice. No rule can be given but this: *Pitch, force, quality, and quantity should always harmonize with the sentiments to be expressed, and with the nature of the subject.*

VII.

The most necessary rules for good oral reading may be summed up and briefly expressed as follows:

1. By persistent and careful practice acquire complete control over your voice, so that its pitch, compass, force, quality, and quantity may always be such as you will.

2. Understand fully that which you read, and endeavor to read it in such manner that your hearers may also understand it clearly and without conscious effort.

3. Avoid all habits of carelessness in articulation or pronunciation, as well as all mannerisms that may savor of too close adherence to formal rules. Be natural. Let all your reading be but conversation from the book.

AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

Bancroft, George: An eminent American historian and statesman. Born in Massachusetts, 1800; died, 1891. His greatest work was a "History of the United States," the first volume of which appeared in 1834, the tenth in 1874. (See selection beginning on page 41.) He wrote also a "History of the Formation of the Constitution of the United States" (1882).

Barrie, James Matthew: A Scottish writer; author of "The Little Minister," from which our selection is taken (see page 56), and several other popular novels. Born at Kirriemuir, Scotland, 1860.

Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett: See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 228. The lines on page 11 of this volume are from her poem entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship."

Bryant, William Cullen: See biographical note in "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year."

Byron, Lord: George Noel Gordon Byron, a famous English poet. Born at London, 1788; died in Greece, 1824. Author of "The Giaour," "The Corsair," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Don Juan," several dramas, and numerous shorter poems.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor: An English poet and philosopher. Born in Devonshire, 1772; died at London, 1834. His most famous poem is "The Ancient Mariner," which every person who aspires to a knowledge of the best literature should read. He also wrote "Christabel," and numerous other poems, and several prose volumes on literary and philosophical subjects.

Collyer, Robert, author of the essay on Charles and Mary Lamb (page 82), is an American Unitarian clergyman. Born in Yorkshire, England, 1823. He emigrated to the United States in 1850, and, for a time, followed the trade of blacksmith. He founded the Unity Church, Chicago, in 1860, and, since 1879, has been pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. He has written "Nature and Life," "The Life that Now Is," and several other volumes.

Cooper, James Fenimore: An eminent American novelist. Born in New Jersey, 1789; died at Cooperstown, N. Y., 1851. His chief novels are "The Spy" (see page 96), "The Pilot" (1823), "The Last of the Mohicans" (1826), "The Pathfinder" (1840), and "The Deerslayer" (1841).

De Quincey (dē kwĭn'zĭ), **Thomas:** A famous English essayist. Born, 1785; died, 1859. See page 190.

"Dialogues of Plato." See page 40.

Dryden, John: An English poet and dramatist. Born in Northamptonshire, 1631; died at London, 1700. He wrote many poems and tragedies, but few of which are now read. His best poem is "Alexander's Feast," which is conceded to be one of the finest odes in the English language. See page 212.

"Elia, Essays of": Essays written by Charles Lamb under

the pseudonym of Elia, and contributed to the "London Magazine." The first collection was published in 1823.

"Evangeline": An idyllic poem by Longfellow; first published in 1847 (see page 47). During the removal of the Acadians, Evangeline is separated from her lover Gabriel, and each seeks the other, faithfully and hopelessly, for many weary years. Not until Gabriel lies dying in a hospital in Philadelphia do they finally meet. The poem is one of the finest ever written by an American.

Goldsmith, Oliver: A famous English poet, essayist, novelist, and dramatist. Born in Ireland, 1728; died at London, 1774. His most famous work is "The Vicar of Wakefield," from which the extract beginning on page 110 is taken. His chief poems are "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" (page 114). His greatest drama is "She Stoops to Conquer" (1774). One of the best biographies of Goldsmith is that by Washington Irving (1849).

Gray, Thomas: An English poet, author of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (page 170). Born at London, 1716; died at Cambridge, 1771. He is remembered chiefly for the "Elegy" (1751), which is considered one of the finest productions of its kind ever written in any language.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel: A celebrated American novelist. Born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. His greatest novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), and "The Marble Faun" (1860). Among his other writings are "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales," for children, and "Twice-Told Tales," a collection of short stories (1852). See page 121.

Henry, Patrick: An American patriot and orator. Born in Virginia, 1736; died, 1799. He possessed rare natural oratorical powers, such as have not been surpassed in modern times. The speech on page 64 is his most famous production.

"Hereward (her'awärd) **the Wake, the Last of the English":** An historical novel by Charles Kingsley (1866). It is founded upon the history of a noted English outlaw, Hereward, who lived at the time of the Norman Conquest. He defended the Isle of Ely against the Normans, but was finally driven out, and forced to make peace with the conqueror.

Holland, Josiah Gilbert: An American author and journalist. Born in Massachusetts, 1819; died at New York, 1881. Among his novels, the best-known is "Arthur Bonnicastle"; among his poems, "Bitter-Sweet" and "Kathrina" are the most popular. He also wrote several prose works of a didactic nature, and was the first editor of *Scribner's Monthly* (afterwards the *Century Magazine*).

Holmes, Oliver Wendell: An eminent American writer. Born at Cambridge, Mass., 1809; died, 1894. His most famous work is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (1857). He also wrote "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" (1859), "The Poet at the Breakfast Table" (1872), "Elsie Venner," a novel (1861), three or four volumes of poetry, and several other works of lesser note.

Homer: The poet to whom is assigned the authorship of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." "His home," says Professor Mahaffy, "seems to have been about Smyrna. His date is quite uncertain; it need not be placed before 800 B.C., and is, perhaps, later, but not after 700 B.C."

Irving, Washington: See "School Reading by Grades—Sixth Year."

Jowett, Benjamin: A famous classical scholar and translator of the Dialogues of Plato. Born at London, 1817; died, 1893. He was for many years master of Balliol College, Oxford, and also vice-chancellor of Oxford University. Besides the Dialogues of Plato, he translated the works of Thucydides (1883) and of Aristotle (1886).

"**Kenilworth**": A novel by Sir Walter Scott, first published in 1821. It is a story of life and manners in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and many historical personages are among the characters introduced. The selection beginning on page 13 very fairly illustrates the style of this work.

Kingsley, Charles: See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

"**Knickerbocker's History of New York,**" from which the extract on page 24 is taken, is a burlesque history of the old Dutch times in New York, written by Washington Irving, and first published in 1809.

Lamb, Charles: A noted English essayist, humorist, and critic. Born at London, 1775; died at Edmonton, 1834. His sister Mary was born in 1764; died, 1847. See the essay by Dr. Collyer, page 82. Charles Lamb's best work is included in the volume entitled "Essays of Elia." Mary assisted him in writing "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poems for Children."

Longfellow, Henry W.: See "School Reading by Grades — Fourth Year."

Lubbock, Sir John: A noted English writer and naturalist; the author of the selection "On Reading," page 7. He was born at London, 1834, and has been a member of Parliament since 1880. Among his most popular works are, "The Use of Life," "Fifty Years of Science," "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," "Origin of Civilization," etc.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay: An eminent English historian, essayist, and poet. Born, 1800; died, 1859. His greatest work is a "History of England," published, 1848–1861. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" was published in 1842. His complete works fill eight volumes.

McMaster, John Bach: An American historian. Born at Brooklyn, N. Y., 1852. In 1883 he became professor of history in the University of Pennsylvania. His chief works are "A

History of the People of the United States," and a "School History of the United States," from the latter of which our selection (page 203) is taken.

Mahony, Francis: An Irish journalist and poet, generally known by the pseudonym of "Father Prout." Born, 1804; died, 1866. He is best known by a few scattered poems (such as that on page 148) and by the volume entitled "Reliques of Father Prout."

Mitford, Mary Russell: The author of "Our Village," from which the extract on page 28 is taken. Born in England, 1787; died, 1855. She also wrote several poems, stories for children, and two or three dramas which are now forgotten.

Motley, John Lothrop: An eminent American historian. Born at Dorchester, Mass., 1814; died in England, 1877. His chief works are "Rise of the Dutch Republic," from which our selection (page 141) is taken, "History of the United Netherlands," and "Life and Death of John of Barneveld."

"Our Village." See page 30.

Plato: A famous Greek philosopher and disciple of Socrates. Born, 429 B.C.; died, 347 B.C. He was the founder of the academic school of philosophy, and his teaching has had great influence upon speculative thought to this day. See page 40.

Poe, Edgar Allan: A distinguished American writer. Born at Boston, 1809; died at Baltimore, 1849. His poems, among which are "The Raven" and "The Bells," have been greatly admired. He also wrote several stories of remarkable power, such as "The Gold Bug," and "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."

Pope, Alexander: A famous English poet. Born in London, 1688; died, 1744. His chief poems are "Essay on Criticism," "The Dunciad," and "Essay on Man." His best short poem is the "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" (page 219).

Scott, Sir Walter. See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Shelley, Percy Bysshe: A famous English poet. Born, 1792; drowned in the Bay of Spezia, Italy, 1822. His best short poems are "To a Skylark," "The Cloud," "Autumn" (page 21), and "Ode to the West Wind."

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn. See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year."

Stephens, Alexander H.: An American statesman. Born in Georgia, 1812; died, 1883. He was elected to Congress in 1843, and continued there until 1859. In 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States, and in 1882 was chosen Governor of Georgia. He wrote "A Constitutional View of the War between the States."

"Talisman, The": A romance by Sir Walter Scott, the scene of which is laid in Palestine during the time of the Crusades. See the extract beginning on page 194. It was first published in 1825.

"Twice-Told Tales": A collection of short stories by Nathaniel Hawthorne, first published in 1837. See page 121.

Washington, George: The first President of the United States. Born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. His "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," from which we give a few brief extracts, was revised by Alexander Hamilton, and appeared in September, 1796, when it produced a profound impression upon all classes of people.

Webster, Daniel. See "School Reading by Grades — Fifth Year."

Wotton, Henry: An English statesman and writer. Born, 1568; died, 1639. Although he wrote several prose works on a variety of subjects, he is remembered chiefly because of two or three short poems, one of the best of which is on page 62.

PROPER NAMES

Pronounced and Explained.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

ā, **ē**, **ī**, **ō**, **ū**, long; **ă**, **ĕ**, **ĭ**, **ŏ**, **ŭ**, **y̆**, short; **câre**, **ärm**, **ásk**, **a̤ll**; **fẽrn**; **fôrm**, **sọn**; **rude**, **fṳll**, **ûrn**; **fo͝od**, **bo͝ok**; **ü**, French u; **ëu**, French eu.

ç is soft, as in **çent**; **c** (unmarked) is hard, as in **can**: **c̣h** sounds like **sh**, as in **maçhine**; **ch** sounds like **k**, as in **chorus**: **ġ** is soft, as in **ġem**; **g** (unmarked) is hard as in **go**: **s̱** sounds like **zh**, as in **vi̱sion**; **s̱** sounds like **z**, as in **ro̱se**: **n̲** sounds **ng**, as in **si̲nk**; **t̶h** is hard, as in **t̶his**; **th** (unmarked) is soft, as in **thin**. Silent letters are printed in italics.

Pages 7–10. Băr′rō*w*, Isaac. English preacher and writer, 1630–1677.

Bŏs̱′wĕll, (James). Author of "Life of Dr. Johnson," 1740–1795.

Bu′rў (bĕr rī), Richard de, Bishop of Durham. Author of "Philobiblon," fourteenth century.

F*i*ēld′ĭng, (Henry), English novelist, 1707–1779. Author of "Tom Jones" and other once famous works of fiction.

Gĭb′bon, (Edward). Author of "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," 1737–1794.

Hēr′schel, Sir John. English astronomer, 1792–1871.

Mă ca*u*′lă*y*, (Thomas Babington). English historian, 1800–1859.

"Phī′lŏ bĭb′lon." A treatise on books, first printed in 1473.

Stĕrn*e*, (Laurence). English novelist, 1713–1768.

Trĕ vĕl′yan, Sir George. Nephew and biographer of Macaulay.

U lўs′sēs̱. A Greek hero celebrated by Homer in the "Odyssey."

Wa̤l′pōl*e*, Horace. English author and wit, 1717–1797.

13–20. Blount, Trā′çў. Characters in Scott's "Kenilworth"; friends of Sir Walter Ra̤′le*ig*h.

Dept′fōrd. Suburb of London, noted for its dockyard.

Dĕv′on shĭr*e*. County in central part of England.

Greenwich (grĕn′ĭj). Borough on Thames, below London.

Hŭnş′don, Lord. Nobleman mentioned in "Kenilworth."

Shăn′non. Largest river of Ireland.

Sŭs′sĕx. County in south of England.

Thames (tĕmz). River on which London is situated.

24–27. Dĕlft. Manufacturing town in Holland.
Hā′man. See Bible story in Book of Esther.
Här′lĕ quĭn. A character in Italian comedy.
Jō′năh. A prophet whose history is related in the Bible.
St. Nĭe*h*′o las. Patron saint of boys.
Tō′bĭt. A character in the apocryphal Book of Tobit.

31–40. Ăn pŏl lō dō′rŭs. A disciple of Socrates.
Ăs clē′pĭ ŭs. Same as Esculapius, god of medicine.
Ăth′ens. Chief city and capital of Greece.
Crĭ′tō. A disciple of Socrates.
Dē′lŏs. Famous island in Ægean Sea, birthplace of Apollo.
Plā′tō. A famous philosopher, B.C. 429–347.
Soc′răt tēs. The greatest of Greek philosophers, B.C. 470–399.

41–45. A cā′dĭ a. Former name of Nova Scotia.
Ăn năp′ŏ lĭs. Oldest town in Nova Scotia.
Bŏs′cà wen, (Edward). English admiral, 1711–1761.
Gränd Prē′. Village on the Bay of Minas.
Mĭ′nas. Bay in Nova Scotia, east arm of Bay of Fundy.
Mĭr à mĭ chĭ′ (-shē), Rĕs tĭ gouche′ (-gōōsh), St. John. Rivers of New Brunswick.
Mónck′tŏn, (Robert). British general in America.
Mōst′ŷn, Rear Admiral. British officer in America, 1754.
Quĕ bĕc′. Noted city of Canada, on St. Lawrence River.

47–55. Bäs′ĭl. An Acadian blacksmith.
Bĕn′ĕ dĭct Bĕl*le* fŏn′t*aĭ*ne. Father of Evangeline.
Ē văn′ġe lĭne. Heroine of Longfellow's poem of the same title.
Fē lĭ′çĭan. Priest at Grand Pré.
Gā′brĭ ĕl Lä jeu nĕsse′ (-zhĕu-). Evangeline's lover.
Nôr′mən dy. Province in northern part of France.
Pe′ter. See St. Luke, chap. xxii.
Saint *E*ū lä lī*e*′. Roman virgin martyr, suffered death 390; patroness of the orchards and fruits.

56–61. Găv′ĭn Dĭsh′ärt. A young Scottish minister, hero of Barrie's story, "The Little Minister."
Glăs′gō*w*. Large city in western part of Scotland.
Här′vĭe. Fishing village on coast of Scotland.
Thrŭms. Fictitious village, scene of many of Barrie's stories.

73. Pôr phȳ′ro ġēne. King of the haunted palace.

74–81. Ạl′drĕth (“Ald-reche”). On the Ouse (ōōz) River, England.
Bûr′wĕll, Băr′rą wā*y*, Ē*a*′rĭth, Fōrd′*h*ą*m*, Măd′ĭng leў, Sō′*h*ą*m*, Thĕt′fōrd, Long Străt′ton, Wĭl′lĭng *h*ą*m*. Places in Cambridge County, England, in the neighborhood of Ely.
Cām′brĭd*ġe*. Famous university city in eastern part of England.
Dā*de*. A Norman knight. Mentioned in Kingsley’s “Hereward.”
Ē′lў. Island at mouth of Ouse River.
Hăd′den *h*ą*m*, Smĭth′ў. Fens or marshes near the mouth of the Ouse River.
Hēre′ạrd. A young Saxon patriot, the hero of Kingsley’s romance of same title.
Tôr frĭ′dą. The wife of Hereward.

82–90. Ĕd′mŏn tŏn. A suburb of London.
Găr′rĭck, (David). English actor and dramatist, 1717–1779.
Hăz′lĭtt, (William). English author and critic, 1778–1830.
Hōōd, Thomas. English poet and humorist, 1798–1845.
John Gĭl′pĭn. Hero of Cowper’s poem, “John Gilpin’s Ride.”
Mĭ cą*w*′ber. Character in Dickens’s “David Copperfield.”
“Old Bûr′ton.” Robert Burton, author of “Anatomy of Melancholy,” 1577–1640. The reference is to the book.
Tĕm′ple. A building in London occupied by the inns of court.
Wą*l*′ton, Izaak. Author of “The Complete Angler,” 1593–1683.
Wōrdṣ′wōrth, (William). English poet, 1770–1850.

91–95. Ăb ўs sĭn′i ą. Country in northeastern part of Africa.
Chō-făng′. A Chinese holiday.
Con fū′cius (-shŭs). A Chinese philosopher greatly revered in China.
Hō′-tĭ, Bō′-bō. Characters in this story.
Pĕ kĭn′. Capital city of China.

96–101. Bĭrch, Här′veў. Character in Cooper’s tale of “The Spy.”
Lą*w*′ton (Captain), Mā′son (Lieutenant). Officers in same story.

102–106. A′bo*u*-Sĭr, Sä kä′rä, Dä shu*r*′. Pyramids in Egypt.
Ăp′pĭ an Wā*y*. Famous highway entering Rome from the south; built three hundred years before Christ.
Ca*ï*′rō. Capital city of Egypt, on Nile River.
Gō′shen. A district east of the Nile.
Hē lĭ ŏp′ŏ lĭs. “City of the Sun,” ancient Egyptian city on the Nile.
Hĕ rŏd′ŏ tŭs. “The father of history”; lived in Greece, B.C. 484–420.
Kär′nąc. Village on the Nile, site of the ancient city of Thebes.
Mĕm′phĭs. Ancient Egyptian city on the Nile.

Nīle. The great river of Egypt.

Sphĭnx. A great stone figure at Gizeh, Egypt.

Stōne'hĕnġe. In southern England; remarkable for remains of prehistoric stone monuments.

108–120. Ạu'bûrn. Imaginary village, scene of Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village."

Gōld'smĭth, Ŏl'ĭ vĕr. English writer, 1728–1774.

Mĭch'a*ĕ*l măs. The 29th of September.

Shrōve'tīde. Sunday before the beginning of Lent.

Văl'en tīne Morning. The 14th of February.

Wāke'fiēld. Imaginary country parish, scene of events in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

121–127. Ăn'drŏs, Sir Edmund. English colonial governor in America, 1637–1714.

Bụl'lĭ vănt, Dŭd'le*ў*, Edward Răn'dŏlph. Friends and aids of Andros.

Côrn'hĭll. A famous locality in Boston.

Măth'er, Cŏt'ton. American preacher and writer, 1663–1728.

128–130. Ăd'ams, John. Second President of United States, 1735–1826. Was President 1796–1800.

Bŭṉk'er Hĭll. Scene of battle, June 17, 1775.

Făn'e*u*ĭl Hạll. Market place and hall in Boston.

Jĕf'fer son, (Thomas). Third President of United States, 1743–1826.

Lĕx'ĭng tŏn. Thirteen miles from Boston; battle April 19, 1775.

Wĕb'ster, Daniel. American statesman and orator, 1782–1852.

133–136. Cā'nȧ. Town in Galilee where Jesus turned water into wine.

Ĕr'ĭk, King. Ancient king of Sweden.

Găl'ĭ lee'. Northern portion of Palestine in Asia Minor.

Swē'den. Country in northern part of Europe.

136–140. Ăs'sỹnt. Loch Assynt is a lake in northern Scotland in the territories of the Campbells.

Căm'e ron, Ĕv'an. Lord of Lochiel, a Scottish chief, died 1719.

Căm*p*'bell. Scottish clan led by Earl of Argyle.

Dŭn dee'. Seaport town, Forfarshire, Scotland.

Dun Ē'dĭn. Poetical name for Edinburgh.

In'ver lŏe*h* ў. A place in northwestern part of Scotland where Montrose defeated the Campbells.

Lĭnd'ṣā*y*. Scottish clan.

Lŏch ä'bĕr. Mountainous district in Scotland.

Mōnt rōṣe', (James Graham). Scottish royalist, executed in 1650.

Wär'rĭs toŭn. Officer at the trial of Montrose.

141–145. Är mä′dȧ. A Spanish fleet formed for the invasion of England in 1588.

Boi′sōt′, Admiral. Dutch naval commander.

Hä*ar*′lem. Important city of Holland, fourteen miles west of Amsterdam.

Lăm′men. Small seaport near Leyden.

Le*y*′den. Manufacturing city in Holland.

Nôrth Ä*a*. Harbor near Leyden.

St. Păn′crȧs. Church in Leyden.

Van der Wĕrf, Ā′drĭ an. A citizen of Leyden.

148–150. Ā′drĭ anş Mōle. Tomb built by the Emperor Hadrian in Rome, now called the Castle of Sant' Angelo.

Côrk. City in southeastern part of Ireland.

Lee. Small river of Ireland, flowing into Cork harbor.

Mŏs′co*w*. Ancient capital of Russia.

N*o*′tre Däme. Famous church in Paris.

Saint Sŏ phī′ȧ. Formerly a Christian church, now a Mohammedan mosque, in Constantinople.

Shăn′dŏn. Village in County Cork, Ireland.

Tī′ber. River on which Rome is situated.

Văt′ĭ can. Palace of the Pope at Rome.

150. Chian (kī′an). Relating to Chios (kī′os), an island in the Ægean Sea, the supposed birthplace of Homer.

Ĭl′ĭ ad. Homer's great poem relating to the siege of Troy.

Ŏd′ỹs see, (usually spelled, *Odyssey*). Homer's great poem narrating the adventures of Ulysses.

151–164. Būte, Lord. English statesman, 1713–1792.

Bīr′mĭng *h*am. Manufacturing city in western part of England.

Hin dọ stän′. Persian name of India.

Jū′vĕ năl. Roman satirical poet, A.D. 38–120.

L*ĕi*ces′ter shīre. County in central part of England.

Lĭch′fĭēld. Village in central part of England.

Ō bī′dȧh, Ȧ bĕn′sĭ ná. Fictitious Oriental personages mentioned only in this story.

Ŏx′fŏrd. Famous university town in England.

Pĕm′brŏke. A college at Oxford.

W*a*r′bûr ton, (William). English bishop and author, 1698–1779.

Wĕst′mĭn ster Ăb′be*y*. Celebrated church edifice in London, the burial place of England's most famous men.

165–168. Al çĭn′o ŭs. King of the Phæacians.

Ă thē′nē. Goddess of wisdom.
Dī ăn′a. "Huntress queen," goddess of the woods.
Dȳ′măs. A young girl, friend of Nausicaa.
Hā′dēz. The abode of the dead.
Hȳp ēr ei′a. Former country of the Phæacians.
Nạu sĭc′ā ă. A princess, daughter of Alcinous.
Nạu sĭth′ō ŭs. Father of Alcinous.
Ŏ lym′pŭs. Abode of the gods; a mountain in Thessaly.
Phæ ā′çĭans. Name given by Homer to the people of Scheria.
Sehē′rĭ a. Unknown island named in Homer's "Odyssey."

172. Crŏm′wĕll, (Oliver). Lord Protector of England, 1599 1658.
Hămp′den, (John). English patriot, 1594–1643.
Mĭl′ton, (John). Author of "Paradise Lost," 1608–1674.

175–178. Frănk′lĭn, (Benjamin). American statesman, 1706–1790.
Hăn′cŏck, John. President of the Continental Congress.
Hăr′rĭ sŏn, Bĕn′ja mĭn. Delegate to Continental Congress from Virginia, 1740–1791.
Ĭs′ra el ītes. Descendants of Israel, or the patriarch Jacob. Moses was the "lawgiver of the Israelites."
Lee, Richard Henry. Delegate to the Continental Congress from Virginia, 1732–1794.
Măg′na Chär′ta. The great charter of England granted by King John, 1215.
Phĭl a dĕl′phĭ a. Third city of the United States. The meeting place of the Continental Congress in 1776.
Răn′dŏlph, Pẹy′ton. American patriot and president of the first Continental Congress, 1721–1775.
Thŏm′son, Charles. Secretary of the Continental Congress.

186. Năz′a reth. Village in Palestine, the early home of Jesus Christ.

188–190. Ạu gŭs′tus. First emperor of Rome.
Çæ′sar, (Julius). Roman general and dictator, died B.C. 44.
Çhär′le māgne. Emperor of the West and king of France, 742–814.
Lā′tium (-shĭ um). District in ancient Italy, on Tiber River.
Nū′mà Pŏm pĭl′ĭ ŭs. Second king of Rome.
Păl′es tine. "The Holy Land" — country in southwest part of Asia Minor.
Sĕn′ĕ cà. Roman philosopher, B.C. 3–A.D. 65.
Tär quĭn′ĭ ŭs. Seventh and last king of Rome, 500 B.C.

194–201. Ăl′lăh. Arabic name for the Supreme Being.

Jôr'dan. River of Palestine flowing into the Dead Sea.

Mŏ hăm'mĕd. An Arab prophet, founder of the Mohammedan religion, 571–632.

Mŏs'lem. A believer in the Mohammedan religion.

Năz à rēne'. Here used for a believer in the Christian religion.

Săr'à çen. Name applied to all Mohammedans, but especially to Arabs.

Sÿr'ĭ à. A country in Asia Minor, now the southwestern part of Asiatic Turkey.

203–211. Çhâu tąu'quà. Lake in western part of New York.

Clĭn'ton, De Witt. American statesman, 1769–1828.

Mĭs sĭs sĭp'pĭ, Ō hī'ō, Mō'hąwk, Hŭd'sŏn, Ăl le ghe'nў, Sŭs quē hăn'nà, Dĕl'à ware, Jū nĭ ă'tà. Rivers in the United States.

New Ôr'lēans, St. Lọu'ĭs, Pĭtts'bûrg, Cĭn cĭn nă'tĭ, Lọu'ĭs vĭlle, Bąl'tĭmōre, Sehe nĕc'tà dў, Ū'tĭ cà, Ŏs wē'gō, Cŏ lŭm'bĭ à, Bŭf'fà lō, Wĕst'fiēld, Ąl'bà nў, Hăr'rĭs bûrg, Hō'bō ken, Johns'town, Lăn'cas ter. Cities and towns in the United States.

Stē'vens, John. American inventor, 1748–1838.

212–217. Băc'ehŭs. God of wine and revelry.

Çe çĭl'ĭ à. See note, p 224.

Dà rī'ŭs. King of Persia, conquered by Alexander the Great.

Hĕl'en. The queen of Argos and heroine of the Trojan war.

Jōve. Name sometimes applied to Jupiter.

Lў'dĭ an. From Lydia, a country of Asia Minor.

Ŏ lўm'pĭ à. Mother of Alexander the Great.

Pēr sĕp'ŏ lĭs. Ancient city and capital of Persia, destroyed by Alexander, B.C. 330.

Phĭl'ĭp. King of Macedon, father of Alexander.

Thā'ĭs. An Athenian beauty who had great influence over Alexander.

Tĭm ō'theŭs. A famous musician of Athens.

Troy. Ancient city in Asia Minor, destroyed by the Greeks. See Homer's "Iliad."

219–224. Är'gō. The ship which bore the Argonauts on their quest for the Golden Fleece.

Băc'ehà năls. Worshipers of Bacchus.

E lў'sian (-zhan). Heavenly. From Elysium, the abode of the souls of the good.

Eū rўd'ĭ çē. The beautiful wife of Orpheus. (See Notes, page 248.)

Hæ'mŭs. Range of mountains now called the Balkans.

Hē'brŭs. A river in Thrace, flowing into the Ægean Sea.

Pē'lĭ on. A lofty range of mountains in Thessaly.

Phlĕg'e thon. One of the rivers of the lower world.

Prōs'ĕr pĭne. Queen of the regions of the dead; the Greek Persephone (see Third Reader, p. 167).

Rhŏd'ŏ pē. Highest range of mountains in Thrace.

Sĭs'ў phŭs. In Greek mythology, the founder and king of Corinth.

Ix ī'on. King of the Lapithæ. (See Notes, page 248.)

Stўx. The principal river of Hades, around which it flowed seven times (not nine, as in the poem).

Thrā'çĭan. Native of Thrace; here referring to Ôr'pheūs, the most famous of musicians.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Page 13. "Sir Walter Raleigh." A famous English nobleman, adventurer, and writer, 1552–1618. He is to be remembered as the first Englishman to attempt the founding of a colony in America.

14. "Yeomen of the guard." A corps of fifty soldiers whose duty it was to attend upon the king or queen. Instituted by Henry VII. in 1485, and sometimes called "Beefeaters." — "Halberds." Long-handled weapons, the heads of which resembled an ax with several sharp edges.

15. "Gentlemen pensioners." Gentlemen-at-arms; forty gentlemen and their six officers, whose duty it was to attend the sovereign to and from the chapel royal, and on other occasions of solemnity.

16. "Sir Coxcomb." A vain, showy fellow.

19. "Queen Elizabeth." She began her reign in 1558, at the age of twenty-five; died in 1603. The beginning of the national prosperity of England dates from "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

24. "Festival of St. Nicholas." Held December 6th in honor of St. Nicholas, the patron of children. It was formerly observed with great solemnity by the boys at Eton and other English schools and colleges.

"*Sanctum sanctorum.*" Literally, "holy of holies"; a place reserved for rare and special occasions.

27. "*Yah, Mynheer; yah, yah Vrouw.*" "Yes, sir; yes, indeed, madam."

33. "Delos." This small island in the Ægean Sea was the seat of the great sanctuary in honor of Apollo, as it was believed to be his birth-

place. An embassy was sent every year from Athens to the annual festival at Delos.

39. "Asclepius." Æsculapius was held in great esteem by the Athenians. The usual offering to him was a cock.

41. "Banishment of the Acadians." The French inhabitants of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, were deported by the English in 1755. The peninsula had been colonized by the French in 1604, and ceded to Great Britain by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

45. "Lords of Trade." Royal officers intrusted with the control of the commerce of Great Britain.

49. "Angelus." The bell tolled in the morning, at noon, and at night, by Catholics, to indicate the time for repeating the devotion in memory of the annunciation to the Virgin Mary.

51. "Chaplets." Strings of beads. — "Missal." Prayer book. — "Kirtle." Short skirt, or outer petticoat.

57. "Auld Lichts." A name applied to a sect of seceders from the Established Church of Scotland. — "Catechism." A book of questions and answers, containing a summary of religious doctrine.

58. "Dedication to King James." Written by the translators of the "authorized version" of the Scriptures, and usually still inserted in English Bibles.

63. "Gradatim." Gradually; step by step.

76. "Sow" (sou). A kind of covered shed, used by besiegers in filling up and passing the moat of a castle, or in approaching the walls; probably so called from being used for rooting up the earth.

78. "Quarrels." Arrows with square heads, used in cross-bows. — "Grapnels." Grappling irons, shaped somewhat like an anchor, and used in pulling down walls or other obstacles. — "Meres." Pools or stagnant marshes. — "Ramparts." The main embankments or outer walls. — "Reed ronds." Dense thickets of reeds. — "Hoarding." A scaffold or barrier of boards or logs.

80. "Parapet." A wall, or breastwork, covering the inner defenses of the castle.

83. "The Bell." Read Cowper's humorous poem, "John Gilpin's Ride."

84. "Temple." One of the four inns of court in London, devoted to the study of law and the use of lawyers and officers of justice.

85. "Micawber." It is supposed that this character is a portrayal of Dickens's father. — "One in the Scriptures." Ham, the son of Noah. — "Christ's Hospital." A celebrated school in Newgate Street, London, founded by Edward VI.

102. "Sphinx." A great stone figure at Gizeh, Egypt, about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Great Pyramid, supposed to be older than any of the pyramids. Supposed to be a personification of the sun god. — "Pyramids." There are about seventy-five of these structures, extending along the western side of the Nile River, from a point opposite Cairo to Dahshûr, twenty-five miles farther south. The largest is the pyramid of Cheops, 450 feet high.

103. "Karnac." This village is on the site of the ancient city of Thebes. It is famous for its remains of antiquity, among which is the Great Temple, 1200 feet in length.

104. "Stonehenge." A series of rude stone monuments standing in Salisbury Plain, in the southern part of England. They were erected in prehistoric times, but by whom or for what purpose no one has been able to discover.

118. "Village preacher." Goldsmith doubtless intended this for a portrait of his own father, while the "ruined spendthrift," mentioned below, was himself. The village itself was probably Lissoy, in Kilkenny West, Ireland, where his father was pastor. Some suppose that Goldsmith had in mind Springfield, a village in Essex, England.

122. "House of Stuart." The then reigning family of England. The line began with King James I., in 1603, and ended with Queen Anne in 1714.

126. "I have stayed the march of a king himself." Referring to the execution of Charles I. in 1649. The inference is that the Gray Champion was one of the judges who presided at the trial of that unfortunate king.

128. "Adams and Jefferson." The second and the third Presidents of the United States. Both died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

136. "Montrose." James Graham, fifth Earl of Montrose, 1612–1650. A noted Scottish soldier. During the civil war in England he was an adherent of the king, and was made lieutenant general of Scotland. After the execution of Charles I. he headed a royalist insurrection, and was captured and executed.

139. "St. Andrew's Cross." The Scottish standard — the capital letter X, white, on blue ground.

141. The siege of Leyden occurred in 1573–1574, during the revolt of the Netherlands against the rule of Spain.

149. "Kĭ ŏsk'." A Turkish open summer house supported by pillars.

150. "Minarets." Slender, lofty towers attached to a Mohammedan mosque.

151. "Royal touch." Scrofulous diseases were said to have been cured by the touch of Edward the Confessor. He was believed to have transmitted this miraculous power to his successors, and so all of the sovereigns of England down to Queen Anne touched for the King's Evil. Charles II. touched as many as 92,107 persons. Dr. Johnson was the last person touched by an English monarch.

158. "Rasselas." See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 137.

165. The story of Nausicaa is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful passages in the "Odyssey." It is contained in the sixth book of that poem. — "The house of Hades." The grave.

168. "Diana." The Greek Artemis. She was the goddess of the woods and queen of the chase.

178. "Orion and Pleiades." Two prominent constellations of stars. The Pleiades are often known as the seven stars.

190. "Numa Pompilius," the second king of Rome (B.C. 715–672), was the reputed founder of many Roman institutions. — "Tarquinius." Tarquin the Proud, the seventh king of Rome, called Superbus. See "School Reading by Grades — Sixth Year," page 32.

194. The time of this story is that of the third crusade, about 1190. — "Hauberk." Coat of mail. — "Falchion." A broad-bladed sword slightly curved.

195. "Pennoncel." A small narrow flag borne on a lance. — "Couchant." Lying down with head erect.

199. "Emir." An Arabian military officer.

212. "Royal feast." This was at Persepolis after Alexander's final victory over the Persians in B.C. 331 (see note, page 217) — "Philip's warlike son." Alexander the Great, a famous king of Macedon and conqueror of Asia (B.C. 356–323).

215. "Lydian measures." A term used to designate music of a soft, pathetic character. — "Furies." The Eumenides, or avengers of evil. They were represented as having black bodies, hair composed of twining snakes, and eyes dripping with blood.

216. "Grecian ghosts." Spirits of the Greek soldiers, followers of Alexander, slain by the Persians. — "Helen." Neither Helen nor Thaïs actually fired a city. But it was through Helen that Troy was destroyed, and it was by the instigation of Thaïs that Persepolis was burned.

219. "Nine." The nine Muses, whose aid was often invoked by the poets. They were Clĭ′o, Eū tĕr′pe, Thā lī′a, Měl pŏm′ĕ nē, Tĕrp sĭch′ō rē, Ĕ rā′tō, Pŏl ў hўm′nĭ á, U rā′nĭ á, Căl lī′ o pē. — Observe, in the first seventeen lines (and to some extent throughout the poem), the variation of the meter to correspond with the different sentiments and feelings expressed. — "First bold vessel." The ship *Argo*, which, manned by Jason and his heroes, sailed to Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece.

220. "Thracian." When the heroes were unable to launch the ship *Argo*, because of its weight, Orpheus played upon his lyre by the shore, and the ship glided down into the sea. The wife of Orpheus was a nymph named Eurydice. She having died from the bite of a serpent, her husband obtained permission from Pluto to visit the infernal regions and restore her to life. The poet tells the rest of the story. — "Pelion." From the forests of these mountains was obtained the timber with which the ship *Argo* was constructed.

221. "Phlegethon." Flames instead of water flowed in its channel. — "Sisyphus." He was avaricious and cruel to strangers, on account of which he was punished in the lower world by being doomed to roll uphill a huge marble block, which, as soon as it reached the top, always rolled down again. — "Ixion." On account of his wicked ingratitude to the gods, his hands and feet were chained to a wheel, which is said to have rolled perpetually in the air or in the lower regions.

222. "Hebrus." The worship of Bacchus is often spoken of in connection with the Hebrus. Orpheus, having offended the Thracian women, was torn to pieces by them in their Bacchanalian revels; and his head, being borne by the Hebrus to the sea, was washed finally to the island of Lesbos and buried there.

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